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A SINGULAR LIFE.

X.

THE preacher began to speak with a quietness in almost startling contrast to his own evident emotion, and to the excitement in the audience-room. He made no allusion to the fact that this was his first appearance among his people since the wreck of the *Clara Em*, and the all but mortal illness which had followed his personal share in that catastrophe. Quite in his usual manner he conducted his Sunday evening service: a simple religious talk, varied by singing, and a few words from the New Testament. Bayard never read “chapters;” a phrase sufficed, a narrative or a maxim; sometimes he stopped at a single verse. The moment that the fishermen’s eyes wandered, the book closed. It was his peculiarity that he never allowed the Bible to bore his listeners; he withheld it until they valued it. It was long remembered of him, among the people of the coast, that he made use of public prayer with a reserve and a power entirely unknown to the pulpits and the vestries. The ecclesiastical “long prayer” was never heard in Angel Alley. Bayard’s prayers were brief, and few. He prayed audibly before his people only when he could not help it. It seemed sometimes as if his heart broke in the act.

On this evening no prayer had as yet passed his lips; the stranger, with a slight frown, noticed this fact. But now the preacher brushed aside his notes, and, clearing the desk, crossed his hands upon

it, and leaned forward with a marked change of manner. Suddenly, without a hint of his purpose, the young minister’s gentle voice rose into the tones of solemn arraignment.

“I came here,” he said, “a stranger to this town and to its customs. It has taken me all this while to learn what your virtues and your vices are. I have dealt with you gently, preaching comfortable truths as I have been expected to preach them. I have worked in ignorance. I have spoken soft words. Now I speak them no more! Your sin and your shame have entered like iron into my soul. People of Windover! I accuse you in the name of Christ, whose minister I am!”

The expression of affectionate reverence with which his audience had listened to Bayard up to this moment now changed into one of surprise that resembled fear. Before he had spoken ten words more, it became evident that the young preacher was directing the full force of his conscience and his intelligence to a calm and deliberate attack upon the liquor habit and the liquor traffic, — one of the last of the subjects (as it is well known) conceded to be the business of a clergyman to meddle with in any community, and the very last which Windover had been trained to hear herself held to account for by her clerical teachers. At the hour when he came nearest to the adoration of those who adore without thought, when they saw him through the mist of romance, when

the people, carried on a wave of hero-worship, lay for the first time at his feet, Bayard for the first time opened fire upon their favorite sin.

Shot after shot poured down from those delicate, curving lips. Broadside followed broadside, and still the fire fell. He captured for them the elusive statistics of the subject; he confronted them with its appalling facts; he pelted them with incidents such as the soul sickens to relate or to remember. He denied them the weak consolation of condoning in themselves a moral disease too well known to be the vice of the land and of the times. He scored them with rebuke under which his leading men grew pale with alarm. Nothing could have been more unlike the conventional temperance address, yet nothing could have been more simple, manly, reasonable, and fearless.

"For every prayer that goes up to God from this room," he said, "for every hymn, for every sacred word and vow of purity, for every longing of a man's heart to live a noble life, there open fifty dens of shame upon this street to blast him. We are pouring holy oil upon a sea of mud. That is not good religion, and it is not good sense. We must prove our right to represent the Christian religion in Angel Alley. We must close its dens, or they ought to close our lips. I am ready to try," he added, with his winning simplicity, "if you are. I shall need your help and your advice, for I am not educated in these matters as I ought to be. I was not taught how to save drunken men, in the schools where clergymen are trained. I must learn now — we must learn together — as best we can. . . . Oh, my people!" His voice fell from the tone of loving entreaty into that of prayer, by one of those moving transformations peculiar to himself, wherein those who heard him scarce could tell the moment when he ceased to speak to men and began to talk with God.

"People of the Church of the Love of Christ! Approach God, for He is close

at heart. . . . Thou great God! Holy, Almighty, Merciful! Make us know how to deal with sin, in our own souls and in the lives of others. For the sake of Thy Son whose Name we dare to bear. Amen."

As the words of this outcry, this breath of the spirit, rose and ceased, the silence in the room was something so profound that a girl's sigh was heard far back by the door.

The hush was stung by a long, low, sibilant sound; a single hiss insulted that sacred stillness. Then a man, purple to the brows, rose and went out. It was old Trawl, whose saloon had been a landmark in Angel Alley for fifty years.

The stranger, who had been more moved than it seemed he cared to show by what he had heard and seen, passed slowly with the crowd down the long stairs, and reached the outer air. As the salt wind struck in his face, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. The young minister, looking pale and tired, but enviably calm, drew the visitor's hand through his arm.

"I saw you, Fenton," he said quietly, "when you first came in. You'll come straight to my lodgings with me. . . . Won't you?" he added wistfully, fancying that Fenton hesitated. "You can't know how much it will mean to me. I have n't seen anybody — why, I have n't seen a fellow since I came to Windover."

"You must lead rather an isolated life, I should think," observed Fenton with some embarrassment, as the two stood to hail the electric car that ran by Mrs. Granite's humble door.

"We'll talk when we get there," replied Bayard, rather shortly for him. "The car will be full of people," he added apologetically. "One lives in a glass bell here. Besides, I'm a bit tired."

He looked, indeed, exhausted, as the electric light smote his thin face; his eyes glowed like fire fed by metal, and his breath came short. He leaned his head back against the car window.

"You cough, I see," said Fenton, who was not an expert in silence.

"Do I? Perhaps. I had n't thought of it." He said nothing more until they had reached his lodgings. Fenton began to talk about the wreck and the rescue. He said the usual things in the usual way, offering, perforce, the tribute of a man to a manly deed.

Bayard nodded politely; he would not talk about it.

Jane Granite opened the door for them. She looked at the minister with mute, doglike misery in her young eyes. "You look dead beat out, sir," she said. But Ben Trawl stood scowling in the door of the sitting-room; he had not chosen to go to the service, nor to allow her to go without him. Jane thought it was religious experience that made this such a disappointment to her.

"Ah, Trawl," said the minister heartily, "I'm glad to see you here."

He did not say, "I am sorry you were not at church," as Ben Trawl pugnaciously expected.

Bayard led his guest upstairs, and shut and locked the study door.

"There!" he said faintly. "Now, George Fenton, talk! Tell me all about it. You can't *think* how I am going to enjoy this! I wish I had an easy-chair for you. Will this rocker do? If you don't mind, I think I'll just lie down a minute."

He flung himself heavily upon the old carpet-covered lounge. Fenton drew up the wooden rocking-chair to the cylinder stove, in which a low fire glimmered, and put his feet on top of the stove, after the manner of Cesarea and Galilee Hall.

"Well," he began, in his own comfortable way, "I've accepted the call."

"I supposed you would," replied Bayard, "when I heard it was under way. I am glad of it!" he added cordially. "The First Church is a fine old church. You're just the man for them. They'll ordain you as easily as they swallow their native chowders. You came right over

from their evening service to our place to-night? You must have hurried."

"I did," said the guest, with a certain air of condescension. "I wanted to hear you, you know — once, at least."

"When you are settled, you can't come, of course," observed Bayard quickly. "I understand that."

"Well — you see — I shall be — you know — in a very delicate position, when I become the pastor of that church."

Fenton's natural complacency forsook him for the instant, and something like embarrassment rested upon his easy face; he showed it by the way he handled Mrs. Granite's poker.

"It's 72° in this room already," suggested Bayard, smiling. "Would you poke that fire any more? . . . Oh, come, Fenton! I understand. Don't bother your head about me, or how I may feel. A man does n't choose to be where I am, to waste life in considering his feelings; those are the least important items in his natural history. Just stick to your subject, man. It's *you* I want to hear about."

"Well," replied the guest, warming to the theme with natural enthusiasm, "the call was unanimous. Perfectly so."

"That must be delightful."

"Why, so it is — it is, as you say, delightful. And the salary — they've raised the salary to get me, Bayard. You see, it had got out that I had refused — ah — hum — several calls. And they'd been without a man so long, I fancy they're tired of it. Anyhow, I'm to have three thousand dollars."

"That is delightful, too," said Bayard. He turned over on his old lounge, coughing, and doubled the thin cretonne pillow under his head; he watched his classmate with a half-quizzical smile; his eyes and brow were perfectly serene.

"I shall be ordained immediately," continued Fenton eagerly, "and bring my wife. They are refitting the parsonage. I went in last night to see that the carpets and papers and all that were what

they should be. I am going to be married — Bayard, I am going to be married next week.”

“And that is best of all,” said Bayard in a low voice.

“She is really a lovely girl, though somewhat limited in her experience. I’ve known her all my life — where I came from, in the western part of the State. But I think these gentle country girls make the best ministers’ wives. They educate up to the position rapidly.”

Bayard made no answer to this scintillation; a spark shot over his soft and laughing eyes, but his lips opened only to say, after a perceptible pause, —

“Where is Tompkinson — he of the long legs and the army cape?”

“Settled somewhere near you, I hear; over across the Cape. He has a fine parish. He’s to have two thousand: that’s doing well for a man of his stamp.”

“I don’t think Tompkinson is the kind of man to think much about the salary,” returned Bayard gravely. “He struck me as the other sort of fellow. What’s become of Bent?”

“Graduates this summer, I suppose. I hear he’s called to Roxbury. He always aimed at a Boston parish. He’s sure to boom.”

“And that brakeman — Holt? He who admired Huxley’s *Descent of Man*?”

“Oh, *he* is slumming in New York city. They say he is really very useful. He has some sort of mission work there, at the Five Points. I’m told he makes a specialty of converted burglars.”

“I have n’t been able to follow any of the boys,” said Bayard, coughing. “I can’t very well — as I am situated. It does me good to hear something about somebody. Where’s that round fellow — Jaynes? With the round glasses? I remember he always ate two Baldwins, two en—tire Baldwin apples.”

“Gone West, I believe. He’s admirably adapted to the West,” replied Fenton, settling his chair in his old comfortable way.

“What an assorted lot we were!” said Bayard dreamily. “And what a medley we were taught! I have n’t opened one of my notebooks since I came here.”

“Oh, in *your* work,” answered Fenton, “you don’t need to read, I should think.”

Bayard’s eyes sought his library; rested lovingly on its full and well-used shelves; then turned away with the expression of one who says to a chosen friend, “We understand. Why need anything be said?” He did not otherwise reply.

“Were you ever ordained over your present charge?” asked his visitor suddenly, balancing the poker on the top curl of the iron angel that ornamented the cylinder stove. “How did you manage it? Did any of the — regular clergy — recognize the affair?”

“I was not ordained,” replied Bayard, smiling contentedly. “I sought nothing of the kind. But a few of the country ministers wished us Godspeed. There was one dear old man — he was my moderator at that Council — he came over and put his hands on my head and gave me the blessing.”

“Oh — the charge to the pastor?”

“We did n’t call it that. We did not steal any of the old phrases. He prayed and blessed me — that was all. He is a sincere, good man, and he made something impressive out of it, my people said. At all events, they were satisfied. We have to do things in our own way, you know. We are experimenting, of course.”

“I should say that was a pretty serious experiment you inaugurated to-night in your service. If you’ll allow me to say so, I should call it very ill advised.”

“It is a serious experiment,” answered Bayard gravely.

“Expect to succeed in it?”

“God knows.”

“Bound to go on with it?”

“Till I succeed or fail.”

“What do you propose? To turn temperance lecturer, and that sort of thing? I suppose you’ll be switching

off your religious services into prohibition caucuses, and so forth."

"I propose nothing of the kind. I am not a politician. I am a preacher of the Christian religion."

"I always knew you were eccentric, of course, Bayard. Everybody knows that. But I never expected to see you leading such a singular life. I never took you for this sort of fanatic. It seems so — common for a man of your taste and culture; and there can be no doubt that it is unwise, from every point of view, even from your own, I should think. I don't deny that your work impressed me, what I saw of it to-night. Your gifts tell — even here. It is a pity to have them misapplied. Now, what was your motive in that outbreak to-night? I take it, it was the first time you had tackled the subject."

"To my shame — yes. It was the first time. I have had reasons to look into it, lately — that's all. You see, my ignorance on the subject was colossal, to start in. We were not taught such things in the Seminary. Cesarea does as well as any of them — but no curriculum recognizes Job Slip. Oh, when I think about it! — Predestination, foreordination, sanctification, election, and botheration, and never a lesson on the Christian socialism of our day; not a lecture to tell us how to save a poor, lost woman, how to reform a drunkard, what to do with gamblers and paupers and thieves, and worse, how to apply what we believe to common life and common sense, how to lift miserable creatures, scrambling up, and falling back into the mud as fast as they can scramble — people of no religion, no morals, no decency, no hope, no joy, who never see the inside of a church" —

"They ought to," replied Fenton severely. "That's their fault, not ours. And all seminaries have a course on Pastoral Theology."

"I visited sixteen of the dens of this town last week," answered Bayard. "I took a policeman and went through the

whole thing. I don't blame them. I would n't go to church if I were they. I shall dream about what I saw, — I don't know that I shall ever stop dreaming about it. It is too horrible to tell. I would n't even *speach* what I saw men and women *live*. The old sailors who have seen a good many ports call it a hell of a town. My own idea is, that it is n't a particle worse than other places of its class. I fancy it's a fair, average seaport town. Six thousand seamen sail this harbor every year. I can't get at the number of dens they support: such figures are runaway lunatics, you understand; they have a genius for hiding, and nobody *wants* to find them. But put it low — call it two hundred — in this little town. If it is n't the business of a Christian church to shut them, whose is it? If it is n't the business of religious people to look after these fellows, whose is it? I say, religious people are answerable for them, and for their vices! The best people are responsible for the worst, or there's no meaning in the New Testament, and no sense in the Christian religion. Oh," said Bayard, with a sound that was more like a moan than a sigh, "if Christ could come into Angel Alley — just this one street! If He could take this little piece of a worldful of human woe — modern human misery, you understand, all the new forms and phases that Palestine knew nothing about — if He could sweep it clean, and show us how to do it *now*! Think, Fenton, think how He would go to work — what that would be! . . . Sometimes I think it would be worth dying for."

"It strikes me it is harder to guess than predestination — what He would do if He were reincarnated," replied Fenton gravely.

"It had not struck me so," answered Bayard gently, "but there may be something in that."

"Now," continued Fenton, "take yourself. I fancy you believe — Do you suppose *you* are doing the kind of thing

He would set about, if He were in your place?"

"How can I tell?" said Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely articulate. "How can a man *know*? All I do know is, that I try. That is what — and that is all — I try to do. And I shall keep on trying, till I die."

He spoke with a solemnity which admitted of no light response, even from a worldly man. Fenton was not that, and his eyes filled.

"Well," he said, after a silence, "you are a good man, Emanuel Bayard. God go with you."

"And with you," replied Bayard, holding out his hand. "Our roads lie different ways. We shall not talk like this again."

"You won't mind that? You won't feel it," said Fenton uncomfortably, for he had risen to leave, and the conversation hung heavily on his heart, "if I don't run across your way often? It would hardly do, you see. My people — the church — the circumstances" —

He brought the poker down hard upon the cerebrum of the iron angel, who resented the insult by tumbling over on the funnel; thence, with a slam, to the floor. Fenton picked up the ornament, with a red face, and restored it to its place. He felt, as a man sometimes does, more rebuked than irritated by the inanimate thing.

"Good-by," said Bayard gently. It was all he said. He still held out his hand; his classmate wrung it, and passed, with bowed head, from his presence.

The happy weather held over into the next day, and the harbor wore her celestial smile. The gentleness of summer clothed in the colors of spring rested upon the wooded coast beyond the long cliff-outline; upon the broken scallops of the beaches, and the moss-green piers of the docks; upon the waves swelling without foam, and the patched sails of the anchored fleet unfurled to dry. The water

still held the blue and gray tints that betokened cold weather too recently past or too soon returning to be forgotten. But the wind was south, and the saxifrage was in bud upon the downs in the clefts of the broken rocks between the boulders.

Bayard was a weak and weary man that day, — the events of the previous evening had told upon him more than he would have supposed possible, — and he gave himself a luxury. He put the world and the evil of it from his heart and brain, and went out on Windover Point, to sun himself, alone; crawling along, poor fellow, at a sad pace, stopping often to rest, and panting as he pushed on. He had been an athletic lad, a vigorous, hearty man; illness and its subtle train of physical and mental consequences spoke in the voices of strangers to him.

"They will pass on," he thought.

Bayard was such a lovable, cordial, human man that the isolation of his life in Windover had affected him more than it might have done a natural recluse.

Solitude is the final test of character as well as of nature. The romance of consecration has its glamour as well as the romance of love. Bayard had felt his way into this beautiful mist with a stout, good sense which is rare in the devotee, and which was perhaps his most remarkable quality. This led him to accept without fruitless resistance a lot which was pathetically alien to him. He was no gray-bearded saint, on whose leathern tongue joy had turned to ashes; to whom renunciation was the last throw left in the game of life. He was a young man, ardent, eager, buoyant; confiding in hope because he had not tested it; believing in happiness because he had not known it; full of untried, untamed capacity for human delight, and with the instinct (generations old) of a luxurious training toward human ease. He had cut the silken cords between himself and the world of his old habits, ambitions, and friends with a steady stroke; he had smitten the soft network like a man, and flung it from

him like a spirit; but there were hours when he felt as if he were bleeding to death, inwardly, from sheer desolation.

"That call of George Fenton's upset me last night," he said aloud, as he sank down at the base of a big boulder in the warm sand. He sometimes talked to the sea; nothing else in Windover could understand him; he was acquiring some of the habits of lonely people who live apart from their own class. How impossible it would have been in Cambridge, in Boston, or in Cesarea to be caught talking aloud! His pale face flushed, and he drew his hat over it, thanking Heaven that the rocks were deaf and the downs were dumb, that the sun would never tell, and the harbor was too busy to listen. He had lain there in the sand for some time, as motionless as a mollusk at low water.

"All a man needs is a little human rest," he thought. The April sun seemed to sink into his brain and heart with the healing touch that nothing human ever gives. He pushed his hat away from his face, and looked up gratefully, as if he had been caressed.

As he did so, he heard footsteps upon the crisp, red-cupped moss that surrounded the base of the boulder. He rose instinctively, and confronted a woman, — a lady. She had been walking far and fast, and had glorious color. The skirt of her purple gown was splashed with little sticks and burs and bits of moss; her hands were full of saxifrage. She was trying, in the rising wind, to hold a sun-umbrella over her head, for she wore the street or traveling dress of the town, and her little bonnet gave her as much protection from the sun as a purple butterfly whose wings were dashed with gold.

Oddly enough, he recognized the costume before he did the wearer; so incredible did he find it that she should stand there, living, glowing, laughing, — a sumptuous beauty, stamped against the ascetic sky of Windover.

"You!" he cried.

"Oh, I did not expect — I did not think" — she stammered. He had never seen Helen Carruth disconcerted. But she blushed like a schoolgirl when she gave him, saxifrage and all, her ungloved hand.

XI.

"Mother sent me! — I came down for her and Father," began Helen Carruth abruptly. Then she thought how that sounded, — as if she need be supposed to apologize for or explain the circumstance that she happened to find one of her father's old students sunning himself upon a given portion of the New England coast; and she blushed again. When she saw the sudden, upward motion of Bayard's heavy eyelids, she could have set her pretty teeth through her tongue, for vexation at her little *faux pas*. From sheer embarrassment, she laughed it off.

"I have n't heard anybody laugh like that since I came to Windover," said Bayard, drawing a long breath. "Do give me an encore!"

"Now, then, you are laughing at me!"

"Upon the word of a poor heretic parson — no. You can't think how it sounds. It sinks in — like the sun."

"But I don't feel like laughing any more. I've got all over it. I'm afraid I can't oblige you."

"Why not? You used to be good natured, I thought — in Cesarea, ages ago."

"You are enough to drive the laugh out of a faun," said the young lady soberly. "Pray sit down again on your sand sofa. I did not know you had been so ill. Put on your hat, Mr. Bayard. Good society does not require ghosts to stand bareheaded at the seacoast in April."

"I don't move in good society any longer. I am not expected to know anything about its customs. Sit down beside me a minute — and I will. No — stay. Perhaps you will take cold? I wish I had some wraps. My coat" —

"When I take *your* coat" — began the healthy girl. He had already flung his overcoat upon the dry, warm sand. She gave it back to him. Then she saw the color start into his pale face.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said quickly. "I did not mean — Mr. Bayard, I never was ill in my life."

"Nor I, either, before now," pleaded Bayard rather piteously.

"That was a sensible man who called it the 'insolence of health.' I did not mean to be impertinent, if you will take the trouble to believe me. I fail to grasp the situation — that's all. I am simply obtuse — blunt — blunt as a clam."

She waved her sun-umbrella dejectedly toward the beach, where a solitary clam-digger, a bent, picturesque old man, was seeking his next chowder.

"The amount of it is," said Miss Carruth, more in her usual manner, "that I was taken a little by surprise. You used to look so — different. You are greatly changed, Mr. Bayard. Being a heretic does not agree with you."

"I have had a little touch of something they call pneumonia down here," observed Bayard carelessly. "I've been out only a few days."

She made no answer at first; Bayard was looking at the clam-digger, but he felt that she was looking at him. She had seated herself on the sand beside him; she was now quite her usual self; her momentary embarrassment had disappeared like a sail around the Point, — a graceful, vanishing thing of whose motion one thinks afterwards. He did not suppose that she was there to sympathize with him, but he was vaguely aware of a certain unbridged gap in the subject, when she unexpectedly said, —

"You have not asked me what I came to Windover for."

"Windover does not belong to me, Miss Carruth; nor" — A ray of disused mischief sprang to his eyes. Did he start to say, "nor you"? He might have been capable of it as far back as Harvard, or

even in junior year at Cesarea. That flash of human nonsense changed his appearance to an almost startling extent.

"Why, now," she laughed, "I think I could recognize you without an introduction."

"But you have n't told me why you *did* come to Windover."

"It does n't signify. You exhibit no interest in the subject, sir."

"You are here," he answered, looking at her. "That fact preoccupied me."

This reply was without precedent in her experience of him; and she gave no sign, whether of pleasure or displeasure, of its effect upon her. She looked straight at the clam-digger, who was shouldering his basket laboriously upon his bent back, making a sombre Millet sketch against the cheerful afternoon sky.

"I came down to engage our rooms," she said lightly. "We are coming here, you know, this summer. We board at the Mainsail. I had to have it out with Mrs. Salt about the mosquito bars. Mother would n't come last year because the mosquito bars had holes, and let in hornets and a mouse. You understand," she added, with something of unnecessary emphasis, "we always come here summers."

"I understand nothing at all!" said Bayard breathlessly. "You were not here last summer, when I was candidating in the First Church."

"That, I tell you, was on account of the hornets and the mouse. The mouse clinched it; he waked her walking up her sleeve one morning. So we went to Campobello the year after. But we *always* come to Windover."

"For instance, how many seasons constitute 'always'?"

"Three. This will be four. Father likes it above everything. So did Mother before the mouse epoch. She got to feeling hornets in her shoes whenever she put them on. I wonder Father never told you we always come to Windover?"

"The Professor had other things in

his mind when he talked to me — second probation, and the dangers of modern German exegesis.”

“Yes, I know. Dear Papa! Windover is n’t a doctrine.”

“I wonder *you* never told me you always came to Windover?”

“Oh, I left that to Father,” replied the young lady demurely. “I did come near it, though, once. Do you remember that evening?”

“Yes,” he interrupted; “I remember that evening.”

“I mean, when you had taken me up the Seminary walk to see the cross. When you said good-by, that night, I thought I’d mention it. But I changed my mind. You see, you had n’t had your call, then. I thought — I might — hurt your feelings. But we always *do* come to Windover. We are coming as soon as Anniversary is over. We have the Flying Jib to ourselves — that little green cottage, you know, on the rocks. What! Never heard of the Flying Jib? You don’t know the summer Windover, do you?”

“Only the winter Windover, you see.”

“Nor the summer people, I suppose?”

“Only the winter people.”

“Father’s hired that old fish-house for a study,” continued Helen, with some abruptness. “He says he can’t stand the women on the Mainsail piazzas; you can hear them over at the Flying Jib when the wind sets our way; they discuss the desserts, and pick each other’s characters to pieces, and compare Kensington stitches and neuralgia. Father is going to bring down his article on The State of the Unforgiven after Death — There!” she said suddenly, “that Millet sketch is walking into Father’s study with his basket on his back. The State of the Unforgiven will be a little — clammy, don’t you think?”

Her eyes looked like the bed of a brown brook in the sun. Bayard laughed.

“The dear Professor!” he said.

“If Father were n’t such an archangel

in private life, it would n’t be so funny,” observed Helen, jabbing the point of her purple-and-gold changeable silk sun-umbrella into the sand. “I can’t see what he wants the unconverted to be burned up *for*. Can you?”

“The State of the Unforgiven before Death is more than I can manage,” replied Bayard, smiling; “I have my hands full.”

“Do you like it?” asked Helen, with a pretty, puzzled knot between her smooth brows.

“Like what? I like this.”

He looked at her; as any other man might, — like those students who used to come so often, and who suddenly called no more. Helen had never seen that expression in his eyes. She dropped her own. She dug little wells in the fine white sand with her sun-umbrella before she said, —

“I have to get the six-o’clock train; you know I have n’t come to stay, yet.”

“But you are coming!” he exclaimed, with irrepressible joyousness.

She made no answer, and Bayard’s sensitive color changed.

“Do I like *what*?” he repeated in a different tone.

“Heresy and martyrdom,” replied Helen serenely.

“I regret nothing, if that is what you mean; no matter what it costs, no matter how it ends — no, not for an hour. I told the truth, and I took the consequences; that is all. How *can* a man regret standing by his best convictions?”

“He might regret the convictions,” suggested Helen.

“Might he? Perhaps. Mine are so much stronger than they were when I started in that they race me and drag me like winged horses in a chariot of fire.”

His eyes took on their dazzling look; like fine flash-lights they shot forth a brilliance as burning as it was brief; then their calm and color returned to them. Helen watched the transfiguration touch

and pass his face with a sense of something so like reverence that it made her uncomfortable. Like many girls trained as she had been, she had small regard for the priestly office, and none for the priestly assumptions. The recognition of a spiritual superiority which she felt to be so far above her that, in the nature of things, she could not understand it, gave her strong nature a jar: something within her, hitherto fixed and untroubled, shook before it.

Bayard, without apparent consciousness of the young lady's thoughts, or indeed of her presence for that moment, went on dreamily:—

"I was a theorizer, a dreamer, a theologian apprentice, a year ago. I knew no more of real life than—that silver sea-gull making for the lighthouse tower. I took notes about sin in the lecture-room. Now I study misery and shame in Angel Alley. The gap between them is as wide as the stride of that angel in Revelation—do you remember him?—who stood with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea. All I mind is, that I have so much more to learn than I need have had—everything, in fact. If I had been taught, if I had been trained—if it had not all come with that kind of shock which benumbs a man's brain at first, and uses up his vitality so much faster than he can afford to spare it—But I have no convictions, that I ought to be talking like this!"

"Go on," said Helen softly.

"Oh, to what end?" asked Bayard wearily. "That ecclesiastical system which brought me where I am can't be helped by one man's rebellion. It's going to take a generation of us. But there is enough that I *can* help. It is the can-be's, not the can't-be's, that are the business of men like me."

"I saw you with that drunken man; he had his arms about you," answered Helen, with charming irrelevance. Her untroubled brows still held that little knot, half of perplexity, half of annoyance. It

became her, for she looked the more of a woman for it.

"Job Slip? Oh, in Boston that day; yes. I got him home to his wife all right, that night. He was sober after that for— for quite a while. I wish you had seen that woman!" he said earnestly. "Mari is the most miserable—and the most grateful—person that I know. I never knew what a woman could suffer till I got acquainted with that family. They have a dear little boy. His father used to beat him over the head with a shovel. Joey comes over to see me sometimes, and goes to sleep on my lounge. We're great chums."

"You *do* like it," said Helen slowly. She had raised her brown eyes while he was speaking, and watched his face with a veiled look. "Yes; there's no doubt about it. You do."

"Would n't you?" asked Bayard, smiling.

"No, I should n't." She shook her head with that positiveness so charming in an attractive woman, and so repellent in an ugly one. "When they burn you at the stake, you'll swallow the fire and enjoy it. You'll say, 'Forgive them, for they don't mean it, poor things.' I should say, 'Lord, punish them, for they ought to know better.' That's just the difference between us. Mother must be right. She always says I am not spiritual."

"I don't know but I should like to see that little boy, though," added Helen reluctantly; "and Mari—if she had on a clean apron."

"She does n't very often. But it might happen. Why, you might go over there with me—sometime—this summer, and see them?" suggested Bayard eagerly.

"So you lay the first little smoking fagot, do you? For me, too?" She laughed.

"God forbid!" said Bayard quickly.

Helen's voice had not been as light as her laugh, and her bright face was grave when he turned and regarded it. She gave back his gaze without evasion, now.

She seemed to have grown indefinitely older and gentler since she had sat there on the sand beside him. Her eyes, for the first time, now, it appeared, intentionally studied him. She took in the least detail of his changed appearance: the shabby coat, the patch on his boot, his linen, worn and darned, the fading color of his hat. She remembered him as the best dressed man in Cesarea Seminary; nothing but rude, real poverty could have so changed that fashionable and easy student into this country parson, rusting and mended and out-of-the-mode, and conscious of it to the last sense, as only the town-bred man of luxurious antecedents can be of the novel deprivation that might have been another's native air.

"I don't know that it is necessary to look so pale," was all she said. "I should think you'd tan here in this glare. I do. See!"

She held out her bare hands, and doubled them up, putting them together to scrutinize the delicate backs of them for the effect of an hour's Windover sun. Her dark purple gloves and the saxifrage lay in her lap. Bayard held the sun-umbrella over her. It gave him a curious sense of event to perform this little courtesy; it was so long since he had been among ladies, and lived like other gentlemen; he felt as if he had been upon a journey in strange lands, and were coming home again. A blossom of the saxifrage fell to the hem of her dress, and over upon the sand. He delicately touched and took it, saying nothing.

"Does Mr. Hermon Worcester come and pour pitch and things on the bonfire?" asked Helen suddenly.

"I thought you knew," answered Bayard; "my uncle has disinherited me. He is not pleased with what I have done."

"Ah! I did not know. Does n't he — Excuse me, Mr. Bayard. It is not my business."

"He writes to me," said Bayard. "He sent me things when I was sick.

He was very kind then. We have not quarreled at all. But it is some time since I have seen him. I am very fond of my uncle. He is an old man, you know. He was brought up so. We must n't blame him. He thinks I am on the road to perdition. He does n't come to Windover."

"I see," said Helen. She leaned her head back against the boulder and looked through half-shut lids at the dashing sea. The wind was rising.

"I must go," she said abruptly.

"May I take you over to the station?" he asked, with boyish anxiety.

"Mr. Salt is going to harness old Pepper," she answered.

Bayard said nothing. He remembered that he could not afford to drive a lady to the station; he could not offer to "take" her in the electric conveyance of the great American people. He might have spent at least three quarters of an hour more beside her. It seemed to him that he had not experienced poverty till now. The exquisite outline of his lip trembled for the instant with that pathos which would have smitten a woman to the heart if she had loved him. Helen was preoccupied with her saxifrage and her purple gloves. She did not, to all appearance, see his face, and he was glad of it.

He arose in silence, and walked beside her to the beach and toward the town.

"Mr. Bayard," observed Helen, with her pleasant unexpectedness, "I owe you something."

All this while she had not mentioned the wreck or the rescue; she alone, of all people whom he had seen since he came out of his sick-room, had not inquired, nor exclaimed, nor commended, nor admired. Something in her manner — it could hardly be said what — reminded him now of this omission; he had not thought of it before.

"I owe you a recognition," she said.

"I cancel the debt," he answered, smiling.

"You cannot. I owe you the recog-

nition — of a friend — for that brave and noble deed you did. Accept it, sir ! ”

She spread out her hands with a pretty gesture, as if she gave him something ; she moved her head with a commanding and royal turn, as if her gift had value. He lifted his hat.

“ I could have done no less then ; but I might do more — now. ”

His worn face had lightened delicately. He looked hopeful and happy.

“ A man does n't put himself where I am, to complain, ” he added. “ But I don't suppose you could even guess how solitary my position is. The right thing said in the right way gives me more courage than — people who say it can possibly understand. I have so few friends — now. If you allow me to count you among them, you do me a very womanly kindness ; so then I shall owe *you* ” —

“ I cancel the debt ! ” she interrupted, laughing. “ Did n't Father write to you, ” she hurried on, “ when you were so ill ? ”

“ Oh yes. The Professor's note was the first I was allowed to read. He said all sorts of things that I did n't deserve. He said that, in spite of the flaws in my theology, I had done honor to the old Seminary. ”

“ Really ? Father will wear a crown and a harp for *that* concession. Did he give you any message from me, I wonder ? ”

“ He said the ladies sent their regards. ”

“ Oh ! Was that all ? ”

“ That was all. ”

“ It was not *quite* all, ” said Helen, after a moment's rather grave reflection. “ But never mind. Probably Father thought the exegesis incorrect somewhere. ”

“ Perhaps he objected to the context ? ” asked Bayard mischievously.

“ More likely he had a quarrel in the Faculty on his mind, and forgot it. ”

“ If you had written it yourself ” — suggested Bayard humbly. “ But of course you had other things to do. ”

Helen gave him an inscrutable look.

She made no reply. They passed the fish-house, and the old clam-digger, who was sitting on his overturned basket in the sun, opening clams with a blunt knife, and singing hoarsely : —

“ The woman 's ashore,
The child 's at the door,
The man 's at the wheel.

“ Storm on the track,
Fog at the back,
Death at the keel.

“ You, mate, or me,
Which shall it be ?
God, He won't tell.
Drive on to — ! ”

“ There is Mr. Salt, ” said Helen ; for the two had come slowly up in silence to the old gate (fastened with a rope tied in a sailor's knot) that gave the short cut across the meadow to the Mainsail summer hotel.

“ He is watching for me. How sober he looks ! Perhaps something dreadful has happened to Mrs. Salt. Wait a minute. Let me run in ! ”

She tossed her sun-umbrella, gloves, and saxifrage in a heap across Bayard's arm, and ran like a girl or a collie swaying across the meadow in the wind. In a few minutes she walked back, flushed and laughing.

“ Pepper can't go ! ” she cried. “ He 's got the colic. He 's swallowed a celluloid collar. Mr. Salt says he thought it was sugar. I must go right along and catch the car. ”

“ You have eight minutes yet, ” said Bayard joyously, “ and I can go too ! ”

The car filled up rapidly ; they chatted of little things, or sat in silence. Jane Granite came aboard as they passed her mother's door. Bayard lifted his hat to her cordially ; she was at the further end of the car ; she got off at a grocery store, to buy prunes, and did not look back. She had only glanced at Helen Carruth. Bayard did not notice when Jane left.

The train came in and went out. Helen stood on the platform, leaning over to

take her saxifrage: a royal vision, blurring and melting in purple and gold before his eyes.

The train came in and went out; her laughing eyes looked back from the frame of the car window. The train went out. He turned away, and went slowly home.

Jane had not returned, and Mrs. Granite was away. The house was deserted, and the evening was coming on cold. He climbed the steep stairs wearily to his rooms, and lighted a fire, for he coughed a good deal. He had to go down into the shed and bring up the wood and coal. He was so tired when this was done that he flung himself upon the old lounge. He looked slowly about his dismal rooms: at the top curl of the iron angel on the ugly stove; at the empty wooden rocking-chair with the bones; at the paper screen, where the Cupid on the basket of grapes sat forever tasting, and never eating, impossible fruit; at the study-table, where the subscription list for his quarter's salary lay across the

manuscript notes of his last night's sermon. The great St. Michael on the wall eyed him with that absence of curiosity which belongs to remote superiority. Bayard did not return the gaze of the picture. He took something from his vest pocket and looked at it gently, twisting it about in his thin hands. It was a sprig of saxifrage, whose white blossom was hanging its head over upon the dry, succulent stem. Bayard got up suddenly, and put the flower in a book upon his study-table.

As he did so, a short, soft, broken sound pattered up the stairs. The door opened without the preliminary of a knock, and little Joey Slip walked seriously in. He said he had come to see the minister. He sat down sedately and ceremoniously upon the carpet lounge. He said Marm said to say Father's home from Georges', drunk as a fish. He put out his little fingers and patted Bayard on the cheek, as if the minister had been the child, and Joey the old, old man.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

FIRST PAPER.

"*March 23, 1854.* A snowstorm. Write and send off twenty-four autographs."

"*November 25, 1856.* I have lying on my table more than sixty requests for autographs."

"*January 9, 1857.* Yesterday, I wrote, sealed, and directed seventy autographs. To-day I added five or six more, and mailed them."

Such are the entries which from time to time Longfellow made in his journal, — entries which surely must have stirred remorse in the heart of many a collector of autographs. Not a word of impatience, much less of indignation, seems

to have escaped from the gentle poet. He took the evil with the good, — the fame of a poet and the trouble which it brought with it. Of his *Hiawatha* ten thousand copies were sold in the first few weeks after publication. A little later he recorded that the sale was going on at the rate of three hundred a day. A snowy morning given up now and then to writing his name was not, he may have thought, too great a penalty to pay for the fame which he enjoyed and for the dollars which came pouring in. Lowell had none of his brother poet's patience. He suffered under the infliction, and he made his sufferings

known. An autograph book, he declared, was an instrument of torture unknown even to the Inquisition. When he did not recognize a correspondent's handwriting he would leave the letter unopened, till a great pile slowly accumulated on his desk. "I am thinking seriously," he wrote, "of getting a good forger from the state's prison to do my autographs; but I suppose the unconvicted followers of the same calling would raise the cry of convict labor."

Collectors do not go to work the right way when they want to get an autograph out of their man. They should approach him dexterously, and come unto him as delicately as Agag came unto Samuel. Now and then there has been seen a man as methodical as the Duke of Wellington, from whom an answer could always be drawn by a letter which had about it an air of business. It is said that his son's tailor, or some autograph collector who passed himself off as his son's tailor, — Mr. Snip I will call him, — once wrote to the old soldier to beg him make the young man settle his account. He received the following answer: —

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington begs to inform Mr. Snip that he is neither the Marquis of Douro's steward nor Mr. Snip's debt collector."

A feigned letter of business, however, would very rarely be found successful. If any answer were sent, it would almost always be in the hand of a secretary or a wife. Honester and gentler means should be used. The man to be hooked, like Izaak Walton's frog, "should be used as though you loved him." Dukes, no doubt, could not thus be caught; but then, fortunately, the signature of a duke, unless at the bottom of a check, with the rarest exceptions, is utterly worthless. If — which Heaven forbid! — I should wish to get an autograph out of a poet, I would address him after some such fashion as the following: —

DEAR SIR, — My love for your writings finds no other vent for its expression but in a way which I trust will not offend you by its being less spiritual than I could have wished. Will you accept a barrel of oysters which I am venturing to send you as a slight proof of my admiration of your genius?

I am, dear sir,

Your ardent admirer,

AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

POET LAUREATE, ESQ.

P. S. When you acknowledge the receipt of the oysters, I should esteem it a great favor if you would do so in verse. If you generally drink Chablis with oysters, I shall be happy to send you half a dozen bottles.

Should your author inhabit a foreign country, whither delicacies are not easily sent, the persuasive method might be varied. He might be addressed thus: —

DEAR SIR, — May I venture to ask you for your autograph? The five-dollar bill which I beg to inclose will, I trust, be sufficient to cover the postage. Should there be anything over, I should esteem it a high honor if you would spend it in the purchase of a book, on the fly-leaf of which I would beg you to gum the subjoined inscription.

I am,

Yours respectfully and admiringly,

RARITY COLLECTOR.

NOVEL RUYTER, ESQ.

P. S. If you would add a sentiment to your autograph, I should esteem it an additional favor.

(Inscription.)

Presented to Novel Ruyter, Esq., as a slight tribute of respect for his genius, by an admirer in the *New World*.

I am assuming in all this that my autograph collector is willing to spend his money on his hobby somewhat freely. Without money, by those who are outside the world of letters, arts, science,

or politics, a collection can scarcely be made. A hobby is generally a costly animal to keep; but what is spent on it is often saved in doctor's bills. It gives an interest to life, especially to the life of one who has retired from business. If ridden soberly, it is a good and faithful steed, on which for many a day a man may amble gently down the slope of life. It should neither be ridden to death, nor suffered to carry its bearer to the threshold of want. Poor men as well as the well-to-do sometimes get thrown by it to the ground. A second-hand bookseller once told me of a workingman who laid out at his shop much more than he could well afford. To escape the scoldings of his wife, he would smuggle each new purchase home at the bottom of the basket in which he brought from market the week's supply of potatoes. A friend of mine gave me, in my younger days, a letter of Dr. Johnson's. "There," said he, as I sat gazing on my treasure, "if you will take my advice, you will at once throw that letter into the fire." (A bright one was blazing before us on the hearth.) "If you keep it, it will probably tempt you into an outlay beyond your means, as I have seen many a man before you tempted by his first autograph." I did not follow his advice, — the letter, in a frame, hangs on one of the walls of my study, — but I laid to heart his warning. Perhaps the danger was the less in my case as I had long possessed a small collection which came to me by inheritance.

My friend had himself for many years been a dealer in autographs, and in the long course of business had slowly made a noble collection, which he carried away into retirement, the adornment of his old age. He one day showed me a forged letter of Lord Byron's. Many years ago, one of the great London auctioneers — either Christie or Sotheby, I forget which — asked him and old John Murray, the poet's publisher, to call at his office, as he had a curiosity to show

them. "Here," he said, when they came in, "are some genuine letters of Byron's, and here are forgeries of them. We must not mix them, for if we do we shall never be able to separate them." The imitation, they found, was perfect, not only in the writing, but also in the postmark and the seal. The watermark of the paper, moreover, was earlier than the dates of the letters. They had been executed by a man who there was good reason to believe was Byron's illegitimate son. By some curious chance the originals and the imitations had been sent in for sale at the same time. A day or two later the forger came to the office. "I am not going to put up those letters for sale," the auctioneer said to him. "Then give me them back," the man replied. "No; they are locked up in this desk, and there they will remain. They are forgeries." The forger said nothing, but left the room. "What became of him?" I asked my old friend. "I believe he went to America," was the reply; "and there, no doubt, if he is still living, he is forging Byron's letters." He would have been just the man to do the autographs for Lowell; but such a career as his was likely to have been prematurely cut short.

For a long time past the price of autographs has been so steadily rising that a collector might silence the whisperings of prudence, or the upbraidings of a careful soul of a wife, by the glittering hopes of a profitable investment. At all events, he might flatter himself that when his collection was dispersed no loss of capital would be incurred. In a large collection which had been made with knowledge and with coolness, this, very likely, would be the case; but if it were small, however well chosen it might be, the chances of loss would be great. Where there are few lots there are few purchasers, and where there are few purchasers the regular dealers are often able to form an unrighteous combination by which they get documents of great value for a mere

trifle. Even when this danger is escaped, at a small sale chance and caprice have far greater play. The price, for example, of one of Dr. Johnson's autograph letters has risen by about a pound in the last nineteen years. In 1875, eighteen were sold by auction in London at an average of four pounds, five shillings, and eightpence a letter. Between 1888 and 1891, fifteen, of which I have account, were sold at an average of five guineas. One letter, however, which fetched six guineas in 1875, by some chance went for only two pounds, eight shillings, in 1888; while, on the other hand, the price of another letter rose from six pounds, fifteen shillings, to ten pounds. In these averages I have not included three lots for which extraordinary sums were paid. In 1875, for the famous letter in which the dauntless old man wrote to Macpherson, "I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian,"¹ no less than fifty pounds was given, and well given, too. For a fiddle three or four times as much has often been paid. The possession of such a letter surely confers more distinction than half a dozen fiddles. In 1888, to the great astonishment of collectors, forty pounds was given for the following brief note to Oliver Goldsmith: —

SIR, — I beg that you will excuse my Absence to the Club; I am going this evening to Oxford.

I have another favour to beg. It is that I may be considered as proposing W Boswel [*sic*] for a candidate of our Society, and that he may be considered as regularly nominated.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM: JOHNSON.

April 23, 1773

TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

¹ I quote from the original as given in the auctioneer's catalogue. In the copy of the letter dictated by Johnson to Boswell from memory this sentence runs, "I hope I shall never be

It sold at the rate of twelve shillings and a penny a word. For London Johnson was paid ninepence halfpenny a line, and for 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' tenpence; for each line in 'The Traveller' Goldsmith received elevenpence farthing. This letter is distinguished from the hundreds of others in Johnson's autograph mainly by the fact that it is the only one extant written by him to Goldsmith. At the same sale the biddings rose to even a higher sum. Forty-six pounds was given for the letter in which Johnson signed himself "Your's *impransus*." It is not too much to assume that of the forty-six pounds, forty were paid for this one word. Never, surely, has the greatest epicure or the wildest spendthrift been able to throw away on a dinner so much money as has been spent on the one modest word in which this needy author seems to hint to his employer that he was in want of one. "It is remarkable," writes Boswell, "that Johnson's letter to Mr. Cave concludes with a fair confession that he had not a dinner." What would have been the amazement of "the very good company" with whom the young author, fresh from Lichfield, used to dine at the Pine Apple, New Street, could they have known that the day would come when, for his hint that he wanted a dinner, enough would be given to pay his daily tavern-bill for nearly four full years! From what I learnt not long ago, I have little doubt that these high prices, though they were in part due to enthusiasm, were due also in part to fraud. Shortly before the sale, a dealer, who then held a high position, but who, a little later, died a bankrupt, sent to me, as the editor of Boswell's Life of Johnson, the auctioneer's catalogue, and, in the name of a collector, asked me to indicate which of the letters had a peculiar interest. I pointed out these two, and showed him in each case in what

deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." I wish the fortunate owner of the original would publish a facsimile, or at all events an exact copy.

that interest consisted. The "impransus" letter, I knew, had been sold by auction, a little earlier, for seven or eight pounds. It might, I thought, fetch two or three more. For the other I had no expectation that so much even as seven or eight pounds would be given. My surprise was indeed great when I learnt the result of my advice. I have been informed since that when this dealer was bidding, there was often present at the sale a man who would bid against him, to whom no lot was ever knocked down. It was this mysterious person, it was said, who ran up the two lots to their extravagant prices. The collector who employed the dealer was charged by him a certain percentage on the sums paid, — for what, I suppose, he was pleased to call his judgment. The more the autographs cost, the better was this judgment rewarded. Had the fellow stuck to his trade, he might have died a rich rogue, but he took to dabbling in stocks and shares, and got ruined.

Most collectors, of course, name a sum beyond which their agent must not carry his biddings. Sometimes, however, the limit is fixed absurdly low. A few years ago, I was shown by an auctioneer the original document by which Blackstone sold the copyright of his famous Commentaries. In the hope that it would be secured for the University of Oxford, before which the book had been read by the author in the shape of lectures, I informed Bodley's librarian of this great treasure. He undertook to direct his agent to bid for it. I was out of England at the sale, but on my return I inquired with eager hope whether it had been secured. "No," the librarian replied. "The amateur collectors have of late so much run up the price of autographs that it is almost useless for us to bid against them." Chief among these collectors, if I remember rightly, he reckoned those wicked Americans, who, with their wealth, are sacking, as it were, the literary treasures of Europe. In the present case, however, these devastators were really not to

blame. The librarian's reserve price, I ascertain, had been fixed considerably below a pound; at twelve shillings and sixpence, if my memory does not deceive me. For three dollars, even against Englishmen, Oxford could scarcely have hoped to secure so interesting an autograph of one of the most distinguished of her sons.

It too often happens that letters of great interest are destroyed through ignorance, indifference, or a perverted sense of duty. Boswell's curious correspondence with his friend Temple, the grandfather of the present Bishop of London, was sold for waste paper in Boulogne. Some of it was rescued from the buttermilk and published, but there are great and melancholy gaps left. The letters which Boswell had himself received from many of the most eminent men of his time were, it is believed, destroyed by his executors. A lady who gave me a copy of one of Johnson's autograph letters informed me that, many years ago, an old friend had sent her a whole bundle of them, bidding her keep as many as she pleased. In her unfortunate modesty she retained but one. He told her afterwards that she need not have been so scrupulous, for all that she had returned he had thrown into the fire. A man who burns an autograph shows such an insensibility of nature, such a want of imagination, that it is likely that, in a more cruel age, he would have burnt heretics. Like the inquisitors of old, men have condemned to the flames letters full of life and thought and feeling, in the belief that they were only doing their duty. They have been shocked by the wrong that at times has been done by the publication of matters which either should not have been divulged, or at all events should have been kept secret till one or two generations had passed away. Literary men, even, have been guilty of this crime, — men whose hours have slipped pleasantly by over the correspondence of Horace Walpole, Cowper, and Lamb. As I am writing, I see that Mr. Froude directed his executors to destroy all pri-

vate letters belonging to him. In his case, this seems an affectation of discretion and of regard for the feelings of others. He is like the miser whose first and only display of charity is seen in the provisions of his will. If a man cannot trust his executors, he can at least bequeath his correspondence to a public library, with a direction that it shall be kept unpublished till after a long lapse of years.

Of my own modest collection I have no anecdotes to relate. No such luck ever befell me as befell Mr. Fields, who, in a book picked up at a stall, found inserted an autograph letter of Johnson's. To my letters, such as they are, I now beg leave to introduce the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly*. I shall venture to act the part of showman, and to treat my audience as I sometimes treat my friends when I have got them safe in my study, and know that politeness will not for a good half hour allow them to save themselves by flight. There, as I place an autograph before them, I delight to talk about the writer, and, taking down from the shelves one book after another, to read out passages by way of illustration. As I am addressing mainly an American audience, I cannot do better than begin with an extract about America from a letter addressed by Miss Edgeworth, on July 27, 1826, to "Mr. Hunter, 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, London." He was her publisher. Publishers have risen in the world since those days. No author would now venture to deprive them of the title of "Esquire." But Miss Edgeworth belonged to the old landed gentry, and perhaps would not willingly have abandoned class distinctions. She writes: —

. . . I copy for you a letter I have this morning received from — Ralstone, one of my American Intelligencers.

"Your great & good friend Sir Walter Scott's last work *Woodstock* has met with the most brilliant reception among

us and I regret much that the large profits of his American publishers cannot be divided with this inimitable writer. — Mess^{rs} Carey and Lea purchased the printed sheets from the English publishers for £150 and they were sent out to them as fast as they were printed & before they were bound; they were reprinted here, bound & distributed in most of our principal cities three weeks *before* a complete English copy arrived in this country. The sheets for the last vol. arrived in duplicate on board of three different ships which came to N. York on the same day & within a few hours of each other. They were sent to this city by express & within 23½ hours after their rec^d they were printed folded bound & for sale. There were 185 persons employed in the various parts of this expeditious business — The public were equally prompt in purchasing as the enterprising Booksellers were in publishing. The work was for sale at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning — & in the evening of the same day there were short of 1000 copies left on hand. The edition consisted of 9000 copies. Mess^{rs} Carey & Lea contemplate publishing another edition of 3 or 4000 copies. There will be Editions published in Boston, N. York & other cities in a short time — We have a great advantage over you in the cheapness of books in this country. *Woodstock* for example was published in England in 3 vols & sold for thirty-one shillings (7½ Dollars) — it was republished here in 2 vols. & sold for 1½ Dollars or 6s. 9d — Most books are published at the same economical rate & few persons are so poor as to be unable to purchase as many as they desire to read."

Nearly four months earlier than the date of Miss Edgeworth's letter, on April 2, 1826, Scott had recorded in his Diary: "I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that *Woodstock* is sold for £8228 [about \$40,300]; all

ready money — a matchless sale for less than three months' work." Miss Edgeworth saw him in Edinburgh in 1823. Lady Scott was surprised that the two novelists had not met in 1803, on Miss Edgeworth's first visit to that capital. "Why," said Sir Walter, with one of his queer looks, "you forget, my dear, Miss Edgeworth was not a lion then, and my name, you know, was not grown at all." A few months before his death, when his mind was rapidly failing, after speaking of Miss Austen, he continued: "'And there's that Irish lady, too — but I forget everybody's name now.' — 'Miss Edgeworth.' — 'Ay, Miss Edgeworth; she's *very* clever, and best in the little touches, too. I'm sure, in that children's story' (he meant Simple Susan), 'where the little girl parts with her lamb, and the little boy brings it back to her again, there's nothing for it but just to put down the book and cry.'"' Tickenor was shown by Miss Edgeworth a letter from Dumont, — Mirabeau's and Bentham's Dumont, — who had lately met Madame de Staël, fresh from reading Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life*. Dumont reported that she had said of their author, and said perhaps with not a little truth, "*Vraiment elle était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais elle se perd dans votre triste utilité.*" Macaulay once compared these women. "Madame de Staël," he wrote, "was certainly the first woman of her age; Miss Edgeworth, I think, the second; and Miss Austen the third." In the whole of this judgment the present age would not agree. Whatever place is assigned to Madame de Staël, Miss Austen would certainly be generally placed far above Miss Edgeworth.

In a copy of the *Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth* by his daughter, which I bought second-hand many years ago, I found the following curious manuscript note: "Maria Edgeworth was plain. Her friend, Rev. H. Crofton, used to say of her that 'her beauty was turned

outside in,' & to her, 'Maria, God has not given you beauty, but He has given you a soul, & that is more than He vouchsafes to all women.' One day she called on Mrs. Crofton, when Sarah Frances, then a very little girl, was in the room; she said, 'Mamma, is it that ugly lady who tells such pretty stories?' 'Hush, hush,' said her mother. Miss Edgeworth laughingly said, 'Now, Fanny, don't try to keep the truth down, for I *am* ugly, & I *do* tell pretty stories.'"

In the handwriting of Miss Austen I have nothing but the following lines: —

"In order to prevent your thus losing the benefit of attending at Church, it has occurred to me that it will not be making an improper use of the time allotted us for public Instruction to turn your thoughts for a few Sundays to this subject."

Underneath these lines is written: —

"This is the handwriting, not the composition of my Aunt Jane Austen, Authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*

P. EDW^d AUSTEN LEIGH."

Such a passage as the above might have been an extract from a sermon preached by Henry Tilney, or Edmund Bertram, or Mr. Collins himself, even though his gracious patroness, Lady Catherine De Burgh, is not mentioned. From a sermon it has undoubtedly been cut out, for it is but a fragment of a page. How it came to pass that Miss Austen wrote it I can easily imagine. Of her Johnson never could have said, "A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." She never ascended a pulpit; but her father was a parson. In my boyhood I spent not a few of my holidays with an old clergyman who lived at Ambleside, at the head of Windermere. There I saw Wordsworth and Miss Martineau. I had not been in my friend's house many days before he asked to see a specimen of my handwriting.

He shook his head sadly over it. Had it been legible, he said, he would have got me to copy out sermons. He was too modest to preach his own, and he did not think it decent to take a printed book into the pulpit. It was therefore a happy day for him when he could secure a scribe. In one respect, at all events, either nature or art, perhaps both, favored me more highly than Jane Austen. Her clear hand must have been of great service to her father. She could never have rejoiced, as I did, in writing badly.

I have a long letter by Miss Martineau, dated February 27, 1863. Like Miss Edgeworth's, it deals with America. I have seen her described by a Boston divine as "a foreign carpet-bagger." He resented her visit to the United States and the part she had played in the anti-slavery movement. Paul at Athens was "a foreign carpet-bagger," who attacked the peculiar institution of the Unknown God. Nevertheless, so far, I believe, he has escaped the reverend gentleman's reproaches.

Miss Martineau writes :—

. . . That Liverpool paper that you sent is among provincial journals the very lowest, — & much what the "Record" is among theological papers. It starts a new idea however. It never occurred to me to make money out of the North. What shall I ask? one thousand or five? But I am afraid they won't give me anything — I am such a hopeless free-trade writer. Of course it is needless; but yet I sh^d like just to put you in possession of the fact that I have never made a penny of profit of the American case. I write a certain proportion of the "leaders" in "D. News" on topics of present interest w^h I understand: & if it had not been the American business (wh. I do understand more of than any other writer in this country) it w^d have been whatever other was uppermost. India is always mine; & 3 or 4 more.

The "interest" to us in that letter of Mackay's that you speak of was in seeing how far even his impudence would go in relying on the ignorance of English readers. He has the audacity to drop out of mention the class in the South, — w^h is larger than the slave-owners who are only 347,000, — the *hivers* of slaves — & to call *them* "mean whites." The shopkeepers & artisans of the towns are not "mean whites." Those of them who do not own a slave or two *hire* negroes. The "mean whites" in the towns are the mere "loafers," such as hang about all towns. The main body are in the country. If you really have any wish to learn the facts about them you will find in the appendix to Professor Cairnes's new edition the fullest & best authorised account that exists. — Mackay has done one excellent service in that part of his letter, — by a singular heedlessness on his part, & on that of the Times in publishing it. He admits a fact fatal to the Southern case in showing that, by the three-fifths suffrage, every white citizen has more political power than any citizen in the North. This is the true & sufficient answer that has always been given to the Southern cant about being overborne by the tyranny of the North; & it is owing to this anti-republican & thoroughly vicious Southern privilege that the Slave Power has predominated so long. Mackay does not see what he has done in proving the great Northern point for a Southern purpose, — any more than Lawley sees what a figure he cuts in ridiculing the idea of negro regiments when the negro regiments are already proved, by their achievements, the very best in the field; — with as much valour, as much efficiency of mind & hand as any of the whites, & better discipline. It is really glorious to see what their military capacity is, & how it strikes a sudden light into Northern minds as to the true character & destiny of the people who have been so carefully kept from

showing what they c^d do. The white officers are in high admiration. . . .

I saw Miss Martineau at an evening party given by the old squire of Amble-side. She sat in state in an armchair, and people came up one by one to talk with her. With the shyness of boyhood I stood afar off, wondering how any one had courage to speak into her long ear-trumpet. "The ear-trumpet," wrote Hawthorne, "seems a sensible part of her, like the antennæ of some insects. If you have any little remark to make, you drop it in, and she helps you to make remarks by this delicate little appeal of the trumpet, as she slightly directs it towards you; and if you have nothing to say, the appeal is not strong enough to embarrass you." He describes her as "a large, robust, elderly woman, and plainly dressed; but withal she has so kind, cheerful, and intelligent a face that she is pleasanter to look at than most beauties. She is the most continual talker I ever heard; it is really like the babbling of a brook, and very lively and sensible, too." Macaulay, with perhaps some of the jealousy of a rival continual talker, listening one day to the even flow of her voice, broken by nothing but the occasional fall of rubbish in a house hard by which was coming down, whispered to his neighbor:—

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead."

She had lately published those Letters to Mr. Atkinson which provoked some wit to say, "Miss Martineau's creed is of the briefest, — there is no God, and Mr. Atkinson is his prophet." In 1837, Carlyle, writing of her, said: "She pleased us far beyond expectation. She is very intelligent-looking, really of pleasant countenance, was full of talk, though, unhappily, deaf almost as a post." Nine years later it was in a very different strain that he wrote: "Miss Martineau was here and is gone; broken into utter wearisomeness, a mind reduced to three

elements: Imbecility, Dogmatism, and Unlimited Hope. I never in my life was more heartily bored with any creature."

Carlyle was a harsh judge when his fellow-writers stood at his bar. Of Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," he wrote: "Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was; usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit. He was cockney to the marrow." Even in his cups Lamb did not lose his enjoyment of perfect verse. "Both tipsy and sober," wrote H. C. Robinson to Landor, "he is ever muttering Rose Aylmer."

Of Lamb I have the following autograph. It bears no date, but the postmark shows that it was written in 1814.

SIR, — Your explanation is perfectly pleasant to me, and I accede to your proposal most willingly.

As I began with the beginning of this month, I will if you please call upon you for *your part of the engagement* (supposing I shall have performed mine) on the 1st of March next, & thence forward if it suit you quarterly — You will occasionally wink at BRISKETS & VEINY PIECES.

Your Ob^t Sy^t

C. LAMB.

Saturday.

J. SCOTT, Esq.,

3 Marda Place, Edgware road.

Briskets and veiny pieces, as a notable housewife informs me, are inferior portions of meat. Lamb, who had undertaken to write for *The Champion*, warns the editor, in the language of the market, that his contributions will not always be of prime quality. Eleven years later he wrote to one of his friends: "Why did poor Scott die? There was comfort in writing with such associates as were his little band of scribblers:

some gone away, some affronted away, and I am left as the solitary widow looking for water-cresses." He thus mentions him in another letter: "Patmore is a very hearty, friendly fellow, and was poor John Scott's second, as I will be yours, when you want one. May you never be mine." Scott fell in a duel. He met his death, says Talfourd, "almost by lamentable accident, in the uncertain glimmer of moonlight, from the hand of one who went out resolved not to harm him." In the index to Canon Ainger's edition of Lamb's Letters there is a strange confounding of the persons under the article John Scott. There are mixed up in one whole, John Scott of Amwell, the Quaker poet, who hated

"That drum's discordant sound,
Which goes parading round and round ;"

Lord Nelson's secretary, whose name also was Scott, killed by his master's side at Trafalgar; and John Scott the editor, who, to add to the confusion, having been shot by Mr. Christie, is stated to have fallen in a duel with Lockhart.

From Mr. Ruskin I have the following letter, written to me eleven years ago, when I was wintering at San Remo.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
7th Dec —83.

MY DEAR SIR, — I've just time to thank you, by this post — but please let me know if your address is permanent

— I had totally forgot the passage! — but I don't think the young generation will teach *me* much about clouds! It is a curious feeling in old age — Homer has his word about that, too, — has n't he? — that nobody knows one's own sinews

Ever gratefully yrs

J. RUSKIN.

Why Mr. Ruskin felt so grateful to a stranger is explained by the following passage in his first lecture on The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century: —

"When, in the close of my lecture on landscape, last year, at Oxford, I spoke of stationary clouds as distinguished from passing ones, some block-heads wrote to the papers to say that clouds never were stationary. Those foolish letters were so far useful in causing a friend to write me the pretty one I am about to read to you, quoting a passage about clouds in Homer which I had myself never noticed, though perhaps the most beautiful of its kind in the Iliad. In the fifth book, after the truce is broken, and the aggressor Trojans are rushing to the onset in a tumult of clamor and charge, Homer says that the Greeks, abiding them, 'stood like clouds.' My correspondent, giving the passage, writes as follows: —

"SIR, — Last winter, when I was at Ajaccio, I was one day reading Homer by the open window, and came upon the lines —

Ἄλλ' ἔμενον, νεφέλησιν ἐοικότες ὥς τε Κρονίων
Νηνεμῆς ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὕρεσσιν,
Ἀτρεΐδας, ὅφρ' εὐδῆσι μένος Βορέας καὶ ἄλλων
Ζαχρειῶν ἀνέμων, οἵτε νέφεα σκιδόντα
Πνοίῃσιν λυγυρήσι διασκιδνῶσιν ἄντες·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.

"But they stood, like the clouds which the son of Kronos establishes in calm upon the mountains, motionless, when the rage of the north and of all the fiery winds is asleep." ¹ As I finished these lines, I raised my eyes, and, looking across the gulf, saw a long line of clouds resting on the top of the hills. The day was windless, and there they stayed, hour after hour, without any stir or motion. I remember how much I was delighted at the time, and have often since that day thought on the beauty and the truthfulness of Homer's simile.

"Perhaps this little fact may interest you, at a time when you are attacked for your description of clouds.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

G. B. HILL."

¹ This is Mr. Ruskin's version of Homer's lines, not mine.

The following letter, also by Mr. Ruskin, was written at a much earlier date than the first quoted, about the year 1858:—

DEAR —: Would you be so very kind as to write down for me the titles in English of those illustrated works by Richter, with the place where you got them—so that I can send the same to Printers, in my catalogue of works to be studied at the end of my book for beginners.

Ever affectionately yours

J. RUSKIN.

Tell Jones his glass won't quite do. I want to talk to him about it but can't find a day,—but he ought to get a bit of pure 13th century glass *done*, and put beside his; then he would feel what is wanted I fancy, namely greater grace in the interlacing forms and more distinctness in the figures as emergent from ground.

"Jones" is our great painter Sir Edward Burne-Jones. I should not have given his name had I not received his permission. He has no doubt, he sends me word, the criticism was entirely just, but no one had the hardihood to tell him of it, so he has never heard it till now. One hot June morning, thirty-seven years ago, I watched him painting a cluster of crown lilies in the garden of Red Lion Square. It was, I believe, the first time that he worked in oils.

Judge Maule, one of the wittiest men that ever sat on the bench, irritated by the conceit of a young barrister who, with an air of superiority, was stating his case in the most confusing manner, exclaimed: "Sir, in this court counsel usually follow some order in their statement of facts: some follow the chronological order, but as for you, sir, you had better keep to the order of the alphabet." In the selection of my autographs I am disregarding both chronology and the alphabet, and am taking my readers back-

wards and forwards as I please. Neither shall I pay much regard to subjects, but shall pass lightly from one to the other. From Mr. Ruskin and thirteenth-century painted glass let us turn to that venerable mass of vast legal learning and Tory obstinacy which was embodied in Lord Chancellor Eldon. His letter is addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Alderman Burdon, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Above the address is written the date, "London, March Fifteenth, 1815," and in the left-hand corner, "Eldon." By writing the date and his name on the cover the Chancellor franked the letter,—sent it through the post free of charge. This privilege, which was enjoyed by the members of both Houses of Parliament, was abolished, in 1840, on the introduction of penny postage.

H[OUSE] OF L^{DS} [LORDS]
Wednesday Morning.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind Letter. We are all safe & well. At present Tranquillity *seems* to be restored—Whether the Mob only sleep, or have ceased to exist, seems very uncertain. I hope I did not disgrace my Situation as a Magistrate, when I came into Contact with the Rioters: and I hope so the rather, because I am satisfied that, if I did not act as stoutly as the Law would authorise me to act, my Example might have done much Mischief.

Yrs affly

ELDON.

Nothing authentic at this hour from France.

11 o'clock Wed^d Morn^g.

The rioters had risen against an increase in the tax on corn. The misery of the people was already great, and once more legislation was to make it still greater. The mob had torn up the iron railings in the front of Lord Eldon's house in Bedford Square, and, using them as crowbars, had forced an entrance. He and his family escaped by a back door

into the garden of the British Museum. There they found a guard of a corporal and four privates. The story shall go on in the Chancellor's words: "I proposed to the corporal that we should proceed out of my study into the great room which adjoins it, and from that into the dining-room; and, the mob being in the hall and a little adjoining room, we should be able to surprise and secure them. He was a Scotchman, and said: 'We are not strong enough to keep them in, but with good management we may drive them out. I won't let my men put powder and ball into their muskets, but they shall fix their bayonets, and if you will go with me, and, when we get out of this study into the hall, will give me your orders to charge them with the bayonets, I will, and my men shall obey those orders; but we must make the best appearance we can, and as there are only four soldiers, they must follow one by one, and we must so manage the matter that the mob may suppose that there will be no end of them that are coming.' Accordingly we so advanced, and the corporal calling out to his soldiers to come in language tending to make it believed that they were numerous, the mob fled with great precipitation. The front door being demolished, two soldiers guarded the entrance, crossing their muskets. The mob held a consultation at the top of Keppel Street, whether they should attack the house again; but, conceiving the military corps inside to be strong, they gave it up. I brought into the house by their collars two of the mob, and told them they would be hanged. One of them bid me look to myself, and told me that the people were much more likely to hang me than I was to procure any of them to be hanged. They were sent before a justice of the peace; but the soldiers said they would do their duty as soldiers, but they would not be witnesses."

"My poor excellent corporal and commander," adds Lord Eldon, "was shot

at Waterloo." Across France Napoleon, escaped from Elba, was hurrying towards Paris and the imperial crown. What was the life of one poor Scotchman to him? Five days before the date of the letter, on March 10, Romilly recorded: "As I was coming out of the Court of Chancery to-day I was told that intelligence had just arrived that Bonaparte had landed in the south of France on the 1st or 2d of this month, and was marching towards Grenoble. I gave no credit to the information, but I find it is but too true. It is in everybody's mouth, and has filled every one with consternation." It is to this dreadful rumor that the postscript of Lord Eldon's letter refers.

The Chancellor's eldest brother, William Scott, under the title of Lord Stowell, is famous as the great judge of the High Court of Admiralty. Strong as the heads of the two brothers were for law, scarcely less strong were they for port wine. When some one asked Lord Eldon what exercise his brother took, "None that I know of," he replied, "except the exercise of eating and drinking." In spite of hard work and the bottle they both outlived by many years the Psalmist's limit of life. The president of an Oxford college told me that his father, a clergyman of the Church of England, once took the chair at a dinner given by one of the London companies, at which Lord Eldon was the chief guest. When the table had been cleared, the old man, who was past eighty, said to his host, "I always like to know how I am going on with my port, so you must let me have a bottle to myself which shall not circulate. I have given you two pieces of preferment in the Church; so you must now show your gratitude by filling my glass for me." Before long the old fellow remarked, "You are not showing your gratitude; you are leaving my glass empty." When he had finished his two bottles he said, "When I was Chancellor and hard-worked I often

drank three bottles at a sitting, and now and then four." Once he and Chief Justice Kenyon came to a political meeting at the Duke of Wellington's house, both drunk. They were not, however, without excuse; their loyalty had overcome them at the table of one of the royal dukes which they had just left. It was remarked that while the Chief Justice "talked exceeding nonsense," the ex-Chancellor talked sense. Drunk or sober, steady on their legs or reeling, both of these noblemen were always justly looked upon as pillars of the Church.

These reminiscences of great men are leading me too far astray. I will now give William Scott's letter: —

MY DEAR SIR, — The K. is better. It is fit it should be known that the Increase of his Malady the other Day was produced by the following circumstances — He was perfectly collected & composed on Thursday Morning; and expressed a great desire to settle the Matter of breaking up the Establishment of the deceased P. Amelia. He was so well that the Physicians saw no objection to it, particularly as He said that if the Matter was once off His Mind, He shd feel Himself much relieved. He went through the whole detail in the most accurate manner, settling all the Pensions, Allotments & Allowances with the utmost propriety correcting the Mistakes of other Persons concerned and referring most minutely to former conversations upon it — But unfortunately the business lasted three hours; It fatigued Him, and the fatigue brought on restlessness

& irritation — Thank God He is now recovering from it.

I am, dear Sir,

very faithfully yours,

W. SCOTT

LONDON, *November nineteenth*, 1810

Worshipful THOMAS BURDON Esq

Mayor of Newcastle on Tyne.

George III.'s mind never recovered from the shock given it by the death of his favorite daughter. He lived ten years longer, bereft of that reason which, when it had been in force, had worked mankind such dreadful wrong. The princess died on November 2. Miss Burney thus describes her third birthday, kept at Windsor on August 7, 1786: —

"The manner of keeping the birthdays here is very simple. All the Royal Family are new-dressed; so — at least so they appear — are all their attendants. [As George III. had fifteen children, there were, with his birthday and the Queen's, seventeen birthdays to keep every year, and seventeen new suits required.] The dinners and deserts are unusually sumptuous. . . . If the weather is fine all the family walk upon the terrace, which is crowded with people of distinction. It was really a mighty pretty procession. The little Princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted in the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the walls to make a clear passage for the Royal Family, the moment they come in sight."

George Birkbeck Hill.

WHILE THE ROBINS SANG.

AN IDYL.

"THE tune means naught to you," the captain said,
 "Only a quaint old melody; but to me
 'T is as a breath of fire. At earliest dawn *
 Our bands would play our Yankee Doodle; then
 From far and far away across the dusk
 Of ghostly morning land an echo came,
 Elf-beautiful, elf-changed, the rebel bands
 Faint chiming Dixie."

I had played the air
 On the piano in the parlor's dusk,
 Before we started on our sunset walk,
 My friend the captain and myself; and now
 We faced the sunset in a cool clear gloom,
 Breathing moist pleasant smell, and listening
 To robin-carols. Tender shone the west,—
 Peach-pink and violet-bloom along the hills,
 And delicate gold above; and long we stood
 Musing and silent, till he spoke again:
 "So glowed the sky, but not so beautiful,
 After a raid: we looked back south at dusk,
 And half the heavens were lit with burning barns."

A robin somewhere near began to sing
 An intricate melody, buoyant lyric love
 At utterance from cool tongue and silver throat
 High in the sycamore. Dreaming we heard,
 And dreaming he resumed:

"In willow-wilds
 And cedar-swamps by deadly Murfreesboro',
 For days we fed the wounded in the woods
 On robins: there were myriads of them there.
 Into the bush at night with clubs and bags
 We went, and came back loaded: every eve
 Their gay and frolic passion fluted crisp
 To wests as rich as this; and every night
 We slew that music for the Nation's wounds,
 Stanch'd blood with bird-songs, stilled the cold sweet air
 Of all that keen roulading and fine grace
 To make a dainty food for death. So I,"
 He said, "give honor to these blithe orange-breasts:
 The robins helped to save the stars and stripes
 From being sadly torn."

Reluctantly

We turned, and faced a drowsy purple east,
 And faint gold staining all the budding trees:
 Familiar bluebirds laughed about the slopes,
 And twitter-winged turtle-doves passed o'er
 To croon a-distant; and the meadow-larks
 Dropped plaintive violin-sweetness down the dusk;
 And on ahead across the twilight slope
 The girls were out for frolic, racing gay,
 With birdlike shrieks and somewhat of a show
 Of glimmering ankles, till they saw us come,
 And blew away upon a windy laugh:
 But with the robins our hearts flew a-low,
 Skimming the grass, and calling lovers home,
 And piping to the earliest of the stars.

J. Russell Taylor.

FLOWER LORE OF NEW ENGLAND CHILDREN.

If the paradise of the Orientals is a garden, so was a garden of old-fashioned flowers the earthly paradise for a child: the long sunny days brought into life so many treasures, so many delightful play-things to be made through the exercise of that keen instinct of all children, destructiveness. Each year saw the fresh retelling and teaching of child to child of happy flower customs, almost intuitively, or through that curious system of transmission of nature lore which everywhere exists among children who are blessed enough to spend their summer days in the woods or in a garden. The sober teachings of science in later years can never make up the loss to those who lived their youth in cities, and grew up debarred from this inheritance, knowing not when

"The summer comes with flower and bee."

The dandelion was one of the earliest flowers to stir the children's memories, — memories which had lain dormant all winter; in New England it is "the firstling of the year." In the days of my childhood, we did not wait for the butter-

cup to open, to learn whether we "loved butter;" the soft, dimpled chin of each child was held up, as had been those of other children for past decades, to catch the yellow reflection of the first dandelion on the pinky throat.

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside
 the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold."

The dandelion had other charms for the child. When the blooms had grown long-stemmed through seeking the sun from under the dense box borders, what pale green curls could be made by splitting the stems and immersing them in water, or by placing them in the mouth! I taste still their bitterness! What grace these curls conferred when fastened to our round combs, or hung over our straight braids! — far better than locks of corn silk. And what adorning necklaces and chains could be made by stringing "dandelion beads," formed by cutting the stems into sections!

When the dandelion had lost her

golden locks, and had grown old and gray, the children still plucked the downy heads, the "clocks" or blowballs, and holding them by the long stems which bore aloft these airy seed-vessels, and fortifying the strong young lungs with a deep breath, they blew upon the head "to see whether my mother wants me," or to learn the time o' the day.

"Dandelion, the globe of down,
The schoolboy's clock in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain
To conjure back long hours again."

The ox-eye daisy, the farmer's hated whiteweed, brought to New England by Endicott as a garden flower, soon followed the dandelion in bloom, and a fresh necklace could be strung from the starry blossoms, a daisy-chain. The daisy was also used as a medium of amatory divination, by pulling from the floret the white ray-flowers, saying, "He loves me, he loves me not," or by repeating the old "apple rhyme":—

"One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say,
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away," etc.

The yellow disk, or "button," which was formed by stripping off the white rays, made a pretty pumpkin pie for the dolls' table. A very effective and bilious old lady, or "daisy grandmother," was made by clipping off the rays to shape the border or ruffle of a cap, leaving two long rays for strings, and marking in a grotesque old face with pen and ink. A dusky face, called with childish plainness of speech a "nigger head," could be made in like fashion from the "black-eyed Susan" or "yellow daisy," the *Rudbeckia hirta*, which now rivals the ox-eye daisy as a pest of the New England farmer.

Though the spring violets were dearly loved, we slaughtered them ruthlessly by "fighting roosters" with them. The projecting spur under the curved stem at the base of the flower was a hook, and

when the violets "clinched" we pulled till the stronger was conqueror. Sometimes a tough-stemmed violet would decapitate a score of its fellows.

What braided "cat-ladders," and quaint, mediæval-shaped boats with swelling lateen sail and pennant of striped grass, could be made from the flat, swordlike leaves of the flower-de-luce! And the dicentra, or "dielytra" (bleeding-heart, or lady's-eardrops, we called it), had long, gracefully drooping racemes of bright red-pink flowers, which, when pulled apart and straightened out, made fairy gondolas; or which might be twisted into a harp and bottle. How many scores have I carefully dissected, trying to preserve intact in skeleton shape the little heart-shaped "frame" of the delicate flower!

What black-headed puppets or dolls could be made from the great poppies, whose reflexed petals formed gay scarlet petticoats; and also from the blossoms of vari-colored double balsams, with their frills and flounces! The hollyhock, ever ready to render to the child a new pleasure, could be tied into tiny dolls with shining satin gowns, true fairies. Mertensia, or lungwort, we termed "pink and blue ladies." The lovely blossoms, which so delighted the English naturalist Wallace, and which he called "drooping porcelain-blue bells," are shaped something like a child's straight-waisted, full-skirted frock. If pins are stuck upright in a piece of wood, the little blue silken frocks can be hung over them, and the green calyx looks like a tiny hat. A child friend, who was forbidden to play with dolls on the solemn New England Sabbath, was permitted to gather the mertensia bells on that holy day, and also to use the cherished income of a prosperous pin-store. It was discovered with maternal horror that she had carefully arranged her "pink and blue ladies" in quadrilles and contradances, and was very cheerfully "playing dancing party," to beguile the hours of a

weary summer Sunday afternoon. The poppy pericarps made famous pepper-boxes, from which the seed could be shaken as pepper; dishes and cups, too, for dolls' tea-tables, and tiny handles of strong grass stems could be attached to the cups. The hollyhocks furnished food in their mucilaginous cheeses, and the insipid akenes of the sunflower and seeds of pumpkins swelled the feast. A daintier morsel, a drop of honey, the "clear bee-wine" of Keats, could be sucked from the curved spur of the columbine, and the scarlet-and-yellow trumpet of the coral honeysuckle, mellifluous of name, as well as from the tubes of the heads of clover. We ate rose-leaves, also, and grass roots, and smarting peppergrass. The sorrel and oxalis (which we called "ladies' sorrel") and the curling tendrils of grapevines gave an acid zest and variety to our childish nibblings and browsings.

The gnarled plum-trees at the end of the garden exuded beautiful crystals of gum, of which we could say proudly, like Cornelia, "These are my jewels." Translucent topaz and amber were never more beautiful, and, void of settings, these pellucid gems could be stuck directly on the fingers or on the tip of the ear. And when our vanity was sated with the bravery, or we could no longer resist our appetite, there still remained another charm: like Cleopatra, with childish opulence we swallowed the jewels.

A low-growing mallow, wherever it chanced to run, shared with its cousin hollyhock the duty of providing cheeses. These mallow cheeses were also eaten by English children. In allusion to this custom the poet Clare wrote: —

"The sitting down when school was o'er
Upon the threshold of the door,
Picking from mallows, sport to please,
The crumpled seed we call a cheese."

The eating of "cheeses" and blowing dandelion clocks are almost the sole flower customs of children that are the same in England as in America. Nearly

all our child habits seem to be truly national, developed in some way in the new land. They were acquired in the beginning through imagined fitness or suggestion, then learned by subtle transmission from child to child; never through reading. All our English story-books told of making cowslip balls, of breaking the shepherd's purse, of playing "lords and ladies" with the arum, — what we call "jack-in-the-pulpit;" yet we never thought of making any kindred attempts with these or similar flowers. We did gather eagerly the "jack-in-the-pulpit," whose singularity of aspect seems always to attract the attention of children, and by pinching it at the base of the flower made it squeak, "made Jack preach." But like true republicans we never called our jacks lords and ladies.

From the live-for-ever, or orpine (once tenderly cherished as a garden favorite, now in many localities a hated and persistent weed), we made "frogs," or "purses," by gently pinching the fleshy leaves between thumb and forefinger, and thus loosening the epidermis on the lower side of the leaf from the parenchyma, — purses that, when blown up, would burst with a delightful pop. The New England folk names by which this plant is called, such as "frog plant," "blow-leaf," "pudding-bag plant," show the widespread prevalence of this custom. A rival in sound could be made by popping the foxglove's fingers. English countrywomen call the foxglove a "pop." The morning-glory could also be blown up and popped, and the canterbury-bell. We placed rose petals and certain tender leaves over our lips, and drew in the centres for explosion.

Noisy boys found scores of other ways to make various resounding notes in the gardens. A louder pop could be made by placing broad leaves on the extended thumb and forefinger of one hand and striking them with the other. The boys also made "squawks" out of birch bark, and trumpets from the leaf-stalks of

pumpkins and squashes, and fiddles of corn-stalks. An ear-piercing whistle could be constructed from a willow branch, and a particularly disagreeable sound could be evoked by every boy, and (I must acknowledge it) by every girl, too, by placing broad leaves of grass — preferably the pretty striped ribbon-grass, or “gardener’s garters” — between the thumbs and blowing thereon. Other skillful and girl-envied accomplishments of the boys I will simply name: making baskets and brooches by cutting or filing the furrowed butternut or the stone of a peach; manufacturing old-women dolls of hickory nuts; squirt-guns and pop-guns of elderberry stems; pipes of horse-chestnuts, corn-cobs, or acorns, in which dried sweet-fern could be smoked; sweet-fern or grape-stem or corn-silk cigars; torches of the cat-o’-nine-tails.

Some child customs successfully defy the law of the survival of the needful, and ignore the lesson of reason; they simply exist, without purpose, without meaning. A marked example of these, of bootless toil, is the laborious hoarding of horse-chestnuts each autumn. With what eagerness and hard work do boys gather these pretty nuts; how they quarrel with one another over the possession of every one; how stingily they dole out a few to the girls who cannot climb the trees, and are not permitted to belabor the branches with clubs and stones for dislodgment of the treasures, as do their lordly brothers! How carefully the gathered store is laid away for winter, and not one thing ever done or made with one horse-chestnut, until all feed a grand blaze in the open fireplace! At the time of their gathering they are converted to certain uses, are made into certain toys. They are tied to the ends of strings, and two boys, holding the stringed chestnuts, play cobnut. English boys then say, —

“Obhlonker
My first conker.”

Two nuts are also tied together by a yard of cord, and, by a catching knack, circled

in opposite directions. But these games have a very emphatic time and season,—the weeks when the horse-chestnuts ripen. The winter’s store is always untouched.

From a stray burdock plant which had escaped destruction in our kitchen garden, or from a group of these pestilent weeds in a neighboring by-path, could be gathered materials for many days of pleasure. The small, tenacious burs could be wrought into admirable furniture for the dolls’ house,—tables, chairs, and cradles. Traces of the upholstery clung long and disfiguringly to our clothing, but never deterred us from the fascinating occupation.

The milkweed, one of our few native weeds, and a determined and clinging settler on its native soil, furnished abundant playthings. The empty pods became fairy cradles, and tiny pillows could be made of the beautiful silvery silk.

“In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.”

Mr. Eggleston says this silk was the silk-grass of the early colonial travelers, from which the Indians made nets, bags, fishing-lines, etc. But Peter Kalm wrote, in 1748, that the Indian hemp, or silk-grass, was *Apocynum cannabinum*.

The milkweed and thistle both furnish pretty, silvery silken balls when treated with deft fingers; and their manufacture is no modern fashion. Manasseh Cutler, writing in 1786, says:—

“I was pleased with a number of perfectly white silken balls, as they appeared to be, suspended by small threads along the frame of the looking-glass. They were made by taking off the calyx of the thistle at an early stage of blooming.”

Ingenious toys of various amusing shapes could be formed of the pith of the milkweed, and when weighted with a tack would always fall tack downward, as did the wonderful “corn-stalk witches,” who always fell with grotesque head and leaden cap downward.

Pressed flowers were devoted to special uses. I cannot recall ever, during early

childhood, pressing any flower save larkspur,—the “lark-heels” of Shakespeare. Why this flower was chosen I do not know, unless for the reason that its colors were so enduring. We used to make charming wreaths of the stemless flowers by placing the spur of one in the centre of another flower, and thus forming a tiny circle. A favorite arrangement was alternating the colors pink and blue. These stiff little pressed wreaths were gummed on a sheet of paper, to be used at the proper time as a valentine,—were made for that definite purpose; yet I cannot now recall that, when February came, I ever sent one of these valentines, or indeed had any to send. I often wonder whether Holmes referred to one of these valentine wreaths when he wrote his graceful line, “light as a loop of larkspur.” A similar wreath could be made of the columbine spurs. A friend tells me she made scores in her youth; but we never pressed any flowers but larkspur.

Many similar wreaths were made of freshly gathered flowers. The daintiest were of lilac or phlox petals, and the alternation of color in these wreaths—one white and two purple lilac petals, or two white phlox petals and two crimson—could easily prove the ingenuity and originality of the child who produced them.

In the beautiful and cleanly needles of the pine the children had an unlimited supply for the manufacture of toys. Pretty necklaces could be made for personal adornment, and tiny brooms for dolls’ houses. (In Lynn, Mass., they call the pine needles “besoms.”) A thickly growing cluster of needles was called “a lady.” When her petticoats were carefully trimmed, she could be placed upright on a sheet of paper, and by softly blowing upon it could be made to dance. A winter’s amusement was furnished by gathering and storing the pitch-pine cones and hearing them snap open in the house. The cones could also be planted with grass-seeds, and form a pretty green-growing ornament.

From birch bark could be made cornucopias and drinking-cups, and letters could be cut thereon and thereof. There wandered through the town, harmless and happy, one of “God’s fools,” whose like is seen in every country community. He found his greatest pleasure in early autumn in strolling through the country, and marking with his jack-knife, in cabalistic designs, the surface of all the unripe pumpkins and squashes. He was always driven by the farmers from this annoying trespass in the daytime, but “by brave moonshine” he still could make his mysterious mark on the harvest of the year, and find, in inscribing his rude symbols, which certainly meant something to his dull brain, a happiness which could reach him by no other path. The boys of the town, impressed by the sight of a garden or field of squashes thus curiously marked, also fell into a habit of similar inscription, which in them became wanton vandalism, and had none of the sense of baffled mystery which always hung around and illumined poor Elmer’s letters. A more favorite manner of using the autumn store of pumpkins was in the manufacture, by the boys, of Jack-o’-lanterns, which were most effective and hideous when lighted from within.

“The umbrellas are out!” call country children in spring, when the peltate leaves of the May-apple spread their umbrella-shaped lobes, and the little girls gather them, and also the leaves of the wild sarsaparilla, for dolls’ parasols. The spreading head of what we called “snake grass” could also be tied into a very effective miniature parasol. There is no sense of caste among children when in a field or garden; all are equally well dressed when “bedizened and brocaded” with garden finery. Green leaves can be pinned with their stems into fantastic caps and bonnets; foxglove fingers can be used as gloves; the blossoms of the jewelweed make pretty earrings; and the dandelion and daisy chains are not

the only necklaces, — the lilac and larkspur chains and pretty little circlets of phlox are proudly worn; and strings of rose-hips end the summer. Truly, the garden-bred child walks in gay attire from May to October.

The "satten" found by the traveler Josselyn in seventeenth-century New England gardens formed throughout New England a universal plaything, and a frequent winter posy, in country parlors, on mantel or table. The broad white oval partition, of satiny lustre, remaining after the side valves had fallen, made juvenile money, and the plant went by the appropriate name of "money-in-both-pockets." It was also called "honesty," and, in an old ante-Revolutionary paper which I have seen, the seed of honesty was advertised by a jocular seed-monger "to be sold in small quantities, that all may have a share."

Other seeds were gathered as the children's spoils: those of the garden balsam, to see them burst, or to feel them curl up in the hand like living creatures; those, also, of the balsam's cousin, the jewelweed, to watch them snap violently open, — hence its country name of touch-me-not and snapweed. When the leaves were hung with dew it deserved its title of jewelweed, and when they were immersed in water its other pretty and descriptive folk name of "silver-leaf."

A grotesquery could be formed from the seed-pods in the centre of the peony. They could be opened in such a way that the tiny pink and white seeds resembled two sets of teeth in an open mouth. Imaginary miniature likenesses were found in the various parts of many flowers: the naked pistil and stamens of one were "a pair of tongs;" another had a seed ovary which was a "lady," a very stout lady with extending hoops. The heartsease had in its centre an "old lady washing her feet;" the monkshood, a "devil in his chariot." A single petal of the columbine, with attached sepals, was a hovering dove, and the whole flower —

Izaak Walton's "culverkeys" — formed a little dish with a ring of pigeon-heads bending within.

There were many primitive inks and staining juices that could be expressed, and milks and gums that exuded, from various plants; and each summer's round saw these stains and resins tried by every child. We painted pictures in our books with the red sap from the petals of the red peonies, and with the blue juice of the blossom of the spiderwort, or tradescantia, now a neglected and an exiled flower. We dyed dolls' clothes with the juice of elderberries, and when dipped in soapsuds they turned a brilliant blue. The country child could also dye a vivid red with the juice of the pokeberry, the "red-ink" plant, or with the stems of the bloodroot; and the sap crushed from soft, pulpy leaves, such as those of the live-for-ever, furnished a green stain.

There was a certain garden lore connected with insects, not so varied or extensive, probably, as a child would have upon a farm. We said to the snail, —

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,

Or else I will beat you as black as a coal."

We sang to the lady-bug, —

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home;

Your house is on fire, your children will burn."

We caught the grasshoppers, and thus exhorted them, —

"Grandfather, grandfather gray,

Give me molasses, or I'll throw you away."

And we sang some song to the daddy-long-legs, which memory has allowed to escape. We believed that earwigs lived for the sole purpose of penetrating our ears, that dragon-flies flew with the sole thought of sewing up our lips; devil's darning-needles we called them. To this day I instinctively cover my mouth at their approach. We were bold enough to come into close contact with bees in a way I should scarcely dare to try now. We used to entrap them — especially bumble-bees — in the bells of monopetalous flowers such as canterbury-bells, or

the night in an humble dooryard. In the dark its seeds were gathered and given by an unknown hand and a flower-loving heart to my mother, to form under her "fair tendance" the luminous evening glory of her garden, and the delight of every child who saw the blossoms, as Keats said, "leap from buds into ripe flowers." To every garden-bred child the sudden blossoming and pale shining in the gloaming have ever given the even-

ing primrose a special tender interest, — a faintly mystic charm through the chill of falling dew and the dim light, and through a half-sad atmosphere which has always encircled the flower, and has been felt by many of the poets, making them seldom sing the evening primrose as a flower of happiness.

With the Good-night of children to the flowers, I close this list of the happy flower customs of New England children.

Alice Morse Earle.

DUMB FOXGLOVE.

ALL the golden October day we had been driving leisurely along through the Green Mountain country.

Everything was golden that fall. It had been a very dry season, and the leaves upon the maples and other forest trees, instead of ripening into brilliant hues of crimson and scarlet, had all taken on tints of yellow. Then, when the autumn winds arose, suddenly the whole earth was carpeted with saffron, daffodil, amber, and gold, a thick, soft, rustling carpet, and for days our horses trod upon it, and our wagon-wheels rolled over and through it. Somehow it had the effect of sunshine, and even in cloudy weather we were in the light. But the sun shone that day, and the air was soft and warm. There had been as yet no heavy frost, and the late flowers were still bright, while berry, seed-vessel, and nut were gay with red, blue, russet, and gold.

Goldenrod was massed by the roadside in tints to match every shade of our leafy carpet, making for it a gorgeous border of gold color, and asters contrasted or harmonized, with their hues of mauve, blue, purple, lavender, and white.

The twisted orchid, or lady's-tresses, with its spike of frosted white bells, smelling of bitter almonds, clustered thickly in damp spots along the roadside; Joe Pye

weed, or pink boneset, stood stiffly erect, with flat-topped clusters of dull pink feathery blossoms, and sometimes a belated St. Johnswort added its yellow to the prevailing brightness. The witch-hazel bore on leafless brown boughs its strange flowers of straw color with their sickly sweet odor; and most abundant of all, grew, all along our way, the dark blue closed gentian.

There were so many berries! The short, thick spike which jack-in-the-pulpit wears; the sapphire-blue bear-plums; those of translucent garnet, growing like a bunch of ripe currants on the little *smilacina*; the crimson fruit of twisted-stalk, hanging singly on slender stems; the mountain holly's rosy red; moose-berries; bunchberries; the red cohosh and the white, the last like beads of white enamel strung upon red coral stalks, — all these we saw and gathered ere the day ended. We were climbing the steep turnpike road which crosses the mountains from Manchester to Landgrove and Chester, and we often left the wagon to walk by its side or linger behind it, in the soft air and warm sunshine. We gathered armfuls of maidenhair and ostrich ferns, wild flowers, berries, moss, and lichen. And many other things we brought back to the wagon unknowingly;

for hundreds of seed-vessels, of varied forms, prickly, bristly, sticky, barbed, or thorned, clung to our garments, as we scrambled through the tangle of plants and shrubs at the roadside, or strayed into the forests on either hand. The long, slender Spanish needles; the two-thorned fruit of the yellow bur-marigold; the agrimony seed-holders, looking like tiny green feather dusters; the odd, flat, thin joints of the tick-trefoil pods; the small green burs of enchanter's nightshade, — all these and scores of other fast-holding, close-clinging, little hindering things covered our clothing and pricked our fingers in our journey that day.

We were to spend the night at Peru, that quiet mountain village we knew so well, and among whose pleasant people we had many friends.

The bouquet we had gathered along the way was not a satisfactory one, and there was little of beauty about it when we reached our destination. The golden leaves, full of sunshine as they hung on the branches or lay in our pathway, were dried and shriveled now; the berries were crushed, or had fallen from their stems; the asters looked forlorn, with their rays twisted and drooping. But the closed gentians were unchanged, and we carried into the house with us a big bunch of the strange, undeveloped, bud-like flowers of dark purple-blue. And it was the sight of these blossoms as they stood in the old creamware pitcher on the sideboard, that evening, that made Aunt Eunice — every one in Peru called her by that name — tell the story.

"Yes, I know it is n't its real name, but that's what I always call it, myself. Ma used to call it that, and so I do. And it's a real good name, come to think of it, — dumb foxglove. For it's a good deal like the foxglove that grows in the garden, you know, and it's the dumbest flower, for a real full-growed one, that I know. Never opens out into real blowth, you see, and nothing can make it. Water or sunshine or rich soil,

loosening the dirt round it, or transplanting, or anything, don't make any difference; it won't open out. But pick it open and there 't is, just like the prettiest posy in the world, streaked and painted and all, and nobody ever seeing it. It's dreadful queer why it's that way, ain't it? If the pretty part's all inside and hid and shut up, and is n't ever to do anybody a mite of good, why, what's it made that way for? Why did n't they leave the inside just plain, not finished off any, sort of skimmed that part, you know, that was n't to show? But there! it is n't half so queer and puzzling about posies as 't is about folks, is it, now? For you know as well as I do, don't you, there's lots of folks just that same way. They're all shut up tight, all in the dark and cold and lonesomeness, and never showing the pretty part inside that most of them's got after all. I never see that dumb foxglove that I don't think of Colossy Bragg. She lived just down the road there, in the house with so much of that wild-cucumber vine running over it, and the marigold bed in front.

"David and Lucy Ann Bragg were married a good while before they had any children, and they were dreadful pleased when this one came. She was a nice, big baby, and they thought she was going to take after Grandma West, and be tall and fleshy and fine-looking. So they named her, out of a book, Colossa, but we called it — you know how they do with such names about here — Colossy. Poor child, it did n't turn out a very suitable name for her. She was a healthy, nice little thing, rugged as any child, till she was about four year old. Then something took her, — the doctors never seemed to know what, exactly, — and she stopped growing. Her legs and arms were helpless like, and she could n't walk or use her hands much. 'T was the pitifulest sight to see her. Her mind was all right; it was only the poor, pinched-up, pindling body that was wrong.

"Her face was real pretty, sort of thin and white, but with such big, dark, purple-blue eyes, almost black by spells, — they made me think lots of times of the color of those dumb foxgloves, — and long black eye-winkers curling up at the ends. And her hair was long and soft and such a pretty yellow, and it curled all round her head. She used to sit all day in a big chair with pillows by the southwest window there, and every one for miles round Peru knew that pretty white face. 'T was terrible hard on her pa and ma, they'd set so much by her, and lotted so on what she'd be when she grew up. They learnt her to read, but that was about all. For she could n't use her hands, so there was n't any ciphering, or drawing pictures on her slate, or sewing patchwork, or any of the things girls did in those days. She never seemed to care much about story-books. To be sure, there wa'n't many in those times; not what young ones call story-books nowadays, with red-and-gold covers and painted pictures and all. But there was a few in the place, and folks was glad enough to lend them to poor little Colossy.

"The Braggsses owned Pilgrim's Progress and Evenings at Home themselves, and I had Anna Ross and Dairyman's Daughter. And here and in Landgrove and about there was Little Henry and his Bearer, and The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and some numbers of the Juvenile Miscellany, and there was some books about missionaries, and some travels. She had them all, one after another, and as long as she wanted them, but they did n't interest her much. And there was n't many things she could play. Puss-in-the-corner and tag and blind-man's-buff and trisket-a-trasket and all such running-about plays was out of the question, course, and even checkers and tit-tat-toe and fox-and-geese and set-down games like those she could n't play at on account of her poor helpless hands. Why, she could n't even put down her

mite of a forefinger with the other children's and say, 'Hinty minty cuty corn,' to see who was 'it,' as the youngsters used to say. She had a kind of weak, whisp'ry voice, so she could n't even sing; and she did n't appear to care much about hearing tunes, neither. So you see she was nigh as much shut up and blind and dumb a little creatur' as that flower there.

"You would n't have thought, when you saw her sitting in her high chair, bolstered up with pillows, her little drawed-up hands all helpless in her lap, and a shawl wrapped round her poor feet and legs, — you would n't have thought there was anything in the world to interest her or make her forget her troubles. But there was. There was just one thing that kept her up, occupied her mind, amused her all day long, and made her willing to live and be so different from the other children. How it came first into her head I don't know, for 't was the very last thing you'd ever expect would 'a' got there, considering what she was, poor rickety little mite.

"It was cooking! Now, o' course you know she could n't cook with her own hands, little, limp, crooked things that they was, but some ways or other she'd got the greatest faculty for making up dishes. 'T was all she really cared about, the only thing that made her little bleached-out face lighten up, and those queer, pretty purple eyes shine a speck. She was all the everlasting time composing, as you might say. But it was n't verses or stories she made up, but things to eat, victuals. Where she got it all, as I said before, I never could see. There was n't anything like it in the family, either side, Braggsses or Wests. Her folks liked good, plain, filling food, and plenty of it, and Colossy had n't ever seen anything different. But from the time she was a mite of a young one she was always making up the most beautiful receipts, and laying out the most fixed-up, company-looking dishes. To this day I often

think over some of the victuals she talked about, and I can't help wishing they could be tried; they'd make your mouth water, they sounded so good and tasty.

"But somehow you could n't makethem; there was always something or other to be put in that you could n't get, even if you could afford it. And they were generally pretty expensive victuals, too. Real receipt books she did n't care much about. Her mother had one all writ out nice, in a little book made of ruled paper. It came from Aunt Huldry West, her father's sister. And it had real good receipts, too: baked Indian pudding, — the Wests was always great for that, — and crolers, and Aunt Jane's tea rusk, and hard gingerbread, and huckleberry-holler, and composition cake, and lots of other things. But Colossy did n't care to hear it much. She'd get fidgety after a spell, when her ma was reading it, and then's soon as she got a chance she'd begin something of her own. Some of the ingredients, as the cooking-books say, were the funniest things. She'd come across them, I suppose, in stories and newspapers, in the missionary books and the travels, but most of all in the Bible. They were queer, outlandish, foreign things that could n't be bought round this part of the world, if they could anywheres. But she'd tell them off till you'd know, or think you did, just how they tasted, and what's more, could see the whole thing dished up, too.

"It all comes back as I tell about it, and I can 'most hear Colossy's croupy, hoarse voice saying over those things. 'Take a teacupful o' anise an' cummin,' she'd croak out, — 'an' mind it's a blue chiny teacup, not a plain white; put it into a yaller bakin'-dish, an' pour on a pint o' milk an' honey. Beat it all up till it's white an' bubbly and soapsudsy, an' then add ten clusters o' raisins. Stir for an hour an' twelve 'n' a half minutes by the settin'-room clock. Then you chop up the peel o' nineteen rorangers,' — she always called them that, — 'an'

mix into the hull mess. An' then — now listen, Aunt Eunice,' she'd say, so solemn an' old-fashioned, 'for this is the most partic'lerest thing in it — bile five an' a half turtle-dove's eggs kind o' hard, take off the shell, an' lay 'em over the puddin', — for it's goin' to be a puddin' this time, Aunt Eunice, — an' bake half an hour in a quick oven.'

"'And what's the name of that?' I used to ask, just to please her and show I was listening.

"'Well,' she says, slow, and stopping to think a little, 'well, that's called jest a Plain, Family Puddin'. But here's one for comp'ny,' says she. 'I made it up last night, when I could n't get to sleep, my back hurt so, and it's the very nicest puddin' — this is a puddin', too — you never, never eat; an' it's so sightly to look at, an' sets off the table so. Now listen, Aunt Eunice,' she says. 'It's called Comp'ny Puddin'. Take two pomygranites and crack 'em, an' pick out the meats careful. Chop 'em fine, an' sprinkle over 'em a pinch o' frankincense and a teenty, teenty speck o' myrrh. Wet it up with a little maple surrup. Then take some fresh breadfruit an' toast a few slices brown, lay 'em on a green-sprigged chiny meat dish, an' spread your pomygranite sass all over 'em. Then beat the whites of ten ostrich's eggs for an hour 'n' a half, an' lay over the hull; sprinkle with light brown sugar, an' dish up hot. Oh, Aunt Eunice!' she'd say, with her little thin face working and such a pitiful look in her big eyes, 'I wish I could try it my own self. I know I could do it, an' oh, how I'd like to beat up them ostrich's eggs an' spread 'em over, all sudsy an' nice, an' then sprinkle that light brown sugar on!'

"'What's pomygranites, Colossy?' I'd ask her, to divert her mind a little.

"'Why, it tells about 'em in the Bible,' she says, 'an' Mr. Interpreter give some to Christiana, in Pilgrim's Progress.'

"You know I said 't was this cooking or making up dishes that helped her along, and kept her amused and occupied. Well, it did, one way; but another it made her uncomfortable, for she did want so bad to cook and bake and mix up things, to be over the fire, stirring and basting and baking and boiling. She ached to set the table and dish up the victuals, and make things look as they did in her mind when she composed them. She never fretted because she could n't play about with the boys and girls, or hoppity-skip along the road, or slide, or run, or jump rope. But she did worry a good deal because she could n't carry out the things she had in her head, nor mix a single one of the sightly and tasty dishes she was always making up. 'Course I like to think about 'em,' she 'd say in her husky voice, 'but lots o' times I think, What's the good of it, anyway? What's the use o' settin' here an' makin' up receipts for puddin's an' cake an' jells an' all, an' never try 'em, nor see 'em, nor taste the teentiest speck on 'em? I'm tired settin' here, an' I'm tired achin' an' keepin' still an' — Oh, I do jest want to have a bakin'-day of my own, an' try some o' them things!'

"'T was pretty hard to know what to say to her for comfort. She was a good little thing, and she 'd been trained right, for the Braggsses were pious, church-going folks, and I really believe she was a Christian before she was ten year old. But that did n't make much difference as to the thing she was fretting about just then. 'T was n't heaven and singing and all the glorious things we know there 'll be there that the poor little thing was achin' for, those times, but just a mite of fussing and messing and cooking before she went away from this earth that was such a lonesome place for her. So I used to be at my wits' ends to know what to tell her to comfort her up when she went on that way; and her pa and ma, they were just as bothered as me. But there was one person that

had n't any such scruples as we had, and sometimes I was kind of glad there was. 'T was old Mrs. Peavy that lived next door; Mother Peavy, as everybody called her. She was real old, a good deal over seventy anyway in those days, and I don't know but she was a mite childish. But she was smart and spry for her age, and her eyesight and hearing were as good as ever. And she was a dreadful comfort to Colossy, that's certain. For, as I said before, she had n't any scruples; that is, the kind the rest of us had. Maybe you 'll think she was a heathen, or a heretic, or something of that sort, when I tell you what she used to say to the child, but I am sure she meant well, and it did seem to help Colossy lots.

"'Oh, Mother Peavy,' the young one would say, 'won't I never, never have no chance to try 'em? If I'm real good an' patient, an' say my prayers an' my catechis' an' my hymns, an' do 's I'd be done by, an' all, won't I, oh, won't I never be let to try a single one o' them receipts? Jest not even the b'iled dish, with coriander seeds for flav'rin', an' thickened up with fine flour mingled with ile? Oh, won't I, Mother Peavy?'

"'Yes, yes, you poor little cosset,' Mother Peavy 'd say; 'don't you worry an' fret over that. If you want to mess an' cook an' try receipts when you get up there, you 'll be let to do it. An' you 'll be able to then, you know, for you 'll be strong an' well an' rugged; for there ain't a single inhabitant up there that ever says "I'm sick," an' there won't be any more pain. An' your poor little drawed-up fingers will be straight an' sound, an' your legs strong and limber. An' you 'll lift up the hands that's a-hangin' down now, and the feeble knees, as the Bible says, an' then if you're set on cookin' an' dishin' up they 'll let you try, you see if they don't.'

"'But, Mother Peavy,' Colossy 'd whisper in her hoarse, short-breathing way, 'be you certain sure they've got things to do with up there? There's harps, an'

crowns, an' books to sing out on, an' a sea o' glass, an' golden streets, an' all them pretty, pretty things, but mebbe they don't have the kind o' things you 'd oughter have for cookin' an' dishin' up. Mebbe it's bad to want 'em, Mother Peavy, but — oh, I jest do sometimes !'

"'No, 't ain't bad, you poor young one ; they understand up there, an' they make 'lowances. That 's what they 're great at in that place, you know, makin' 'lowances ; must be the principal thing they do, these times, anyway. An' if they see they ain't no other means o' settin' your poor little mind easy an' showin' you there 's more satisfyin', fillin' things than victuals, why, they 'll give you your way an' let you try. An' as for there not bein' any eatable things there, why, the Bible tells about twelve kinds o' fruit, an' about olive-trees an' oil an' wine. An' there 's that hymn you like so much, about

"There cinnamon an' sugar grow,
There nard an' balm abound."

Take my word for it, Colossy, there won't be no lack o' things to do with, if you want 'em bad.'

"An' the child would take a dreadful lot of comfort out of all her talk, and always stop fretting, at least for a spell.

"Now I know it was n't right ; we all knew it. The way was to show her how much better things there were than what she was set on, — spiritual food that she did n't dream of, poor, stunted, shut-up little soul. But Mother Peavy always made out that there was n't any harm in it ; that she did n't really say there would be cooking and dishing up there, but only that if Colossy was still set on that kind of amusement after she got there, she 'd be let to try it. 'But she won't want it then, you see,' she 'd say. 'She 'll have better work there, more satisfyin'. So it don't do any harm, an' it does go against me to see her fret, the dear lamb.'

"So they were great cronies, she and Colossy, and had long confabs together.

'T was mighty queer talk to listen to, I can tell you, and you 'd get all mixed up and confused to know whether 't was real flesh-and-blood food of this world they was dwelling on, or the spiritual, heavenly sort. For 't would be manna and milk and honey and angels' food and unleavened bread and balm of Gilead and all that, which might be just figurative or speaking parables like. But again 't would be cakes and puddings and stews, with spices and oil and spikenard and leeks and onions and almonds and turtle-doves and melons, till your mouth watered.

"But it really beat all how much that child found about victuals in the Bible, things none of us ever knew was there till she brought them into her receipts. And then we 'd look them up and find they were really there. And to this day I recollect them, and time and again, as I come across them in reading a chapter, I think of poor little Colossy and her talk : fish and summer fruit and wheat and barley and millet and apples and butter and broth and nuts and vinegar and parched corn and grapes and raisins and figs and — why, I can't tell half of them now. Why, once, I know, she told about some dish or other, and there was to be a pound of pannag. We thought she 'd made that up, sure. But come to look it up, there 't was in Ezekiel, and there 't is to this day, though I have n't the least idea what 't is or where it comes from.

"Poor little creatur', she looked for that kind of thing, and of course she found it. There 's everything folks want in that book. And she got a good deal of a real different sort of comfort out of it, too. She 'd be turning over the leaves of the big Bible on the table, as well as she could with her little twisted bony fingers, looking for new 'ingrejunts,' as she called them, for her dishes, and you 'd see such a pretty look come on her white face. An' she 'd draw a long breath as if she was resting after a hard job, and look up with

her big purple eyes all soft and wet, and say over something she 'd found there. 'T was something generally about getting rest, or casting your burdens off, or being carried or comforted as a mother comforteth, or having tears wiped away, or something like that. No, it was not all victuals she found there. But it's the victuals part of the story I 'm telling you now.

"The minister that time was Mr. Robbins. He was a real good man, and terrible sorry for Colossy. He used to go and see her a good deal, and try to help her, and teach her, and raise her thoughts higher. But when she got on that favorite topic of hers, why, he did n't know just what to say. 'T was a sight to see his face, after he 'd been reading and talking and praying with her a spell, and she 'd been so sweet and good, and seemed in such a promising state of mind, — when she 'd look up so pitiful just before he went away and croak out, 'Oh, Mr. Robbins, won't you jest listen to one single one o' my receipts now?'

"He generally did, for he was a good-natured man and had children of his own, but he 'd try to put on a moral at the end and draw some kind of a lesson from it all. 'Now hear this, Mr. Robbins,' she says one time, speaking slow and plain as if she was reading from a receipt-book. 'Di-rec-tions for ma-king a mess of pottage.'

"'Yes, yes, my little girl,' he says, 'I 'll hear it; but be careful lest you part with your own heavenly birthright for a mess of pottage,' he says.

"'Yes, sir,' says Colossy very quick, for she was in a hurry to go on with her receipt, 'I 'll be careful. Take one fatted calf' — and on she 'd go, till Mr. Robbins's face was just a picture, kind of puzzled, and sort of amused, too.

"Or she 'd tell off a receipt for 'raising unleavened bread,' poor little cosset, and the minister 'd remind her that 'man shall not live by bread alone.' Again 't would be some sort of a savory meat

stew, and he 'd counsel her to labor not for the meat that perisheth. But he was always good and kind to the child, and she was real fond of him to the last.

"Poor little thing, she took it all out in making up and telling about victuals, for she hardly eat anything herself. Whether it was her made-up, make-believe dishes was so good it took away her taste for common every-day food, I don't know, but she did n't eat enough to keep a robin alive, and so of course she did n't get very strong or rugged. Fact is, you could n't want her to stay on here, suffering and shut up and helpless as she was, and as she 'd got to be all her days. And we all saw pretty soon that she was n't going to be here much longer. Her little scrap of a face got thinner and whiter, and the purple eyes bigger, and the little hands more than ever like bird's-claws; and her poor little body was wasted away and weak. She was real patient, but the ache in her back was pretty bad, and she seemed to be tired the whole living time. 'I 'm terrible tired,' she 'd say in her croupy voice, — 'tired when I lay down, an' tired when I set up, an' nothin' don't seem to rest me any. Seems 's if I 'd feel better if I could only walk round a mite, an' get out the dishes an' sasspans, an' grease the bakin'-plates, an' stone some raisins, an' chop some citron, an' — Oh, Aunt Eunice, I do want so bad jest to dish up a dinner once, — only once, Aunt Eunice.'

"I did n't quite dare to do as Mrs. Peavy did, and tell her she 'd have her chance some day, but I did go so far sometimes as to refer her over to Mother Peavy. 'What does she tell you, Colossy, when you talk so?' I said.

"Her face brightened up a little, and she answers, 'Oh, Mother Peavy says, when I get up there, if I 'm set on messin' an' mixin' an' cookin' things, why, they 'll let me try my hand at it. They 'll know I ain't had no chance down in Peru, 'cause o' my hands an'

my legs an' my back, you know, an' they 'll make 'lowances. That 's what they 're allers a-doin' up there, Mother Peavy says, makin' 'lowances for folks. She says she don't think I 'll want to do any dishin' an' bakin' up there, there 's such splendid things to do that I don't know nothin' about now. She says nobody ain't never heerd nor seed, an' it ain't come into nobody's head to guess at sech things as they 've got up there for folks that 's good an' patient an' lovin'. But I don't know; I 'd like jest to try my hand a little, if they don't mind, seems 's if. An' if I do try, why, I 'm goin' to see if they won't let me send down some o' my very fust cookin' to Mother Peavy. But if that can't be done, I mean to let her know, 't any rate, that she was right, an' they 've let me try my hand.'

"She 'd take some of the commonest, plainest kinds of food to experiment on, and she 'd have a receipt for it with something in it you never dreamed of putting in before. Doughnuts, I know, she 'd always say there was to be the third part of a hin of olive oil in them. 'What 's a hin?' I 'd ask her; and she 'd say, 'Well, about a coffee-cup full, I guess, more nor less.' And there was to be honey from the honeycomb in her doughnuts, too. And in her apple dumplings there 'd always got to be 'jest the teentiest pinch of aloes.' And all these victuals were to be fixed up in the tastiest way, and on the queerest kind of dishes. To hear the solemn little old-fashioned young one tell about 'butter in a lordly dish,' and meat cooked in a caldron or in a flesh-pot, or sodden in iron pans, and about brazen pots and earthen pitchers, was dreadful odd.

"She grew weak very fast near the end. She did n't go to bed, for it hurt her more to lie down, and they bolstered her up in her chair with the pillows, and made her as comfortable as they could. Her voice got more and more husky and low, down to a whisper, 'most, but she 'd

talk a little by spells up to the very last. She 'd make up receipts still, but they were pretty short, and we could n't always understand what she said. I stayed there all I could, and Mr. Robbins came a good deal, and old Mrs. Peavy hardly left her for days. She liked to hear verses about resting, and being carried, and made to lie down in green pastures, and having her tears wiped away, and about how the weary are at rest and the sick made well. But by spells she 'd think about what she 'd always set her little heart on, and she 'd turn towards Mother Peavy and whisper, 'An' mebbe I 'll be let to try makin' some of them things? 'Cause you know I 've never had any chance down here, an' they 'll make 'lowances for that.'

"And Mrs. Peavy 'd say, stroking her yellow hair, 'Yes, lovey, they 'll make 'lowances fast enough. And you 'll be let to do it certain sure, if you hanker bad after it; don't worry about that.' And then she 'd say over to her, in her thin old voice, her favorite piece about

'There cinnamon an' sugar grow,
'There nard an' balm abound,'

and another old-fashioned hymn all about milk and honey and wine and heavenly manna, till Colossy 'd drop off to sleep like a lamb.

"She went off that way at the last, bolstered up in the big chair by the window, her poor white face resting against the pillows, and her pretty yellow hair like a light all round her head. David and Lucy Ann, Mr. Robbins, Mother Peavy, and me were all there. We loved her dearly every one of us, but somehow not one could be exactly sorry when the tired look slipped off her little thin face, and the bits of fingers stopped twitching, and the hoarse, short breathing was all still. I never thought as much of Mr. Robbins as I did at that funeral. It seemed as if he knew just the right things to say that day, — mostly verses from Scripture, or a line or two of a hymn. I can hear him now, speak-

ing in his soft, pleasant way about the 'bread that came down from heaven,' 'meat to eat that ye know not of,' 'who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst;' and those comforting verses about how 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,' and how 'blessed are those that are called to the marriage supper.' And then he led off in his nice, clear voice: —

'Food to which this world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Tho' it fills, it never cloy's.'

"Well, 't was about a week after we put the little girl to rest in the graveyard over there, I met Mrs. Peavy one day. We stopped, and naturally we fell to talking about Colossy. Glad as I was to have the child at rest, I missed her lots, and I said so.

"'You were real good to her, Mother Peavy,' I said. 'I often think how you used to comfort her, and tell her that maybe she 'd have a chance to try her receipts up there, if she wanted to. Dear little thing, she understands better now, and don't trouble her head about those earthly things.'

"Now, I 'd always thought that Mrs. Peavy told the child that about having her chance up there just to chirk her up and please her, and not because she ever dreamt such a thing could really be. So I must say I was took aback when she shook her head now, and answered in a queer, knowing sort of way, 'She ain't found out the better things yet, that 's certain. She 's got her chance, and she 's a-makin' use of it right along; leastways, up to yesterday she was.'

"'Why, what do you mean?' I says. 'What makes you say that?'

"And then she went on and told me the oddest story. She said she 'd been thinking and thinking about Colossy, and trying to picture her all well, and rested, and happy in heaven; but for the life of her she could n't see her in her mind as singing and praising and doing all the

things the saints and angels are said to do. The poor young one's talk about her wanting to dish up and mess kept coming into her head to spoil everything. One day she was sitting at her dinner. She lived all alone, and did her own work. And that day she had what every one in these parts calls 'b'iled dish.' You know what I mean, — beef and potatoes and carrots and turnips and all. And she says: —

"'I 'd jest helped myself, and was going to taste of it, when I smelt a queer kind of spicy smell. I could n't think where it come from, or rec'lect jest what 't was like. Then I took up a little of the meat and put it in my mouth, and I did n't know what to make of it. I 'd made that b'iled dish that day with my own hands, just as I 'd made it all my life, an' my mother before me. But this partic'ler one was n't any more like mine or ma's or any Vermont b'iled dish I ever see than — anything. It was tastier, more flavory somehow, and above all there was that cur'us spiey kind o' physicky smell and taste. "What can it be?" thinks I to myself. "Is it cloves or saxifrax? Did I spill any nutmeg or ginger into the pot while 't was b'ilin'?" No, 'tain't like any of them. It 's more like that rhubarb jellup I used to make after old Dr. Phelps's receipt. Lemme see, what did I put in? Rhubarb root an' — why, it 's coriander seed; that 's what it tastes of." And in a jiffy I rec'lected Colossy, and how she used to always say in her receipt for b'iled dish, "Add a little coriander seed brayed in a mortar."

"'Well, I did n't know what to think,' she went on. 'It seemed 'most too sing'lar to believe in. But to save my life I could n't help surmisin' that maybe — jest maybe they 'd let her try, to show her how unsatisfyin' it was compared to other things up there. And she 'd always said, if they did, she 'd try to send some of the victuals down to me, the blessed young one!'

“I tried to get it out of my head and swallow my dinner; but deary me, every mouthful choked me, and I salted the gravy with my cryin’ into it, thinking of that poor little soul. Well, the next day was Saturday, and I fried some doughnuts. The taste o’ coriander seed bein’ all out of my mouth now, I begun to think I’d conceited the whole thing and ’t was all foolishness. But when I set down to supper and took a doughnut, I had n’t more’n bit into it than I see ’t was n’t one o’ my doughnuts, Aunt Maria’s receipt, sech as I’d made for more’n forty year. These was rich an’ light, and sort o’ iley, and there was a strong taste o’ honey about ’em, a thing I never use in cookin’. Oh, Aunt Eunice, then I knowed, I knowed they was lettin’ that poor child have her way for a spell, jest to learn her a lesson. “Fine olive ile an’ honey from the honeycomb.” she used to say in her receipt for doughnuts. And when the gingerbread tasted o’ spikenard, and the apple dumplings was jest a little bittery like aloes, and everything I made — or thought I made — was different from any Peavy cooking ever done in the family, then I see plain I was right. And it’s only yesterday I made — or thought I made — some one-two-three-four cake, the old plain receipt; and it came out the most cur’us, spicy, milk-an’-honeyish, balmy, minty thing — oh, you never did!’

“I tell you, as Mother Peavy went on I began to think she was really crazy. She’d always been a little peculiar, and she was growing old, and Colossy’s death had weighed on her mind, and I thought it had fairly upset her now. I tried to reason with her, and show her how such a thing as she thought of could never be. But I could n’t make any impression. I told her it was dreadful to think of heaven in that way, and that dear little girl losing all the light and glory and all, for such earthly, gross kind of employments. I could n’t bear to think of it. Mrs. Peavy looked sort

of mournful, and she says, ‘’T is dreadful, I know. I did hope Colossy’d put it all out of her little head, once she got there. But there can’t be any mistake. If I am old, I ain’t lost my faculties, leastways my taste, and I know what I’ve been eating all this week. They’ve got some good reason for it up there, take my word for that, but oh, I do wish she’d learn about the better things there is.’

“Well, I meant to go over and see the old lady next day and taste some of her victuals myself, to show her what a mistake she was making. But I took a bad cold that night, and did n’t go outside the door for ’most a week. The first day I was well enough I started, but I met Mrs. Peavy coming over to my house. It upset me to see her, she looked so terrible white and changed and old.

“‘Oh, Aunt Eunice,’ she says, ‘it’s dreadful, dreadful. That poor little thing’s at it still. She’s turning my sody biscuits into unleavened bread, and my pies into pottage; there’s lentils in my corn-beef hash, and fitches in my johnny-cake; and oh deary, deary me, there’s mint, anise, and cummin in every bit of victuals that comes on the table. Poor ignorant little soul, what can she be thinking of! It jest breaks my heart, Aunt Eunice, for — oh, ’t was I done it, I done it!’ and she just wrung her hands.

“It seemed she’d got it into her head that her tellin’ Colossy she’d have a chance and they’d let her try things had made the poor child beg for it; and now she liked it so well, after never having had anything of the sort all her days, that she could n’t give it up. It seems a crazy idea. I know, but ’t was terrible real to her, and as she said herself, it ’most broke her heart.

“‘I thought ’t would be sech a comfort,’ she went on, ‘to think of that child among the blessed ones, all straight and well and rested, all dressed in clean white robes, praising and worshiping and loving, walking along the banks of the river

or down the streets o' gold. And now to think of her keepin' on and on this way, — oh, 't ain't right, 't ain't right.'

"I saw she needed some one wiser and better than me, and I went that night to Mr. Robbins with the whole story. I'd calculated he'd be very much put out by such foolishness, and think it was wicked and making light of sacred things. But when I got through I saw his eyes looked kind of moist, and he had to cough and clear out his throat before he could say anything. So I spoke again to give him time, and I says, 'Mother Peavy's growing old and she's getting childish.'"

"'Well,' says he, 'that's what we've all got to be to get at the truth of things. "Except ye become as little children," you know; and childish and unreasonable as the good old soul's idea is, there's a lesson in it. Let us go and see her.'

"And we did; but he could n't do her much good. She had got so upset and shaky that she could n't do anything but cry and bewail her having put things into little Colossy's head and spoiled her heaven for her.

"At last Mr. Robbins said, 'Well, Mrs. Peavy, suppose we lay this before the Lord and ask his aid,' and then he prayed. I never shall forget that prayer. You see nobody but Catholics ever prayed for dead-and-gone folks then, and I suppose they don't now; and our church was always strong against it, of course. And I'd heard Mr. Robbins himself preach a powerful discourse about it from the text, 'Where the tree falleth, there it shall be.' But I suppose he saw now it was a time for strong measures, and, scruples or no scruples, he must quiet this good old soul. So he prayed for Colossy! I can't help thinking he meant that prayer more to help Mother Peavy than to do Colossy any good, but 't was beautiful, 't any rate. Of course I can't remember just the very words. But he asked that the child might rest in peace and have light given

unto her, that she might with the other little ones always behold the face of her Father. And he asked that she might drink of the water of life, clear as crystal, and eat of the heavenly manna and be satisfied. And he ended up by asking that her friends here below might be given the full assurance of the little one's peace and rest. In all the years he was settled in Peru I never heard him pray so earnest, and I was certain sure in my own heart he'd be heard. Then he asked Mrs. Peavy if he and I could come over next day and eat dinner with her. 'And you must have one of your good old-fashioned dinners for us, Mrs. Peavy,' he says, 'and we'll tell you just what we think of it.'

"So we went. She'd made b'iled dish, and it looked real tempting and just like her old way of making it, for she was a real good cook. But she was all shaky and trembly, her face looked drawn up and old, and she could hardly sit up to the table without help. Mr. Robbins asked a blessing, and then the dinner was helped. I'll own up I was a little nervous. The queerer the ideas, you know, the more catching they are. And I'd thought so much of what the old lady had said of the tastes and smells in her cooking lately that I felt almost creepy with being afraid I should find it that way myself. 'Oh dear,' I says to myself, 'if there should be a coriander-seed flavor!' But there was n't. Mr. Robbins began first, and I followed right away. It was the same good, well-seasoned Peru b'iled dish I'd eat dozens of times before at that table. Mrs. Peavy did n't taste of hers, at first. I really don't think she could raise her spoon to her mouth, she shook so. But she fixed her eyes on our faces, first one, then the other, leaning 'way over and looking and looking, as if she was hoping, but scared.

"'Well,' speaks up Mr. Robbins, 'this is good indeed. One of your best old-fashioned dishes, Mrs. Peavy. I should know that this is a Peru b'iled dish if I

was a hundred miles away, and he went on eating it.

“‘Yes,’ I says, following his example, ‘I always liked Mrs. Peavy’s way of making it: just the pepper and salt seasoning, and no flavors, as some folks use.’

“She looked real earnest at us, and then she says, low and quivery, ‘Don’t you — take notice — of a leetle — coriander-seed taste — just a leetle?’

“And we both hurried up to say there was n’t one bit of that, — not a suspicion, Mr. Robbins said.

“She did n’t look quite satisfied, though just a mite more comfortable. Then she took some of the gravy in a spoon with her shaking hand and put it to her mouth. She spilt some and she could hardly swallow any, but I see her face clear up a little, and she sort of whispered to herself, ‘She’s let that alone, anyway.’

“Then we had some apple dumplings, and ’t was the same way. Mother Peavy waited and watched, half hoping, half frightened, till Mr. Robbins led off, eat some and praised them up, and I followed on.

“‘An’ — there — don’t appear — to be — anything — a speck — bitter?’ she says, leaning across to us and asking so solemn, — ‘not enough to — spile ’em, but — something like — aloes?’

“And again we hurried on to tell her there was n’t a taste of such a thing, not a taste. Then she managed to swallow a little herself, and again I saw her features light up a mite, and she whispers to herself again, ‘An’ she ain’t meddled with them.’

“After that came doughnuts and cheese with our cup of tea, and that was just the same. After Mr. Robbins had praised them up, and I had done it after him, and she’d asked us in the same scared, nerry way if we was sure

we could n’t taste a flavor o’ olive ile or honey, we told her decided there was n’t anything at all like that; they were just good, old - fashioned Peavy doughnuts. They were the last thing on the table; she’d tried all the rest, and I saw she was more scared now than any time before, when she took one in her trembling fingers and tried to lift it up to her mouth. I thought for a minute I should have to do it for her, but she managed it somehow, and got a piece between her poor shaking, twitching lips. I thought I was prepared for anything, worked up as I was over this. But I did break down like a baby when the good old soul burst out, the tears running down her wrinkled face in a shower, and the heavenliest smile shining through them like a rainbow, ‘She’s found it out, — oh, bless the Lord, she’s found it out at last! No more messin’ an’ fussin’ with earthly things for Colossy Bragg. She’s looked up higher, and seen the light at last. Oh, thank the Lord, thank the Lord!’

“We both went over to her. Seems to me now, as I look back, we was both crying, but I disremember all about that. We got her quiet after a spell, but for a long time she kept sobbing out, ‘I’m so glad, I’m so glad. Your praying done it, Mr. Robbins. They’ve took the blessed child up higher now, and they’ve sent me word.’

“Well, there was a story went around the whole county, after that, that Mr. Robbins was on the road to Rome, as they said. Maybe you’ve heard it. It all came from that prayer he made at Mrs. Peavy’s in behalf of little Colossy Bragg’s soul. But as I said before, it’s my opinion that prayer was meant more to help the living than the dead, and somehow, some ways, it answered its purpose.”

Annie Trumbull Slosson.

THE EXPRESSIVE POWER OF ENGLISH SOUNDS.

THE first necessity, the first law, of all language is clearness. Aristotle and common sense tell us this. Clearness is a fundamental requirement in the expression of thought. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

A second necessity and law of language is some measure of conciseness, economy of effort. "The thread of the discourse" should not be drawn out "finer than the staple of the argument." Ease of utterance calls for some care in the arrangement of accents and pauses. Such arrangement gives us prose rhythm. But we seek pleasure from language, and not simply clearness and conciseness. According to "the law of the nearest," language may have been the earliest as it is the finest of the fine arts. Poetry chooses in each tongue some additional principle of form which gives to language special beauty and power. In Hebrew there is parallelism; in an English poem we have some time-and-accent unit, giving verse rhythm.

I must notice one more characteristic of artistic language before I come to my subject proper. The scientist asks only for the accepted, literal meaning of each word. The artist asks further: What is its history? what company has it kept? If it once bore a bad character, but has reformed, how long since it was received into good society? Does it sometimes forget its new surroundings, and, so to speak, wear its hat in the parlor? If the word has thoroughly reformed, or always borne a good character, what are its present tendencies? In its many different uses, are there any degrading or trivial offices which it performs? By all this interrogation, I mean that the artist considers the history, associations, and affinities of a word as truly as its simple, dictionary meaning. The necessity that the writer's words shall suggest what he

wishes to have suggested, as well as express what he wishes to have expressed, I will call the law of suggestiveness.

But the artist may question this personified word as to its intrinsic as well as its accepted character; he may scan the lines of its face, and seek to learn its very nature and fibre. He may say, "My faithful servant, I cannot use you with the greatest effect known to language unless both your accepted and your real character mark you out as *the* word for my thought." That is to say, those words can be used most effectively whose accepted meanings coincide with and are reinforced by the natural expressive power of the sounds which compose them.

The question whether the sounds of the English language have each a peculiar expressional value, a natural significance, is a topic on which a great deal has been written, — much of it nonsense, if I may speak in the bold manner of Carlyle. It is, perhaps, the failure to discriminate between very different kinds of expressiveness in the use of sounds that has led many to believe that the whole subject is entirely vague and personal, incapable of anything approximating accurate treatment. But let us see if there are not some clear lines of distinction of which we can be certain.

Who can be deaf to the force of these sounds?

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gaped wide."

(Keats, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.)

Is not one element of expression in these lines the muscular imitation in the widely parted lips of the sympathetic reader as he utters the words in italics, especially *gaped*, if the first vowel is pronounced with the sound of *a* in *father*? That we have striking instances of muscular imitation in the following cases will be plain to the attentive reader: —

"That bubble, they were bent on blowing big,
He had blown already till he burst his cheeks."
(Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, II. 454-5.)

"Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter
blew

His wreathed bugle-horn."

(Tennyson, *The Palace of Art*.)

"Mate in the midst, the whole man one amaze."
(*The Ring and the Book*, II. 119.)

To ask the gentle reader to find distinct muscular imitation in his reading of the following passages is rather daring, but he must admit that his jaws fly open in a very expressive fashion:—

"Hell at last

Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them
clos'd."

(*Paradise Lost*, VI. 874-5.)

"Spaces of fire, and all the *yawn* of hell."

(Keats, *Hyperion*, I. 120.)

In metaphorical uses of the word *swallow*, the conception is usually that of engulfing something rather than of deglutition. The wide separation of the lips and their quick return give to this word great natural expressiveness.

"Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here *swallow'd* up in endless misery."

(*Paradise Lost*, I. 141-2.)

"Whether he first sees light

Where the river in gleaming rings

Sluggishly winds through the plain;

Whether in sound of the *swallowing* sea—

As is the world on the banks,

So is the mind of the man."

(Matthew Arnold, *The Future*.)

Every reader will feel that the imaginary struggle of Clarence is imitated as well as narrated in the following words:

"The envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea."

(Richard III., I. iv. 37-41.)

The imitative effect of the following lines, as they go tip-tonguing through the mouth, must be plain to all:—

"Come, and trip it as you go

On the light fantastic toe."

(Milton, *L'Allegro*.)

It is plain, then, that the sounds of language are sometimes expressive through

what we may call muscular imitation,—an approximate imitation by the muscles employed in articulation of some shape or some motion. A more exact name, but also a more clumsy one, would be articulatory imitation. Much more common than this is what we may call muscular analogy, or muscular symbolism. Pope says, in a passage that has been quoted almost to death,—

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
to throw,

The line too labours, and the words move
slow."

(*An Essay on Criticism*, II.)

The action of the organs of articulation as they pronounce the troublesome consonant combinations in the first of these lines is not an imitation of the muscular effort of Ajax as he tugs at the mighty stone, but the struggle in the mouth is analogous to the striving of the hero, and is highly expressive.

When "the splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly," in Sir Galahad; when it is said of Isolt, meeting Tristram, that she "belted his body with her white embrace" (*The Last Tournament*), the energetic consonants express the energy of the action. The phrase "the wrestling thews that throw the world" (*The Princess*, VII.) has greater power of expression than the dictionary can explain.

The line to be cited next is, in strictness, a case of expressive versification, not of the expressiveness of the sounds and sound-groups in themselves considered. Pompilia and Caponsacchi, escaping, glide

"Ghost-like from great dark room to great
dark room."

(*The Ring and the Book*, III. 1077.)

The even fall of the syllables, caused by the uniform action of the muscles of breathing and of the voice, symbolizes the even fall of the gliding feet; but this analogy comes out in the movement of the line, not in the expressiveness of the sounds in themselves considered. In many passages the versification and the

sounds are both expressive. In the following line expression is given by the unexpected accent on *plumb*, and also by the nature of the sounds in the word: —

“Flutt’ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops.”

(Paradise Lost, II. 933.)

In this next passage, the irregular accent on *dropt* and the abrupt close of the word impress upon us the violence of the shock which puts an end to Vulcan’s fall, and lames him forever: —

“From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer’s day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th’ Ægean isle.”

(Paradise Lost, I. 742-6.)

The line that follows furnishes a striking instance of muscular analogy: —

“Here’s a knife, clip quick — it’s a sign of grace.”

(Browning, Holy-Cross Day.)

I have now noticed two kinds of expression through speech-sounds, and have suggested for them the names “muscular imitation” and “muscular analogy.” Let us take up next the common phenomenon of sound-imitation, or, to give its learned name, onomatopœia.

Imitative effects in language are, of course, only approximate; they can never be perfect. The names *whippoorwill* and *cuckoo* (European) are highly successful imitations of the notes of those birds. All persons feel the force of the line, —

“And murmuring of innumerable bees.”

(The Princess, VII.)

It is stated that the makers of the great dictionary of the English Philological Society found the number of distinctly imitative words that begin with the letter *b* to be unexpectedly large. The strongly explosive quality given to that letter by the energetic springing apart of the lips seems to fit it for many onomatopœic effects. In *bow-wow* we have both muscular imitation and sound-imitation.

Concerning the sage elders of the Trojans, we are told in Bryant’s translation of the *Iliad*: —

“Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,
Like the cicadas that within the wood
Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds.”

(III. 188-191.)

The specific word in this last line is *delicate*; the accented vowel of the word is *ē*, a small, light vowel with a high natural pitch; the similar vowels of *sit* and *trees* reinforce this effect. The words *sounds* and *utter* have vowels of low natural pitch, but these are generic expressions, in the use of which the poet seems to have no choice. I am sure that the sensitive reader will feel that, while all the words of the last line are intended by the poet translator to be effective as *words*, in accordance with their accepted meanings, the light, high-pitched vowels of *sit*, *trees*, and *delicate* are intended also to imitate the shrill note of the cicada. For a passage in which low-pitched vowels are used imitatively, call to mind these lines from *Macbeth*: —

“Ere to black Hecate’s summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night’s yawning peal, there shall
be done
A deed of dreadful note.”

(III.)

Here the imitative force is especially concentrated in *drowsy hums*.

The booming of the giant breakers changes to the hissing and spattering of the spray as they are shattered upon the shore, in this line: —

“Roar’d as when the roaring breakers boom and
blanch on the precipices.”

(Tennyson, *Boödicea*.)

The most subtle form of expression through the sounds of language remains to be considered. It is what has sometimes been termed tone-color; I shall call it here sound-analogy, or sound-symbolism. We have felt its force in some of the extracts that have been considered. In the line concerning the cicadas, which “Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds,” there is more than sound-imitation. The light, high-pitched vowels here used are

small vowels; the air is compressed through a very small passage in shaping these sounds. The smallness of the vowels symbolizes the smallness of the cadences. I once heard Mr. Aldrich speak of the effectiveness of using *delicate* as metrically equivalent to two syllables. In this case, there is sound-symbolism both in the dainty, high-pitched vowels of the word, and in using its three short syllables as equivalent to two ordinary ones. In the passage already cited from Macbeth, at the same time that the dark, low-pitched vowels imitate the dull humming of "the shard-borne beetle," they also symbolize the mystery of the night and the awfulness of the coming crime.

In an article published a few years ago,¹ I arranged the English vowel-sounds in the following scale:—

ī (little)	ī (I)	ōō (wood)
ē (met)	ū (due)	ow (cow)
ă (mat)	ăh (what)	ō (gold)
ē (mete)	ăh (father)	ōō (gloom)
ai (fair)	oi (boil)	aw (awe)
ā (mate)	ū (but)	

Concerning this list I ventured to say, in substance: the sounds at the beginning of the scale are especially fitted to express uncontrollable joy and delight, gayety, triviality, rapid movement, brightness, delicacy, and physical littleness; the sounds at the end are peculiarly adapted to express horror, solemnity, awe, deep grief, slowness of motion, darkness, and extreme or oppressive greatness of size. The scale runs then from the little to the large, from the bright to the dark, from ecstatic delight to horror, and from the trivial to the solemn and awful. In this table I have mingled together short and long vowel-sounds and diphthongs; for many purposes of expression, however, the short and long vowel-sounds are distinctly contrasted with each other, and I do not claim that my scale follows an inflexible natural order of sounds.

A recognized principle of elocution helps to confirm the general truth of this

¹ The Laws of Tone-Color in the English Language: The Andover Review, March, 1887.

scale. I have arranged the vowels, on the whole, in accordance with what is called natural, or inherent pitch. The sounds at the beginning of the list have a high natural pitch; the ideas and feelings which I think find their most fitting expression through these vowels are those which all elocutionists would express by the use of a high pitch. The sentiments that I have assigned to the vowels of low natural pitch are brought out by a low pitch in expressive reading.

Perhaps the English language has never known a more skillful artist in the use of sound-effects than Tennyson. A phrase in Browning's *Ring and the Book*, "a gleam i' the gloom" (II. 324), may have suggested the vowel-contrasts of this song:—

"Rainbow, stay,
Gleam upon gloom,
Bright as my dream,
Rainbow, stay!
But it passes away,
Gloom upon gleam,
Dark as my doom—
O rainbow stay."

(Becket, III. i.)

Here, *gleam*, *bright*, *dream*, are set over against *gloom*, *dark*, *doom*. The Holy Grail has this effective vowel-contrast:

"For every moment glanced
His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick and thick
The lightnings."

Of course, poets often do not make use of contrasted vowels when the contrast of ideas would justify them in doing so. Thus Lowell has the line,—

"The painted windows, frecking gloom with
glow."

(The Cathedral.)

A few passages expressive of littleness and contempt need no comment:—

"Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket
thou!"

(The Taming of the Shrew, IV. iii. 110.)

"He hath but a little wee face, with a little
yellow beard."

(Merry Wives of Windsor, I. iv. 22-3.)

The present article is mainly an addition to this earlier paper, but is partly a popularization of it.

"Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge."
 (D. G. Rossetti, The Blessed Damozel.)

An entire poem in light vowels and dainty consonant-effects, by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, appeared in The Atlantic Monthly for June, 1880. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting a good portion of this delicious little monochrome.

MAIDENHAIR.

When deep in some dim glade we pause,
 Perchance we mark how winds caress
 These lowly sprays of quivering gauze,
 Aerial in their slenderness.

The ruffled leaves of vapory green
 Fringe mimic branches, fine as thread,
 Above slim stems whose ebon sheen
 Is always mellowing into red.

I half am tempted, while I gaze,
 To question of my wondering thought

If silvery whispers of the breeze
 Have found, as through the woods they went,
 In your phantasmal delicacies
 Ethereal embodiment!

The long vowels in the closing stanza of Tennyson's *Requiescat* contrast noticeably with some expressive short vowels in the opening stanza of the lyric which stands next in our editions of the poet:

"And fairer she, but ah how soon to die!
 Her quiet dream of life this hour may
 cease.
 Her peaceful being slowly passes by
 To some more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

"He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
 Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
 And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
 And whistled to the morning star."

The abrupt shortness of *struts* and *frets* is very expressive in a well-known line of Macbeth:—

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more."

(V. v. 24-6.)

The most dissonant and unpleasing of all the vowel-sounds in English is that of *a* in *flat*, *rang*. Tennyson uses this sound to set forth the harsh appearance of all nature after the death of Arthur:

"And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank day."
 (In Memoriam, VII.)

Professor Genung notes "the harsh sibilants" in the first of these lines, and "the intentionally hard alliteration and utter want of rhythm" in the second. How abundant and forcible is the sound-symbolism of these two lines!

The brassy dissonance of this so-called "short *a*" makes it very effective in some cases of sound-imitation. It is combined in the following passage with the *sh*, of which I speak later:—

"Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands,
 the crash
 Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
 After the Christ."
 (Tennyson, The Passing of Arthur.)

The vowels especially fitted to symbolize richness, abundance, complete satisfaction, fullness of beauty, and kindred ideas are *ō*, *āh*, *ōō*, *ōw*, *ī* (as in *mine*). These are peculiarly rich, sensuous impressions. Smooth, prolongable consonants, especially the semi-vowels, liquids, and nasals, add to the effect.

"Heav'n open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving."
 (Paradise Lost, VII. 205-7.)

"Hear the mellow wedding bells, —
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony
 foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells
 What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells!"

(Poe, The Bells.)

I believe that every English sound has some special expressive force. Also, since a sound may have many striking characteristics, it may have more than one natural expression. The reader will surely think, now, that I am a "mounted specialist," riding my hobby to death. But let him consider that although the explosive quality of initial *h* gives it expressiveness in

"Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a
corse,"

(I. Henry IV., IV. i. 122-3)

the same sound is also a guttural whisper, expressive of mystery, terror, etc., in the line, —

"An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye."
(Spenser, The Faerie Queene, I. vii. 8.)

Other guttural sounds and other whispered ones may have similar force. Note the following lines: —

"A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling
groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman."
(Marlowe, First Part of Tamburlaine,
V. 243-6.)

A sensitive reader will not always read the same sound in the same way. Lowell tells us, in his essay on Dryden, that the sibilants of our language can be made either to hiss or to sing. They sing in these two passages: —

"And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."
(Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i. 150-2.)

"Valeria, attend: I have a lovely love,
As bright as is the heaven crystalline,
As fair as is the milk-white way of Jove,
As chaste as Phœbe in her summer sports,
As soft and tender as the azure down
That circles Cytherea's silver doves."
(The Taming of a Shrew, 1594, Anonymous, Bankside Shakespeare, vol. ii. 190.)

In the case of *r*, what is called its rough, or consonantal value is exactly opposite in expressive power to its smooth, or vocalic utterance.

"Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind."

(Paradise Lost, II. 539-41.)

"And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee."
(Tennyson, Godiva.)

Sh is decidedly the most unpleasant consonant-effect in English. Because this is a whispered sound, it is also fitted to express fear, mystery, and allied ideas.

"And my pulses closed their gates with a shock
on my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide
the shuddering night."
(Tennyson, Maud, I. iv.)

In the awful curse which King Lear pronounces upon Goneril, how expressive is the word *thwart*! The interference and struggle of tongue, teeth, and lips with which the word begins are a powerful symbol of the moral perversity which Lear prays may inhabit the child of Goneril.

"If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnattered torment to her!"
(King Lear, I. iv. 263-5.)

In contrast with *thwart*, the powerful word *disnattered* gets little of its impressiveness through sound-symbolism.

In many passages in which the sounds employed are plainly significant, it is impossible to say just how much of the expression is due to each of the four sources that we have discussed, — muscular imitation, muscular analogy, sound-imitation, and sound-analogy. Some instances of this have already been noted. The first passage that we cited under muscular imitation is also a powerful illustration of sound-analogy: —

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide."

The low-pitched vowels in these lines bring out the mysterious horror of the knight's dream. The very impressive word *gloom* takes no part in the muscular imitation. In this line from Browning, describing a quarrelsome household,

"Dog-snap and cat-claw, curse and counter-blast,"

(*The Ring and the Book*, II. 505)

we undoubtedly have both muscular symbolism and sound-symbolism, one of them more prominent in the first half of the line, the other in the last half.

Although the lines,

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,"

(*Tennyson, Lancelot and Elaine*)

are strikingly effective in the way of sound-analogy, who shall say that the soft sounds have no trace of muscular analogy; that they are not also intended to bring before us the modest gestures and gentle movements of the lily maid?

Sound-imitation and sound-analogy are both present in the striking contrast which follows:—

"So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous
brook

That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus."

(*Keats, Hyperion*, II. 300-7.)

Every part of *The Bells* of Edgar A. Poe is both imitative and symbolic; particular states of feeling are expressed by the same sounds that imitate the silver, golden, brazen, or iron bells, as they tinkle, chime, clang, or toll. The words *hoarse* and *croaks* in the following passage are distinctly imitative, yet the sound-symbolism is the especial source of their impressiveness as sounds:—

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

(*Macbeth*, I. v. 39-41.)

Lowell's comments upon this passage, in the essay *Shakespeare Once More*, bring out other and more important factors in its power.

Muscular analogy, sound-imitation, and sound-analogy seem all to be present in these craggy lines:—

"Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasins, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he
based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels."

(*Tennyson, Morte d'Arthur*.)

Is there any one principle to which all these four forms of sound-expressiveness can be reduced? I think that most of the significant sound-effects in language, perhaps all of them, can be reduced ultimately to likeness of motion. This is more plainly true, perhaps, in the other cases than in those which come under sound-analogy. Is it not broadly true here? The slow vibrations of the air in a funeral dirge and the solemn movements of the mourning train correspond to the slow vibrations, or motions, of the low-pitched vowels in speech. The quick motions of delight correspond to the rapid vibrations of the light, high-pitched vowels.

Lest any one misunderstand me, let me say explicitly that the accepted meanings of words should not be disregarded or tampered with in an effort to secure expressive sound-effects. Sound-expression, to be effective, should be added to the usual methods of expression; it should not infringe upon them. The significant use of sounds is an important element in poetry; in proportion as prose departs in spirit from poetry and approximates science, less use will naturally be made of the expressive power of sounds.

Let me warn the reader, also, that I am not now concerned at all with sound-effects that are simply pleasing, but with those that are significant; I am discussing one method of expression; I am not considering euphony. Swinburne is a writer who has a consuming passion for euphony, and a marvelous capacity for securing it in his poetry; Browning tends always toward expressiveness. When Swinburne sings of the "lisp of leaves and ripple of rain," and of "a dead lute-player that in dead years had done delicious things," the effect is both

euphonious and expressive ; but we feel that the sensuous charm of these phrases is what especially captivated their author, as it captivates us.

It is not an unusual thing for a passage to win a sensuous charm at the expense of sound - expressiveness. The alliteration in these lines from John Fletcher's *Melancholy*,

“ Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves ! ”

gives us a sensuous pleasure. But this sound-effect is decidedly vigorous ; it does not bring out the idea of dreamy melancholy.

Although the sounds of English have changed some since the time of Shakespeare, yet the passages which I have cited have not been materially affected by this. The Irish pronunciation of English is decidedly older in some respects than our present standard. When Pope sings,

“ Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms
obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes
tea.”
(*The Rape of the Lock*, III. 7, 8)

we must pronounce *tay*, with the Irishman, or lose the rhyme. In general, my position would be that, whenever in the history of a language any sound or combination takes on a new pronunciation, all the words affected thereby become different *poetic material* because of the change, though for all ordinary purposes these words may well have the same value as before.

The analytic tendency of modern thinking, the determination to leave nothing uninvestigated, to pluck the heart out of every mystery, often displeases, and even repels us. Of course I have tried my best to investigate thoroughly the phenomena here discussed ; but I also appreciate the fact that the human spirit can never be imprisoned in a formula ; that the mind of man, in any of its important manifestations, will never be found out to perfection.

Although much remains uncertain in connection with the subject of this inquiry, I hope that my readers are convinced that a delicate use of sound-symbolism is one of the innermost secrets of style.

Albert H. Tolman.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY :

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

IV.

WHEN I waked I was alone. At first nothing was clear to me ; my brain was dancing in my head, my sight obscured, my body painful, my senses were blunted. I was in darkness, yet through an open door there showed a light, which, from the smell and flickering, I knew to be a torch. This, creeping into my senses, helped me to remember ; for I recalled that the last thing I saw in the Inten-

lant's courtyard was a burning torch, which suddenly multiplied to dancing hundreds, and then went out. I stretched out a hand, and it touched a stone wall. I moved, and felt straw under me. Then I fixed my eyes steadily on the open door and the shaking light, and presently it all grew upon me : the events of the night, and that I was now in a cell of the citadel. Stirring, I felt the wound in my body had been bound and cared for. A loosely tied scarf round my arm showed that some

one had lately left me, and would return to finish the bandaging. I raised myself with difficulty, and saw a basin of water, a sponge, bits of cloth, and a pocket-knife. Stupid and dazed as I was, the instinct of self-preservation lived, and I picked up the knife and hid it in my coat. I did it, I believe, mechanically, for a hundred things were going through my mind at the time.

All at once there rushed in on me the thought of Juste Duvarney as I saw him last, — how long ago was it? — his white face turned to the sky, his arms stretched out, his body dabbled in blood. I groaned aloud. “Fool, fool! to be trapped by these lying French! To be tricked into playing their shameless games for them, to have a broken body, to have killed the brother of the mistress of my heart, and so cut myself off from her and ruined my life for nothing, — for worse than nothing!” I had swaggered, boasted, had taken a challenge for a bout and a quarrel like any hanger-on of a tavern. I cursed myself in good stout terms, and then in another breath, almost, — and how the human mind can play chameleon so I cannot guess, — I called on God to save our cause, to teach wisdom to those gentlemen in England who muddled our affairs, and to tread down his Majesty’s enemies. It may be I was a little light of head then, — heavy of heart I know I was. — for through it all I kept calling softly, as if with another voice, “Nay, flower of my heart, he shall not die, he shall not die! The bird shall sing again, the sap shall run in the bruised branch.”

It is strange that many voices may be speaking at once in us without confusion. And I have often thought that each of us is not one, but many, and that one part of us may long be dead before the other. But this may be because I have not mind enough to see such things clearly, and I let my rough fancy carry away my logic.

However that be, many voices were speaking in me, and one of them was tell-

ing of that bird which used to hang at Alixe’s window where her brother played, and of that maple-tree where she and I gathered sap the year before. But suddenly I heard footsteps and voices outside; then one voice, louder than the other, saying, “He has n’t stirred a peg — lies like a log — aho!”

And another voice added, “You will not need a surgeon — no?” It was Doltaire, his tone, as it seemed to me, less careless than usual.

And Gabord answered, “I know the trick of it all — what can a surgeon do? This brandy will fetch him to his intellects and to his nuts to crack. Crack! he’ll have enough to crack! And by and by crack’ll go his spine — aho!”

You have heard a lion growling on a bone: that is how Gabord’s voice sounded to me then, — a rich, brutal rawness; and for an instant it made me shiver; but it came to my mind the same moment that this was the man who had laughed as he told me of Voban, and brought him to do me service. I fondly hoped he was playing the lion before Doltaire, to be a lamb afterwards to me. Whatever Doltaire thought, he said nothing save this:

“Come, come, Gabord, crack your jaws less, and see you fetch him on his feet again. From the seats of the mighty they have said that he must live — to die another day, and so be it; and see to it, or from those seats they will say that you must die to live another day — in a better world, kind Gabord.”

I longed, in my distress of mind, to cry out and ask them of that which they did not speak of by so much as a word, — of Juste Duvarney. But I dared not. There was a moment in which the only sound was that of tearing linen, and I could see the shadows of the two upon the stone wall of the corridor wavering to the light of the torch; and then the shadows shifted entirely, and their footsteps came on towards my door. I was lying on my back as when I came to, and, therefore, probably as Gabord had left

me, and I determined to dissemble, to appear still in a faint. But I could, however, see through nearly closed eyelids. I saw Gabord enter, and Doltaire stand in the doorway and look at me as the soldier knelt beside me and lifted my arm to take off the bloody scarf. I could not see Doltaire with perfect distinctness, but I felt his manner imperturbable as ever, and his face, even after the wild night, showed little save a deeper general disdain. Even then I wondered what his thoughts were, what pungent phrase he was suiting to the time and to me. I do not know to this day which more interested him, — that very pungency of phrase, or the critical events which inspired his reflections. He had no sense of responsibility; his mind loved talent, skill, and devilish cleverness, and though it was scathing of all usual ethics, for the crude, honest life of the poor it had sympathy. I remember what he said to me as we stood in the market-place a year before, and saw the peasant in his sabots and the wife in her homespun cloth.

"These," said he, "are they who will save the earth one day, for they are like it, kin to it. When they are born they lie close to it, and when they die they fall no height to reach their graves. The rest — the world — are like ourselves in dreams: we do not walk; we think we fly, over houses, over trees, over mountains; and then one blessed instant the spring breaks, or the dream gets twisted, and we go falling, falling, in a sickening fear, and, waking up, we find we are and have been on the earth all the while, and yet can make no claim on it, and have no kin with it, and no right to ask anything of it — *quelle vie — quelle vie!*"

Sick as I was, I thought of that as he stood there in the doorway, looking in at me; and though I knew I ought to hate him, I admired him in spite of all. It might be I should kill him one day, and yet I knew also that I should be sorry for that, and, like Harry over Hotspur, — if one might set great things by small,

— should take my scarf in pity to cover his face.

Presently he said, "You'll come to me at noon to-morrow, and see you bring good news. He breathes — he is alive?"

Gabord put a hand on my chest and at my neck, and said at once, "Breath for balloons — ah!"

At that Doltaire threw his cloak over his shoulder and walked away, his footsteps sounding loud in the passages. Gabord began humming to himself as he tied the bandages, and then he reached down for the knife to cut the flying strings. I could see this out of a little corner of my eye. When he did not find it, he settled back on his haunches and looked at me. I could feel his lips puffing out, and I was ready for the "*Poom!*" that came from him. Then I could feel him stooping over me, and his hot strong breath in my face. I was so near to unconsciousness at that moment by a sudden anxiety that perhaps my feigning had the look of reality. In any case, he thought me unconscious, and that he must have taken the knife away with him, for he tucked in the strings of the bandage. And then, lifting my head, he held the flask to my lips; for which I was most grateful — I was dizzy and miserably faint.

As I think, myself, I came to with rather more alacrity than was wise; but he was deceived, and his first words were, "Ho, ho! the devil's knocking. Come, my pretties, who's for home — ah?"

As will be seen, the fashion of his speech was singular. He put all things allusively, using strange figures and metaphors. And yet, when one was used to him and to them, their potency and force seemed greater than any polished speech and ordinary phrase.

I sat up and pretended to view him with surprise. He offered me more brandy, which I drank, and then, without preface, I asked him the one question which sank back on my heart like a load of ice even as I sent it forth. "Is he

alive?" I inquired. "Is Monsieur Duvarney alive?"

With exasperating coolness he winked an eye, to connect the event with what he knew of the letter I had sent to Alixe, and, cocking his head, he blew out his lips with a soundless laugh, and said, —

"To pack the brother off to heaven is to say good-by to sister and pack yourself to Father Peter."

"For God's sake, tell me, is the boy dead?" I asked, my voice cracking in my throat.

"He's not mounted for the journey yet," he answered, with a shrug, "but the Beast is at the door."

Thank God, he was not dead. There was yet a hope—how much? I plied my man with questions, and learned that they had carried him into the palace for dead, but found life in him, and straightway used all means to save him. A surgeon came, his father and mother were sent for, and when Doltaire had left there was hope that he would live. As Gabord put it, —

"And the Beast at the door chewed his bit and stamped, to get away with laddie on his back; but laddie would not ride that day — aho!"

I learned also that Voban had carried word to the Governor of the deed to be done that night; had for a long time failed to get admittance to him, but was at last permitted to tell his story; and Vaudreuil had gone to the Intendant's palace to have me hurried to the citadel before harm was done, and had come just too late. There was one more thing to learn: had Voban given my letter to Alixe? As I thought more and more, I saw that this was scarce possible, for the night was far along when he left me, and he had spent much time in reaching the Governor's presence. I shuddered at the thought that my letter would not get to her until news of her brother had come to the Manor, — of his injury, perhaps death, by my hand. But I felt she would not judge me bitterly till she knew the

whole truth, if one day I or some one else might tell it to her.

After answering my first few questions, Gabord would have nothing more to say, and presently he took the torch from the wall, and, with a gruff good-night, prepared to go. When I asked that a light be left, he shook his head, said he had no orders, and that I had better try to sleep. Whereupon he left me, the heavy door clanging to; the bolts were shot, I could hear the distant sound of footsteps, and then I was alone in darkness with wounds and misery. My cloak had been put into the cell beside my couch, and this I now drew over me, and lay and thought upon my condition and my prospects, which, as may be seen, were not cheering. I did not suffer great pain from my wounds, — only a stiffness that troubled me not at all if I lay still, — and I had little fever, for which I was most grateful. After an hour or so passed — for it is hard to keep count of time when one's thoughts are the only timekeeper — I fell asleep.

Here lay the secret why, in tortures and miseries enough to kill most men, I lived on, bent but not broken: after the worst of days I was able to sleep. I do not think this power to sleep quietly in the most perilous times is a matter of easy conscience, for I am no saint, as my enemies have proven now and then. However it be, I have lain down often with insult, and injury, and aching body, and death set for the morrow, and have slept like a child at its mother's breast. And so, that night, after all that sore day, I stretched on my bag of straw, drew my cloak up to my chin, laid my wounded arm across my breast, and traveled away into those padded lanes which lead to the drowsy valley. Good nourisher of this poor plant the body, calm apothecary of the mind, suave doctor of fiery hearts, dear medicine, — by it I have been held in the bath of rest, drenched in a pool of hope, and lifted again upon the sands to feel the sun of life give me courage for

another day, that I might serve my country and my mistress with no less effort than delight.

I know not how long I slept, but when I woke I was refreshed; and though my body was stiff and sore, my brain was clear, I was not fevered, and I had — for which I was glad — a desire to act. It was still dark, and yet I could not think I had slept but an hour or so, — it must have been four o'clock when I fell asleep, — for I was rested in brain and body, and that surely meant some hours of unconsciousness. I stretched forth my uninjured arm, moving it about. In spite of my will, a sort of hopelessness went through me, for I could feel long blades of corn grown up about my couch, an unnatural meadow, springing from the earth floor of my dungeon. I drew the blades between my fingers, feeling towards them as if they were things of life like myself, out of their place, struggling to live without their father the sun, nourished only by their mother the earth. I wondered what color they were. Surely, to myself I said, they cannot be green, but rather a yellowish white, bloodless, having only fibre, the heart all pinched to death. Last night I had not noted them, yet now, looking back, I saw, as in a picture, Gabord the soldier feeling among them for the knife that I had taken. So may we see things, and yet not be conscious of them at the time, waking to their knowledge afterwards. So may we for years look upon a face without understanding, and then, suddenly, one day it comes flashing out, and we read its hidden story like a book.

I put my hand out farther, then brought it back near to my couch, feeling towards its foot mechanically, and now I touched an earthen pan. A small board lay across its top, and moving my fingers along it I found a piece of bread. Then I felt the jar, and knew it was filled with water. Sitting back, I thought hard for a moment. Of this I was sure: the

pan and bread were not there when I went to sleep, for this was the spot where my eyes fell naturally while I lay in bed looking towards Doltaire; and I should have remembered it now, even if I had not noted it then. My jailer had brought these while I slept. But it was still dark. I waked again as out of a sort of sleep, startled: I was in a dungeon that had no window.

Here I was, packed away in a farthest corner of the citadel, in a deep hole that maybe had not been used for years, to be, no doubt, denied all contact with the outer world — I was going to say *friends*, but whom could I name among them save that dear soul who, by last night's madness, if her brother were dead, was forever made dumb and blind to me? Whom had I but her and Voban! — and Voban was yet to be proved. The Seigneur Duvarney had paid all debts he may have owed me, and he now might, because of the injury to his son, leave me to my fate. On Gabord the soldier I could not count; he would train a firelock on me without a second's pause, if I tried to escape.

There I was, as Doltaire had said, like a rat in a trap. It was a thought to chill the blood, for in all my hard experiences I had not yet been shut off from light and the faces of men. But I would not let panic seize me. I would not waste the strength my sleep had given me by walking the treadmill of lament and railing. I felt, too, that I dared not let myself begin thinking of my sweet maid and her brother, of Brad-dock and our cause, — not yet. So, with direct intention, I sat and ate the stale but sweet bread which had been left for me, took a long drink of the good water from the earthen jar, and then, stretching myself out, drew my cloak up to my chin, and settled myself for sleep again. And that I might keep up a sweet delusion that I was not quite alone in the bowels of the earth, I reached out my hand, and, drawing the blades of corn between

my fingers, said to them, "Good-night, comrades; be of good cheer; there's many a slip 'twixt the field and the sickle. And God is watching, comrades."

Speaking thus comforted me, so that I smiled at my own harmless conceit, and felt a kind of comfort, too, from my preaching. I was never a religious man, and down in Virginia they tell what open house I kept to revelers, and how, when I went out with George Washington to fight these French, I had two butts of wine with me, and other ripe stores, and fed my friends well in the wilderness, without forgetting my duty as a soldier either. For it has always been my creed that man should feed well on the good things of this world, and have the full heart which wine inspires, that he may endure the hardships of war or the dull prosperity of peace. But I have never forgotten the Master of all Pleasant Gifts, and Ceremonies, and Plans, and Givings and Takings, and Gardens and Deserts, though it was but the rough-and-ready remembrance of a soldier.

And so, with this fanciful speech, I drew my chin down to my shoulder, and let myself drift out of painful consciousness almost as easily, I am glad to say, as a sort of woman can call out tears at will. My sleep was sound; I did not dream, — I do not think, indeed, that I stirred, — but in the perfect silence and gloom regaled my mind and body against my trials. When I waked, it was without a start or moving, without confusion, — just a wide opening of the eyes, a perfect understanding of my position, and with nerves entirely rested, though I felt my body weak and needing nourishment; I was bitterly hungry. That was my first thought; the next was that, beside my couch, with his hands on his hips and his feet spread out, stood Gabord, looking down at me in a quizzical and unsatisfied way. A torch was burning near him.

"Wake up, dickey-bird," said he in his rough, mocking voice, "and we'll snug-gle you into the pot. You've been long

hiding; come out of the bush, my dear — aho!"

I drew myself up painfully. "What is the time?" I asked, and meanwhile I looked for the earthen jar and the bread. There was more bread, and I reached for it.

"Time since when, dickey-bird dear?" said he.

"Since it was twelve o'clock last night," I answered.

"Fourteen hours since *then*," said he.

The emphasis arrested my attention. "I mean," I added, "since the fighting in the courtyard."

"Thirty-six hours and more since then, monsieur the dormouse," was his reply.

I had slept a day and a half since the doors of this cell closed on me. It was Friday then; now it was Sunday afternoon. Gabord had come in to me three times, and seeing how sound asleep I was had not disturbed me, but had brought bread and water, — my prescribed diet, at, I was told, the Governor's command; by which I knew that the Intendant had told his story — some story — to my further misery. How shall a man get justice or mercy if he speak to the walls of a dungeon in an enemy's country? Should Juste Duvarney be dead, that would account for my present treatment.

But while these thoughts flashed through my mind, the dread of that one thing was there, also, — what of the young gentleman? I looked at Gabord. He stood there, his feet buried in the blanched corn, — I could see the long yellowish-white blades, — the torch throwing shadows about him. His back was now against the wall, his legs were thrust forward. I looked carefully round my dungeon. There was not a sign of a window; I was to live in darkness. But I thanked Heaven that moment for one thing: the walls were dry; there was no rank dampness, that vile foe to spirits and health. If I were but allowed candles, or a lantern, or a torch, some books, paper, pencil, and tobacco, and the knowledge that

I had not killed my sweet maid's brother. I could abide the worst with some sort of calmness and unacted cheerfulness. I should soon learn of this; yet with Gabord standing there, his eyes running about in his head like little balls, and conscious knowledge in his aspect, for a moment I lacked the courage. How much might have happened, must have happened, in all these hours of sleep! My letter to Alixe must long ere this have been delivered; my trial, no doubt, had been decided on. What had Voban done? Had he any word for me? Dear Lord! here was a mass of questions tumbling one upon the other in my head, while my heart thumped behind my waistcoat like a rubber ball to a prize-fighter's fist. Misfortunes may be so great and many that one may find grotesqueness in their impossible conjunction and multiplicity. I remembered at that moment a friend of mine in Virginia, the most unfortunate man I ever knew. Death, desertion, money losses, political defeat, flood, came one upon the other all in two years, and coupled with this was loss of health. One day he said to me:—

"Robert, I have a perforated lung, my liver is a swelling sponge, eating crowds my waistband like a balloon, I have a swimming in my head and a sinking at my heart, and I cannot say litany for happy release from these, for my knees creak with rheumatism. The devil has done his worst, Robert, for these are his, — plague and pestilence, being final, are the will of God, — and, upon my soul, it is an absurd comedy of ills." At that he had a fit of coughing, and I gave him a glass of spirits, which eased him.

"That's better," said I cheerily to him.

"It's robbing Peter to pay Paul," he answered; "for I owed it to my head to put the *quid refert* there, and here it's gone to my lungs to hurry up my breathing. Did you ever think, Robert," he added, "that this breathing of ours is a labor, and that we have to work every second to keep ourselves alive? We have

to pump air in and out like a blacksmith's boy." He said it so drolly, though he was deadly ill, that I laughed for half an hour at the stretch, wiping away my tears as I did it; for his pale gray face looked so sorry, with its quaint smile and that odd, dry voice of his.

As I sat there in my dungeon, with Gabord cocking his head and his eyes spinning, that scene flashed on me, calling up the procession of my own disasters; and I laughed outright at myself as at a clown, — so much and so thoroughly that Gabord puffed out his lips, and flamed like bunting on a coast-guard's hut, and his eyes beneath were like two spying telescopes trying to read into my thoughts, very villainous, if they inspired me to laughter at him! And the more he stared, the more I laughed, till my wounded side hurt me and my arm had twinges. To see him spluttering and scowling added to my laughter; but my mood changed suddenly, and I politely begged his pardon, telling him frankly then and there what had made me laugh, and how I had come to think of it. The flame passed out of his cheeks, the revolving fire of his eyes dimmed, and his lips broke into a soundless laugh, and then, in his big voice, he said, "You've got your knees to pray on yet, and crack my bones, but you'll have need to con your penitentials if what they say abroad is true."

"Before you tell of that," said I, — for now I must have news of my dear maid's brother, — "how is young Monsieur Duvarney? Is — is he alive?" I added, as I saw his face lower a little.

"The Beast was at the door again last night, wild to be off, and the foot of the young Seigneur was in the stirrup, when along comes sister with a certain drug got from an Indian squaw who nursed her when a child; she gives it him, and he drinks; they carry him back, sleeping, and the Beast must stand there tugging at the leathers yet."

"His sister — it was his sister," I

said, as calmly as I could, "that brought him back to life?"

"Like that — ah! They said she must not come, but she will have her way. Straight she goes to the palace at night, no one knowing but — guess who? You can't — but no!"

A light broke in on me. "With the Scarlet Woman — with Mathilde," I said, hoping in my heart that it was so, for somehow I felt even then that she, poor vagrant, would play a part in the history of Alixe's life and mine.

"At the first shot," he said. "'T was the crimson one, as quiet as a baby chick, not hanging to the ma'm'selle's skirts, but watching and whispering a little now and then — and she there in Bigot's palace, and he not knowing it! And the maids do not tell him, for they knew the poor wench in better days — ah! So there she bides till the young lady goes back to the Manor; and that's soon, if the drug goes on well with its work."

I got up with effort and pain, and went to grasp his hand in gratitude, for he had done me here great kindness; but he drew back and put his hands behind him.

"No, no," said he, "I am your jailer. They've put you here to break your high spirits, and I'm to help the breaking, day by day, till you are fit for heaven."

I admired his sturdy honesty more than ever, and I knew, with great distinctness, that whatever he might or might not permit me, he would never give the least chance of escape; he would be vigilant, and in the way of duty would spit me like a fowl.

"But I thank you just the same," I answered him; "and I promise to give you as little trouble as may be while you are my jailer — which, with all my heart, I hope may be as long as I'm a prisoner."

He waved out his hands to the dungeon walls, and lifted his shoulders as if to say that I might as well be docile, for the prison was safe enough. "*Poom!*" he said, as if in genial disdain of my suggestion.

I smiled, and then, after putting my hands on the walls here and there to see if they were, as they seemed, quite dry, I drew back to my couch and sat down. Presently I stooped to tip the earthen jar of water to my lips, for I could not lift it with one hand; but my humane jailer took it from me and held it to my mouth without a word. When I had drunk, "Do you know," asked I as calmly as I could, "if our barber gave the letter to Mademoiselle?"

"M'sieu', you've traveled far to reach that question," he said, jangling his keys as if he enjoyed it. "And if he had, what would be in the head of dormouse?"

I caught at his vague suggestion, and my heart leaped.

"A reply," said I, "a message or a letter," though I had not dared to let myself even think of that.

He whipped a tiny packet from his coat. "'T is a sparrow's pecking — no great matter here, eh?" — he weighed it up and down on his fingers, — "a little piping wren's *par pitié*."

I reached out for it. "And I should read it," said he. "There must be no more of this. But new orders came *after* I'd got her dainty *à monsieur!* Yes, I must read it," said he, — "but maybe not at first," he added, "not at first, if you'll give word of honor not to tear it."

How hungry I was for it! "On my sacred honor," said I, reaching out still.

He looked it all over again provokingly, and then lifted it to his nose, for it had a delicate perfume. Then he gave a little grunt of wonder and pleasure, and handed it over. By the superscription I could see that the ink had not been long dried. My heart stood still: it had been written since her brother was hurt by me!

I broke the seal, and my eyes ran swiftly through the lines, traced in a firm, delicate hand, which even in a sore time to her — mind and body — showed no nervousness. I could see through it all the fine, sound nature, by its healthy simplicity mastering anxiety, care, and fear.

"Robert," she wrote, "by God's help my brother will live, to repent with you, I hope, of Friday night's ill work. He was near gone, yet we have held him back from that rough-rider, Death. But this business has come near to killing you both and spoiling my life; though if it were a point of duty I would not let my life weigh too much. Yet I love life, I who am not yet one of the world, not yet of those who flutter at the Grand Château.

"Robert, you will thank God, will you not, that my brother did not die? Indeed, I feel you have. I do not blame you; I know — I need not tell you how — the heart of the affair, and even my mother can see through the wretched thing. My father says little, and he has not spoken harshly; for which I gave thanksgiving this morning in the chapel of the Ursulines, where I went after seeing my brother awake and know me, and fall asleep again on my arm. He loves me, Robert, and you cannot guess what pain is at my heart that you and he should stand condemned in my eyes; that you should both have gone so far towards a horrible end. Yet I would not have you downcast — no. You are in a dungeon, covered with wounds of my brother's making, both of you victims of others' villainy, — ay, I must say it, though those others may, by some wicked chance, see these words, — alone in darkness and pain, no willing hand to give you comfort or tend your needs; and you are yet to bear worse things, for they are to try you for your life. But never shall I believe that they will find you guilty of dishonor. I have watched you these three years; I know your heart. Yours is an honest face, Robert; your eye does not evade; your words are not fine enough to be false, nor are you all gallant like so many here, though I mean not that against the gentlemen of my country. I mean only that you have a rough sweetness like a true soldier, carrying truth where a daintier lover would charm and leave doubt behind. I do not, nor ever will, doubt you,

dear friend of my heart. I wept last night as I thought of him and you lying low, but this morning I smiled when I rose from my prayers at the chapel.

"You would not believe it, Robert, and you may think it fanciful, but as I got up from my prayers I looked towards a window, and it being a little open, for it is a sunny day, there sat a bird on the sill, a little brown bird that peeped and nodded. I was so won by it that I came softly over to it. It did not fly away, but hopped a little here and there. I stretched out my hand gently on the stone, and putting its head now this side, now that, at last it tripped into it, and chirped most sweetly. I lifted it to my cheek, and as I smiled the tears fell too, for it seemed to me as if my prayer had been answered so — nay, do not laugh, you who are not fanciful, for you must feel it was strange — our birds are so wild here, and this is autumn, as you know. And I will tell you more. After I had kissed it I placed it back on the window-sill, that it might fly away again. But no, it would not go, but stayed there, tipping its gold-brown head at me as before, as though it would invite me to guess why it came. Again I reached out my hand, and again it tripped into it. I stood wondering and holding it to my bosom, when I heard a voice behind me say, 'The bird would be with thee, my child. God hath many signs.' I turned and saw the good Mère St. George looking at me, she of whom I was always afraid, so distant was she. I did not speak, but only looked at her, and she nodded kindly at me and passed on. So I held the bird close to my breast, and came with it to this place where my brother lies. More than once, as I came, I opened my hand that it might fly away, but it only nestled down, and never stirred a wing, not once.

"And, Robert, as I write to you here in the Intendant's palace (what a great wonderful place it is! I fear I do not hate it and its luxury as I ought!), it is

beside me in a cage upon the table, with a little window open, so that it may come out if it will. And my brother lies in the bed asleep; I can touch him if I but put out my hand. My mother is asleep also, and my father is gone to the Governor, and the nurse is lying down, and I am alone save for one person. Who is it, Robert? You sent two messengers: can you not guess the one that will be with me? Poor soul, she sits and gazes at me till I almost fall weeping. But she seldom speaks, she is so quiet, — as if she knew that she must keep a secret. For, Robert, though I know you did not tell her, she knows — she knows that you love me, and she gave me a little wooden cross which she said would make us happy.

“My mother did not drive her away, as I half feared she would, and at last she said that I might house her with one of our peasants. But meanwhile she is with me here. She is not so mad but that she has wisdom too, and she shall have my care and friendship. It would make you sad to hear her talk of flowers, and to my little bird she whispers things which I am sure good angels tell her. And I whisper to the little linnet, also. Do you not wish you could hear what I say? You do, I know, for there’s whispering that you never heard before, Robert, never.

“I have written you a long letter, for I do not know when I may write again. The city is all agog at the defeat of the British, and you are to be a sacrifice to their joy, if they can fetch you to the point of guilty. But I trust you shall not be brought there. You have a friend whose heart for you is greater than her power, but she will find a way to power too.

“Ay, cherish her, Robert, for young though your comrade is, she will not be proven childish when the great test comes. And has it not been said that out of the mouth of babes hath God ordained strength? I will keep mine own

counsel, and I bid you be of good courage, nor ever think, though no word comes to your solitude, that I grow idle in your behalf. Voban is to be trusted, and I know one other. I *know*, for there are things that make men and women true. Alas that they should suffer, while the wicked prosper! But one day the hungry shall be filled, and the rich sent empty away.

“I bid thee to God’s care, Robert. I need not tell thee to be not dismayed. Thou hast two jails, and one wherein I lock thee safe is warm and full of light. If the hours drag by, think of all thou wouldst do if thou wert free to go to thine own country, — alas that thought! — and of what thou wouldst say if thou couldst speak to thy

ALIXE.

“*Postscript.* I trust that they have cared for thy wounds, and that thou hast light and food and wine. Voban hath promised to discover this for me. The soldier Gabord, at the citadel, he hath a good heart. Though thou canst expect no help from him, yet he will not be rougher than his orders. He did me a good service once, and he likes me, and I him. And so fare thee well, Robert. I will not languish; I will act, and not be weary. Dost thou really love me?”

V.

When I had read the letter, I looked up at Gabord, who had stood watching me. Without a word I handed it up to him. I wished, if possible, to have an open confidence, to treat him as though I trusted him; for he had enough knowledge of this secret of Alixe’s and mine to ruin us, if he chose. He took the letter, turned it over, looking at it curiously, and at last, with a shrug of the shoulders, passed it back.

“’T is a long tune on a dot of a fiddle,” said he, for indeed the letter was but a small affair in bulk. “I’d need two pairs of eyes and telescope — aho!

Is it all Heart-o'-my-heart, and Come-trip-in-dewy-grass — aho? Or is there knave at window to bear m'sieu' away?"

I took the letter from him. "Listen," said I, "to what the lady says of yourself, and judge from it." And then I read him that part of her postscript which had to do with himself.

He put his head on one side like a great wise magpie, and, "H'm — ha!" said he whimsically, "aho! Gabord the soldier, Gabord, thou hast a good heart — and the birds fed the beast with plums and froth of comfits till he died, and on his sugar tombstone they carved the words, 'Gabord had a good heart.' Gabord, Gabord, did I not warn thee? and yet thou hadst a sweet tooth, and with a musket cocked across thy knee thou didst swear to kill the pretty birds if they quarreled with their cage and vexed Gabord."

"It was spoken out of a true heart," said I petulantly, for I could not bear from a common soldier even a tone of disparagement, though I saw the exact meaning of his words. So I added, "You shall read the whole letter, or I will read it to you, and you shall judge, on the honor of a gentleman, all of it!"

"*Poom!*" said he, "English fire-eater! corn-cracker! Show me the 'good-heart' sentence, for I'd see how it is written, how *Gabord* looks with a woman's whimsies round it."

I traced the words with my fingers, holding the letter near the torch "You

Truly, my state might have been vastly worse. I had a dry dungeon, I had tobacco, I had bread and water, I had my dear girl's letter in my breast, and the assurance of her love and of the present well-being of her brother. There was little more said between Gabord and myself, but he refused bluntly to carry message or letter to anybody, and bade me not to vex him with petitions. Still, he left me the torch and a flint and steel, so I had light for a space, I had my blessed tobacco and pipe, and I had more bread and water. When the doors clanged shut and the bolts were shot, I lay back on my couch and gave myself up to thought. I would reserve my smoking for another hour; I would have the double joy, — it and the dreaming of it.

I was not all unhappy. How could that be with Alixe's letter there? But, besides, I had then no violent hate of my captivity, of my prison. Fiery of spirit as I was, as I have ever been, I yet did not fret my soul to death, now that action, occupation, light, society, the world, were all shut out, cut off. There is that in me which does not let my soul beat against the inevitable, which holds me steady in crises and vexed times. I have heard of men shrieking aloud on being left alone in darkness and the silence of a dungeon, and coming out so broken in brain and body that they nevermore recovered. It might have been so with me, perhaps, had there not come the good

he will not be rougher than his orders," said he after me, and "'He did me a good service once.'"

"Comfits," he continued; "well, thou shalt have comfits, too," and he fished from his pocket a parcel. "I knew it as soon as I laid eyes on it: or rather I

doctor Sleep and calmed all my nerves, whereby the silence and the solitude soaked into me, and I became, when I waked, in some wise a part of it. Indeed, it did not distress me greatly, though you may say a longer time must be the test of that, as it was! One cannot always be

were kept here long. Thank God, they had not put chains on me, as Governor Dinwiddie had done with Monsieur Laforce, a French prisoner at Williamsburg, for whom I had sought to be exchanged two years before, and failed, though he was my equal in all ways and importance. Doltaire was the cause of that, as you shall know. Well, there was one more item to add to his indebtedness. My face flushed and my fingers tingled at thought of him, and so I resolutely turned my reveries elsewhere, and again in a little while I seemed to think of nothing, but lay and bathed in the silence, and indulged my eyes with the good red light of the torch, inhaling its pitchy scent, sweeter to me than cinnamon or roses. I was conscious, yet for a time I had no thought: I was like something half animal, half vegetable, which feeds, yet has no mouth, nor sees, nor hears, nor has sense, but only lives. I seemed hung in space, as one feels when going from sleep to waking, — a long lane of half-numb life, before the open road of full consciousness is reached. I am sure all this feeling came from the silence, acting upon a mind relieved of a great pressure. For the well-being of Juste Duvarney was my chief trouble. Painful as had been to me the passing defeat of our cause, here was a thing vital to me as to her I loved devotedly.

At last I waked from this good stupor. The sudden cracking of a knot in the torch did it. It sounded, I remember, prodigiously loud, — as resonant in that stillness as a cannon shot from Sault au Matelot on the Heights without. Looking, I knew by the length the torch had burned that some time had passed, — perhaps two hours. I saw also that it would last but a few hours more. I determined then to put it out, for I might be allowed no more light, and even a few minutes of this torch every day would be a great boon. So I took it from its place, and was about to quench it in the moist earth at the foot of the wall, when I

remembered my tobacco and my pipe. Can you think how joyfully I packed full the good brown bowl, delicately filling in every little corner, and at last held it to the flame, and saw it light? That first long whiff was like the indrawn breath of the cold, starved hunter, when, stepping into his house, he sees food, fire, and wife on his hearthstone. I hugged the warm bowl in my fingers, gave the stem to my teeth once more, put out the good torchlight, and then went back to my couch and sat down, the bowl shining like a star before me.

My brain was swimming again with many scenes, and there and then a thought came to me, — something which would keep my brain from wandering, my nerves from fretting and wearing, for a time at least. I determined to write to my dear maid the true history of my life, even to the point — and after — of this thing which now was bringing me to so ill a pass. But I was in darkness, I had no paper, pens, nor ink: how could this be done? I cast about in my mind. There was the wall; but then, how slow a process it would be, and for the task I had only the knife which I had secreted. It would soon be worn to the hilt, and I was keeping it for contingencies. And more than all, this tale of mine was for the eyes of my dear maid, not for all who chose to hold a torch to a dungeon wall. Besides, I hoped that this imprisonment would be a matter of weeks at most. After a deal of thinking I came at last to the solution. I would compose the story, and learn it by heart, sentence by sentence, as I so composed it. Thus there could be no proud haste of composition, and every sentence should be chewed to digestibility. The idea pleased me mightily, for it had a look of giving me scope for play of thought and interest, and exercise in precision of mind. Then, in learning it, I could speak aloud easily and naturally. This would be a good thing, for I knew well that many a poor

prisoner had come to listen to his own voice as though it were some wild sprite shouting from elfish hills. And that is the beginning of madness. When the man shrinks back from himself, when some one faculty seems alien to another, and he resolves himself into his many selves, he is getting ready to be driven over the steeps into the sea. To be sure, there was Gabor to speak to, but I was not certain even that would last; and then there were the numberless minutes out of the day when he would not be with me. I would write my story to Alixe in my mind, and tell it to her some time, as the prophets of old told their histories, as the poets their tales in antique times, by the wide sea, under good blue skies. I laughed to myself at the conceit. Indeed, it is not so hard to laugh, even in the thick of one's miseries.

So, there and then, I began to run back over the years of my life, even to my first remembrances, that I might see it from first to last in a sort of whole and with a kind of measurement. But when I began to dwell upon my childhood, one little thing gave birth to another swiftly, as you may see one flicker in the heaven multiply and break upon the mystery of the dark, filling the night with clusters of stars, a very garden of fireflies. I had not guessed there were so many memories in me, but they came trooping to me in the encouraging silence of my dungeon, where the noises of the world were shut out, — the voices of friends or foes, the sound of human feet, the rolling wheels of carriages, the horses' hoofs striking the ground, the chisel on the stone, the rattle of a ship's chains, the devouring saw, the shrill happiness of children, and a thousand other sounds. I heard the small pipings of childhood, the first lisplings of life and knowledge. As I thought, I kept drawing spears of the dungeon corn between my fingers softly, and presently there flashed before me the very first memory of my life. It had never come to me before, and I

knew now that it was the beginning of conscious knowledge, for we can never know till we can remember. When a child remembers what it sees or feels, it has begun life.

I put the picture into the letter that I wrote my dear maid, and it shall be set down here forthwith and in little space, though it took me so very many days and weeks to think it out, to give each word a fixed place, so that it should go from my mind no more. And it never has. Every word of that story as I told it is as fixed as stone in my memory; for all other things fail me at times, but never it. Yet it must not be thought I can give it all here; it would take much too long, and the concerns of my later fate should have more interest to those who read these pages. I shall set down only a few things of what I wrote her, but keeping to the original word for word; and though it will be but scraps, you shall find in it the spirit of the whole. Slowly I thought the first sentences out, then spoke them aloud, said them over and over, altered them here and there, and often again and again, that I might be brief and to the point, and yet not too abrupt. I will not set down the preface, but will come at once to the body of the letter.

VI.

"And I would have you know of what I am and from where I came, though I have given you glimpses in the past. That done, I will make plain why I am charged with this that puts my life in danger, which would make you blush that you ever knew me if it were true. And I will show you first a picture as it runs before me, sitting here, the corn of my dungeon garden twining in my fingers.

"A multiplying width of green grass spotted with white flowers, an upland where sheep browsed on a carpet of purple and gold and green, a tall rock on a hill where birds perched and fluttered,

a blue sky arching over all. There, sprawling in a garden, a child pulled at long blades of grass, as he watched the birds flitting about the rocks, and heard a low voice coming down the wind. Here in my dungeon I can hear the voice as I have not heard it since that day in the year 1730,—that voice stilled so long ago. The air and the words come floating down, for the words I knew years afterwards:—

‘Did ye see the white cloud in the glint o’ the sun?’

That’s the brow and the eye o’ my bairnie.
Did ye ken the red bloom at the bend o’ the crag?

That’s the rose in the cheek o’ my bairnie.
Did ye hear the gay lilt o’ the lark by the burn?
That’s the voice of my bairnie, my dearie.
Did ye smell the wild scent in the trees o’ the wood?

That’s the breath o’ my bairnie, my bairnie.
I’ll gang awa’ hame, to the shine o’ the fire,
To the cot where I lie wi’ my bairnie.’

“These words came crooning over the grass of that little garden at Balmore which was by my mother’s home. There I was born one day of June, though I was reared in the busy streets of Glasgow, where my father was a prosperous merchant, and famous for his parts and honesty.

“I see myself, a little child of no great strength, for I was, indeed, the only one of my family who lived past infancy, and my mother feared she should never bring me up. I can see her in that picture, too, tall, delicate, yet firm of face, but with a strong brow, under which shone grave gray eyes, and a manner so distinguished that none might dispute her kinship to the renowned Montrose, who was lifted so high in dying, though his gallows was but thirty feet, that all the world has seen him there. There was one other in that picture, standing near my mother, and looking at me, who often used to speak of him,—my grandfather, John Mitchell, the Gentleman of Balmore, as he was called, out of regard for his ancestry and

his rare merits. I have him well in mind: his black silk breeches and white stockings and gold seals, and two eyes that twinkled with great humor when, as he stooped over me, I ran my head between his calves and held him tight. I recall how my mother said, ‘I doubt that I shall ever bring him up,’ and how he replied,—the words seem to come through great distances to me,—‘He’ll live to be Montrose the second, rascal laddie! Four seasons at the breast? Tut, tut! what o’ that?’ ‘Tis but his foolery, his scampishness! No, no! his epitaph’s no for writing till you and I are tucked i’ the sod, my Jeanie. Then, like Montrose’s, it will be,—

‘Tull Edinburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows long;
They hong him high abone the rest,
He was so trim a boy.’

“I can hear his laugh this minute, as he gave an accent to the words by stirring me with his stick, and I caught the gold head of it and carried it off, trailing it through the garden, till I heard my mother calling, and then forced her to give me chase, as I pushed open a little gate and posted away into that wide world of green, coming quickly to the river, where I paused and stood at bay. I can see my mother’s anxious face now, as she caught me to her arms; and yet I know she had a kind of pride, too, when my grandfather said, on our return, ‘The rascal’s at it early. Next time he’ll ford the stream and skirl at ye, Jeanie, from yonder bank.’

“That is the first of my life that I remember. It may seem strange to you that I thus suddenly recall not only it, but the words then spoken, too. It is strange to me, also. But here it comes to me all on a sudden in this silence, as if another self of me were speaking from far places. At first all is in patches and confused, and then it folds out,—if not clearly, still so I can understand,—and the words I repeat come as if filtered through many brains to mine. I do not

say that it is true, — it may be dreams : and yet, as I say, it is firmly in my mind.

“The next that I remember was climbing upon a chair to reach for my grandfather’s musket, which hung across the chimney. I got at last upon the mantelshelf, and my hands were on the weapon, when the door opened, and my grandfather and my father entered. I was so busy I did not hear them till I was caught by the legs and swung to a shoulder, where I sat kicking. ‘You see his tastes, William,’ said my grandfather to my father; ‘he’s white o’ face and slim o’ body, but he’ll no carry on your hopes.’ And more he said to the point, though what it was I knew not. But I think it to have been suggestion (I heard him say it later) that I would bring Glasgow up to London by the sword (good doting soul!) as my father brought it by manufactures, gaining honor thereby. However that may be, I would not rest till my grandfather had put the musket into my arms. I could scarcely lift it, but from the first it had a charm for me, and now and then, in spite of my mother’s protests, I was let to handle it, to learn its parts, to burnish it, and by and by — I could not have been more than six years old — to rest it on a rock and fire it off. It kicked my shoulder roughly in firing, but I know I did not wink as I pulled the trigger. Then I got a wild hunger to fire it at all times; so much so, indeed, that powder and shot were locked up, and the musket was put away in my grandfather’s chest. But now and again it was taken out, and I made war upon the unresisting hillside, to the dismay of our neighbors in Balmore. To heighten the fever in my veins, my grandfather taught me soldiers’ exercises and the handling of arms: to my dear mother’s sorrow, for she ever fancied me as leading a merchant’s quiet life like my father’s, hugging the hearthstone, and finding joy in small civic duties, while she and my

dear father sat peacefully watching me in their decline of years.

“Dear jailer of my heart, I have told you of that river which flowed near my father’s house. At this time most of my hours were spent by it in good weather, for at last my mother came to trust me alone there, having found her alert fears of little use. But she would very often come with me and watch me as I played there. It was a pleasure to count myself a miller, and my little mill-wheel, made by my own hands, did duty here and there on the stream, and many drives of logs did I, in fancy, saw into piles of lumber, and loads of flour send away to the City of Desire. Then, again, I made bridges, and drove mimic armies across them; and, if they were enemies, craftily let them partly cross, to tumble them in at the moment when part of the forces were on one side of the stream and part on the other, and at the mercy of my men. My grandfather taught me how to build forts and breast-works, and I lay in ambush for the beadle, who was my good friend, for my grandfather, and for half a dozen other village folk, who took no offense at my sport, but made believe to be bitterly afraid when I surrounded them, and drove them, shackled, to my fort by the river. Little by little the fort grew, until it was a goodly pile; for now and then a village youth helped me, or again an old man, whose heart, maybe, rejoiced to play at being child again with me. Years after, whenever I went back to Balmore, there stood the fort, for no one ever meddled with it, nor tore it down, boy, or man, or maid.

“And here, best light of this grave world, I will tell you one reason why this was, and you will think it strange that it should have played such a part in the history of the village, as in my own life. You must know that people living in secluded places are superstitious. Well, when my fort was built to such proportions that I had to use a

small ladder to fix new mud and mortar in place upon it, something happened. Now, once a year there came to Balmore — and he had done so for a generation — one of those beings called The Men, who are given to prayer, fasting, and prophesying, who preach the word of warning ever, calling even the ministers of the Lord sharply to account. Well, this Man one day came by me in my fort, some people with him, looking for him to preach or prophesy to them. And he suddenly turned and came inside my fort, and, standing upon the ladder against the wall, spoke to them fervently. His last words became a legend in Balmore, and spread even to Glasgow and beyond.

“‘Hear me!’ cried he. ‘As I stand looking at ye from this wall, calling on ye in your natural bodies to take refuge in the Fort of God, the Angel of Death is looking ower the battlements of heaven, choosing ye out, the sheep frae the goats; calling the one to burning flames, and the other into peaceable habitations. I hear the voice now,’ cried he, ‘and some soul among us goeth forth. Flee ye to the Fort of Refuge.’ I can see him now, his pale face shining, his eyes burning, his beard blowing in the wind, his grizzled hair shaking on his forehead. I had stood within the fort watching him. At last he turned, and, seeing me intent, stooped, caught me by the arms, and lifted me upon the wall. ‘See you,’ said he, ‘yesterday’s babe a warrior to-day. Have done, have done, ye quarrelsome hearts. Ye that build forts here shall lie in darksome prisons; there is no fort but the Fort of God. The call comes frae the white ramparts. Hush!’ he added solemnly, raising a finger. ‘One of us goeth hence this day; are ye ready to walk i’ the fearsome valley?’

“I have heard my mother speak these words over often, and they were, as I said, like an old song in Balmore and Glasgow. He set me down, and then walked away, waving the frightened peo-

ple back, and there was none of them that slept that night.

“And now comes the stranger thing. In the morning The Man was found dead in my little fort, at the foot of the wall. Henceforth the spot was sacred, and it may be it stands there as when I last saw it, twelve years ago, but worn away by rains and winds. Again and again my mother said over to me his words, ‘Ye that build forts here shall lie in darksome prisons;’ for always she had fear of the soldier’s life, and she was moved by signs and dreams. But this is how the thing came to shape my life. About a year after The Man died, there came to my grandfather’s house, while my mother and I were there, a gentleman, Sir John Godric by name, and he would have my mother tell the whole story of The Man. When it was done, he told her that The Man was his brother, who had been bad and wild in youth, a soldier, but afterwards had gone as far the other way, giving up place and property, and cutting off from all his blood and kind. This gentleman noticed me greatly, and in the end said that he should be glad to see more of me. As so he did, for in the years that followed he would visit at our home in Glasgow when I was at school, or at Balmore until my grandfather died.

“My father liked Sir John greatly, and they grew most friendly, walking forth in the streets of Glasgow, Sir John’s hand upon my father’s arm. I remember one day they came to the school in High Street, where I learned Latin and other accomplishments, together with fencing from an excellent master, Sergeant Dowie of the One Hundredth Foot, for which my grandfather had provided. They found me with my regiment at drill; for I had got full thirty of my school-fellows under arms, and spent all leisure hours in mustering, and marching, and drum-beating, and all manner of forms of discipline which I had been taught by my grandfather and Sergeant Dowie. Those

were the days soon after which came Dettingen, and Fontenoy, and Charles Edward the Pretender, and the ardor of arms ran high. Sir John was a follower of the Stuarts, and this was the only point at which he and my father came to pause in their good friendship. When Sir John saw me with my thirty lads marching in good order, all fired with the little sport of battle,—for to me it was all real, and our sham-fights often saw broken heads and bruised shoulders.—he stamped his cane upon the ground, and said in a big voice, ‘Well done! well done! For that you shall have a hundred pounds next birthday, and as fine a suit of scarlet as you please, and a sword from London too.’

“He came to me then and caught me by both shoulders. ‘But alack, alack! there needs more blood and flesh here, Robert Stobo,’ said he. ‘You have more heart than muscle.’ This was true. I had ever been more eager than my strength,—thank God, that day is gone!—and sometimes, after Latin and the drill of my Lightfoots, as I called them, I could have cried for weakness and weariness, had I been a girl, and not a proud lad. And Sir John kept his word, liking me better from that day forth, and coming now and again to see me at the school,—though he was much abroad in France,—giving many a pound to my Lightfoots, who were no worse soldiers for that. I could see his eye running us over sharply, and his head nodding, as we marched past him; and once I heard him say, ‘If they had had but ten years each on their heads, my Prince!’”

“It was at this time that my father died; that is, when I was fourteen years old. Sir John was left one of the executors with my mother, and at my wish, a year after, I was sent to the university, where at least fifteen of my Lightfoots went also; and there I formed a new battalion of them, though we were watched at first, and even held in suspicion, because of the known friendship of Sir John for me; and he himself had

twice been under arrest for his friendship to the Stuart cause. That he helped Prince Charles was clear: his estates were mortgaged to the hilt. He died somewhat suddenly on that day of January when Culloden was fought, before he knew of the defeat of the Prince. I am glad to say I was with him at the last. After some most serious business, which I shall come to by and by, ‘Robert,’ said he, ‘I wish thou hadst been with my Prince. When thou becomest a soldier, fight where thou hast heart to fight; but if thou hast conscience for it, let it be with a Stuart. I thought to leave thee a good moiety of my fortune, Robert, but little that’s free is left for giving. Yet thou hast something from thy father, and down in Virginia, where my friend Dinwiddie is Governor, there’s a plantation for thee, and a purse of gold, which was for me in case I should have cause to flee this troubled realm. But I need it not; I go for refuge to my Father’s house. The little vineyard and the purse of gold are for thee, Robert. If thou thinkest well of it, leave this sick land for that new one. Build thyself a name in the great young country, wear thy sword honorably and bravely, use thy gifts in council and debate,—for Dinwiddie will be thy friend,—and think of me as one who would have been a father to thee if he could. Give thy good mother my loving farewells. . . . Forget not to wear my sword—it came from the first King Charles himself, Robert.’ After which he raised himself upon his elbow and said, ‘Life—life, is it so hard to untie the knot?’ Then a twinge of agony crossed over his face, and afterwards came a great clearing and peace, and he was gone.

“King George’s soldiers entered with a warrant for him even as he died, and dropped their hands on my shoulder at the same time. I was kept in durance for many days, and was not even at the funeral of my benefactor; but through the efforts of the provost of the univer-

sity and some good friends who could vouch for my loyal principles, I was released. But my pride had got a setback, and I listened with patience to my mother's prayers that I would not, as had been my wish, join the King's men. With the anger of a youth, I blamed his Majesty for the acts of Sir John Godric's enemies. And though I was a good soldier of the King at heart, I would not serve him now. We threshed matters back and forth, and presently it was thought I should sail to Virginia to take over my estate. My mother urged it, too, for she thought if I were weaned from my old comrades, military fame would cease to charm. So she urged me, and go I did, with a commission from some merchants of Glasgow, to give more weight to my coming to the colony.

"It was great pain to leave my mother, but she bore the parting bravely, and away I set in a good ship for Virginia. Arrived there, I was treated with great courtesy in Williamsburg, and the Governor gave me welcome to his home for the sake of his old friend; and yet, too, a little for my own, I think, for we were of one temper, though he was old and I young. We were both full of impulse and proud, and given to daring hard things, and my military spirit suited him. In Virginia I spent a gay and busy year, and came off very well with the rough but gentlemanly cavaliers, who rode through the wide, sandy streets of the capital on excellent horses, or in English coaches, with a rusty sort of show and splendor, but always with great gallantry. The freedom of the life charmed me, and with rumors of war with the French there seemed enough to do, whether with the sword or in the House of Burgesses, where Robert Dinwiddie said his say with more force than complaisance. So taken was I with the life — my first excursion into the wide working world — that I delayed my going back to Glasgow, the more so that some matters touching my property called for

action by the House of Burgesses, and I had to drive the affair to the end. Sir John had done better by me than he thought, and I thanked him over and over again for his good gifts.

"Presently I got a letter from my father's old partner to say that my dear mother was ill. I got back to Glasgow only in time — but how glad I was of that! — to hear her last words. I had one uncle left, and he was ever kind to me; but when my mother was gone, I turned towards Virginia with longing, for I could not so soon go against her wishes and join the King's army on the Continent, and less desire had I to be a Glasgow merchant. Gentlemen merchants had better times in Virginia. So there was a winding-up of my father's affairs, not greatly to my pleasure; for it was found that by unwise ventures his partner had periled the whole, and lost part of the property, which he, with my father, had made valuable. But as it was, I had a competence and several houses in Glasgow, and I set forth to Virginia with a goodly sum of money and a shipload of merchandise, which I should sell to merchants, if it chanced I should become a planter only. I was warmly welcomed by old friends and by the Governor and his family, and I soon set up an establishment of my own in Williamsburg, joining with a merchant there in business, while my land was worked by a neighboring planter.

"Those were hearty days, wherein I made little money, but had much pleasure in the giving and taking of civilities, in throwing my doors open to acquaintances, and with my young friend, George Washington, laying the foundation for a Virginian army, by drill and yearly duty in camp, with occasional excursions against the Indians. I saw very well what the end of our troubles with the French would be, and I waited for the time when I should put to keen use the sword which Sir John Godric had given me. Indeed, those were cheerful days,

and life beat high, for I was in the first joy of manhood, and the spirit of a rich new land was waking in us all, while in our vanity we held to and cherished forms and customs that one would have thought to see left behind in London streets and drawing-rooms. These things, these functions in a small place, kept us a little vain and proud, but I hope it gave us some sense of civic duty, too.

"And now I come to that which will, comrade of my heart, bring home to your understanding what lies behind the charges against me.

"Trouble came between Canada and

interested in all, but when I named Sir John Godric she became at once much impressed, and I told her of his great attachment to Prince Charles. More than once she returned to the subject, begging me to tell her more; and so I did, still, however, saying nothing of certain papers Sir John had placed in my care. A few weeks from the first occasion of my speaking, there was a new arrival at the fort. It was—can you guess?—Monsieur Doltaire. The night after he came he visited me in my quarters, and after courteous passages, of which I need not speak, he suddenly said, 'You have the names of Sir

“‘See, monsieur le capitaine,’ said he, ‘this little affair at Fort Necessity, at which you became a hostage, shall or shall not be a war between England and France as you shall dispose.’ And when I asked him how, he said, ‘First, will you give me your word that you will not, to aid yourself, disclose what I tell you? You can see that matters will be where they were an hour ago, in any case.’ I agreed, for I could act even if I did not speak. So I gave my word. Then he told me that if those letters were not put into his hands La Pompadour would be enraged, and, fretful and hesitating now, would join Austria against England, since in this provincial war was an emphatic cue for battle. If I gave the letters up, she, being in good humor, would not stir, and the disputed territory between us should be by articles conceded by the French. I thought much and long, during which he sat smoking and humming, himself seeming to care little how my answer went. At last I turned on him, and told him I would not give up the letters, and if a war must hang on a whim of malice, then, by God’s help, the rightness of our cause would be our strong weapon to bring France to her knees.

“‘That is your final answer?’ said he, rising, fingering his lace, and viewing himself in a looking-glass upon the wall.

“‘I will not change it now or ever,’ answered I.

“‘Ever is a long time,’ retorted he, as one might speak to a willful child. ‘You shall have time to think, you shall have space for reverie. For you must know that if you do not grant this trifle, you shall no more see your dear Virginia; and when the time is ripe, you shall go forth to a better land, as the Grande Marquise shall give you carriage.’

“‘The Articles of Capitulation!’ I broke out. He waved his fingers at me.

“‘Ah, that,’ he rejoined, — ‘that is a matter for conning. You are a hostage. Well, we need not take any man the English offer in exchange for you.

Indeed, why should we be content with less than a prince or a royal duke? For you are worth more to us just now than any prince we have; at least so says the Grande Marquise. Is your mind quite firm to refuse?’ he added, nodding his head in a bored sort of way.

“‘Entirely,’ said I. ‘I will not part with those letters.’

“‘But think once again,’ he urged; ‘the gain of territory to Virginia, the peace between our countries.’

“‘Folly!’ said I. ‘I know well you overstate the case. You turn a small intrigue into a game of nations. Yours is a schoolboy’s tale, Monsieur Doltaire.’

“‘You are something of an ass,’ he mused, and took a pinch of snuff.

“‘And you — you have no name,’ retorted I. I did not know how this might strike home in two ways, when I spoke, or I should not have said it. I had not meant, of course, that he was King Louis’s illegitimate son.

“‘There is some truth in that,’ he replied patiently, though a red spot flamed high on his cheeks. ‘But some men need no naming to give them distinction, and others win their names with proper weapons. I am not here to quarrel with you. I am acting in a large affair, not in a small intrigue; a century of fate may hang on this. Come with me,’ he added. ‘You doubt my power, maybe.’

“He opened the door of the cell, and I followed him out, past the storehouse and the officers’ apartments, to the drawbridge. Standing in the shadow by the gate, he took keys from his pocket. ‘Here,’ said he, ‘are what will set you free. This fort is all mine: I act for France. Will you care to free yourself? You shall have escort to your own people. You see I am most serious,’ he added, laughing lightly. ‘It is not my way to sweat or worry. You and I hold war and peace in our hands. Which shall it be? In this trouble France or England will be mangled. It tires one to think of it when life can be so easy. Now, for the

last time,' he urged, holding out the keys. 'Your word of honor that the letters shall be mine — eh?'

"'Never,' I concluded. 'England and France are in greater hands than yours or mine. The God of Battles still stands beside the balances.'

"He shrugged a shoulder. 'Oh well,' said he, 'that ends it. It will be interesting to watch the way of the God of Battles. Meanwhile you travel to Quebec. Remember that however free you may appear you will have watchers, that when you seem safe you will be in most danger, that in the end we will have those letters or your life; that meanwhile the war will go on, that you shall have no share in it, and that the whole power of England will not be enough to set her hostage free. That is all there is to say, I think. . . . Will you have a glass of wine with me?' he added courteously, waving a hand towards the commander's quarters near the gate.

"I assented, for why, thought I, should there be a personal quarrel between us? We talked for an hour or more on many things, and his I found the keenest mind that ever I have met. There was in him a dispassionateness, a breadth, which seemed most strange in a trifle of the Court, in an exquisite — for such he was. And I sometimes think that his foppery was deliberate, lest he should be taking himself or life too seriously. His intelligence charmed me, held me, and, later, as we traveled up to Quebec, I found my journey one long feast of interest. He was never dull, and his cynicism had an admirable grace and cordiality. A born intriguer, he still was above intrigue, justifying it on the basis that life was all sport. In logic a leveler, praising the moles, as he called them, the champion of the peasant, the apologist for the bourgeois, who always, he said, had civic virtues, he nevertheless held that what was best, that it could not be altered, and that it was all interesting. 'I never repent,' he said to me

one day. 'I have done after my nature, in the sway and impulse of our time, and as the King has said, After us the deluge. What a pity it is we shall see neither the flood nor the ark! And so, when all is done, we shall miss the most interesting thing of all: ourselves dead, and the gap and ruin we leave behind us. By that, from my standpoint,' he would add, 'life is a failure as a spectacle.'

"Talking in this fashion and in a hundred other ways, we came to Quebec. And, dearest girl, you know in general what happened. I met your honored father, whose life I had saved on the Ohio some years before, and he worked for my comfort in my bondage. You know how exchange after exchange was refused, and that for near three years I have been here, fretting my soul out, eager to be fighting in our cause, yet tied hand and foot, wasting time and losing heart, idle in an enemy's country. As Doltaire said, war was declared, but not till he had made here in Quebec last efforts to get those letters. I do not complain so bitterly of these lost years, since they have brought me the best gift of my life, your love and friendship; but my enemies here, commanded from France, have bided their time, till an accident has given them a cue to dispose of me without openly breaking the accepted law of nations. They could not decently hang a hostage, for whom they had signed articles. But they have got their chance, as they think, to try me for a spy.

"Here is the case. When I found that they were determined, and had ever determined to violate their articles, that they never intended to set me free, I felt absolved from my duty as an officer on parole, and I therefore sent to George Washington a plan of Fort Du Quesne and one of Quebec. I knew that I was risking my life by so doing, but that did not deter me. By my promise to Doltaire, I could not tell of the matter between us, and whatever he has done in other ways, he has preserved my life;

for it would have been easy to have me dropped off by a stray bullet, or to have accidentally drowned me in the St. Charles. I believe this matter of the letters to be between myself and him and Bigot; and perhaps not even Bigot, though he must know that La Pompadour has some peculiar reason for interesting herself in a poor captain of provincials. You now can see another motive for the duel which was brought about between your poor brother and myself.

"As I told you, I sent plans of the forts to Washington. These, with my letters, were given by him to General Braddock, and the sequel you know: they have fallen into the hands of my enemies, copies have gone to France, and I am to be tried for my life. Preserving faith with my enemy Doltaire, I cannot plead the real cause of my long detention; I can only urge that they had not kept to their articles, and that I, therefore, was free from the obligations of parole. I am sure they have no intention of giving me the benefit of any doubt. My real hope lies in escape and the intervention of England, though she, alas! has not concerned herself about me, as if indeed she resented the non-delivery of those letters to Doltaire, since they were addressed to one she looked on as a traitor, and held by one whom she had unjustly put under suspicion.

"And so, dear Alixe, you see how the events of my childhood have played their part in the crises of my mature years. From that little fort on the banks of the river Kelvin where I played in childhood have come these strange twistings of my life, and I can date this dismal fortune of a dungeon from that day I ran with my grandfather's stick to the riverside, defying my mother; or, if it seems more likely, from the day The Man made his prophecy

from the wall of my mud fort. 'Ye that build forts here shall lie in darksome prisons,' he said. That is to say, leaving out the significance of his prophecy, if he had not died in my little fort, I should not have known Sir John Godric, nor ever gone to Virginia, nor lain a prisoner here. But, comrade of my heart, I should not have known you! And so, in spite of all, I thank God for whatever fortune may be. I would not change it now for any other man's, since it is my glory and pride to have your love, though it may be at some bitter price to you.

"In this long letter you have the heart of my story, — a simple one, as you may see, yet having strange accidents of its own. Whatever comes now, if you have this record, you will know what I was and am, and the private history of my life. All? Yea, indeed, all, in true fact, though I had forgotten one thing which I shall tell you now. I did not think of it as I fashioned my story, for it bore not on my fate. The Governor of Virginia had a daughter, whose beauty had my eye, and I do confess that I had some thoughts of her for a wife; but I had not paid her court, nor did I love her, though I might well have been proud to do so. She was not interwoven with my life, and with my leaving Virginia on the expedition that sent me here to languish the vague matter ended, neither having expressed more than what is common between friends. . . . And so, I have told all, with unpracticed tongue, but with a wish to be understood, and to set forth a story of which the letter should be as true as the spirit. Friend beyond all price to me, some day this tale will reach your hands, and I ask you to house it in your heart, and, whatever comes, let it be for my remembrance. God be with you, and farewell!"

Gilbert Parker.

MACBETH.

THERE is a brief mention in the *Life* of Macaulay of a discussion among some members of the Literary Club as to the relative rank of Shakespeare's "four great tragedies," *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. This is the order in which they were ranked by Macaulay. The other speakers, however, agreed in assigning the highest place to *Macbeth*, a preference which Macaulay attributed to the powerful impression produced by Mrs. Siddons in her famous personation of Lady Macbeth. But many persons who never saw Mrs. Siddons, and who perhaps formed their judgment merely from reading the play, have taken the same view; and it is one in which all readers might concur if they confined their attention to the dramatic construction of the work, and looked at it simply as the production of a consummate playwright. In this respect it is undoubtedly the author's masterpiece. It may be called a typical Elizabethan drama, in the same sense in which the *Cædipus Tyrannus* has been called a typical Greek drama; bearing the same analogy, though not the same resemblance, to that which *King Lear* bears to the *Cædipus Coloneus*. It is distinguished by the concentration and rapid movement of the action, by the logical development of the plot from the initiatory situation to the inevitable conclusion, and by the absence of subordinate complications and of everything partaking of the nature of digression, episode, or commentary. It is the shortest of the great tragedies, with the fewest changes of scene, the smallest number of important characters, and the most concise speeches. Alike in soliloquy and in dialogue the utterance is constantly connected with or suggestive of some external movement or perception, so that here, at least, the performers should find little difficulty in

suiting the action to the word, the word to the action. Finally, the "effects" are in the highest degree "telling," full of strong contrasts and swift alternations, such as hold an audience in a state of breathless suspense, or startle it as with a sudden crash.

These peculiarities, coupled with some incidental defects in the literary workmanship, have suggested a theory that the play was written in haste, for a particular occasion. That it was struck off, so to speak, at a white heat is highly probable; but the subject was one which imposed a purely dramatic treatment, and did not lend itself to that expansive and discursive elaboration with which Shakespeare is wont to pour forth his profoundest thoughts, his subtlest observations, his most bewitching fancies, and his sweetest flow of verse, in passages which we study and are enthralled by in the closet, but which the modern stage so often finds it necessary to mutilate or excise. In *Macbeth*, as generally in his tragedies, and as all creators of heroic poems, whether tragic or epic, have been accustomed to do, Shakespeare drew his material, the situations and incidents, from the copious fountain of popular legend and tradition. There was a real *Macbeth*, who overthrew his sovereign or overlord, Duncan, and was himself overthrown by Duncan's son, Malcolm. But the version of his story which Shakespeare borrowed from Holinshed was a creation of the popular imagination, working upon partially known or dimly remembered facts, interpreting and embellishing them by its own familiar processes, and thus not only adorning the tale, but pointing the moral. The result of this operation in the present case, as also, though less obviously, in other narratives having a similar origin, was to transform one of the commonest events

of mediæval history into an unconscious reproduction in mediæval guise of the story of the Fall of Man. Here is essentially the same situation, with the same natural and supernatural agencies. In both there is the violation of the divine command, — “Ye shall not eat,” “Thou shalt not kill;” in both there is the tempter seeking to defeat the Almighty’s will, — the subtle serpent, the witches, or the power which they serve and represent; in both there is the delusive assurance, keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope, — “Ye shall not surely die,” “No man of woman born shall harm Macbeth;” in both there are the husband and the wife, the woman the bolder of the two, not only an accomplice, but an instigator of the deed.

Now it was never Shakespeare’s habit to modify materially a story which came already invented to his hand, by mere extraneous alterations and additions. His own imagination was in close touch with that universal poetical faculty to which we owe the treasures of myth, legend, and folk-lore. He shared in its necessity for transmuting, gilding, and winging the vulgar fact, so that it should find world-wide acceptance and application. He assented to its fundamental belief that there are more things in heaven and earth than philosophy dreams of, and readily accepted its accounts of a continuous intercourse between a visible and an invisible world. He uses these things as congruous and coherent portions of his subject, not as symbolical fantasies hovering around it, which is the modern archaic mode of treating them. In the single play of which the plot seems with certainty to be wholly of his own invention, — that “one entire and perfect chrysolite,” *The Tempest*, — he assumes, one may say, *in propria persona*, the character of the magician; performs the wildest feats and summons up the daintiest sprite ever evoked by necromancy; and when the

revels are ended lays aside his robe and staff, and vanishes from our sight. In *Macbeth* he adopts the supernatural machinery supplied to him with the rest of the action, using it in all its details, while transfusing into it his own incomparable art. He is truer to what was without doubt the original version, woven at firesides or on Highland sheep pastures, than is the chronicle from which he extracted the story; for there we detect the traces of a prosaic literary manipulation, seeking to exalt the rude popular conceptions into more dignified forms. Thus the “weird sisters” are described by Holinshed as “creatures of elder world,” “the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science.” This boggling mixture of diverse forms and ideas was assuredly no product of Scottish superstition. Fairies, good or bad, could have no place in a tale like this; nymphs were creations of a very different time and region; and as for the “goddesses of destinie,” they were not only beings of an elder world, but denizens of the nether world, where they spun the web and cut the thread of human lives, ministers of inexorable Fate, serenely indifferent to the results of their task, taking no active part in human affairs. Shakespeare’s “weird sisters,” though they “*seem* not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,” are yet “on ’t” and of it. They are agents, not of Fate, which allots both good and bad to men, but of the powers of evil. They are “beldames,” “hags,” grotesque and malignant creatures, hated and condemned by the people with whom they seek to mingle, and wreaking their own spite in return. In a word, they are witches, intrinsically vulgar and despicable, sublimated for the nonce by the awful office entrusted to them and by the genius of the poet, but yet the veritable and familiar products of the popular imagination, which would have recognized them for its own, perhaps with-

out a suspicion of the idealization they had undergone.

It is the second act of *Macbeth* which exhibits the dramatic power of Shakespeare at its highest point, in a scene unequaled in this respect by any other in the whole range of the drama, ancient and modern. It is the pivotal scene of the play, that which forms the crisis of the action, in which deliberation passes into accomplishment, and the issue of a mental conflict, already determined by the will, becomes an irrevocable fact. The preliminary bending-up of each corporal agent to the terrible feat, the perturbation in the performance, the sudden and overwhelming revulsion that follows, are the features that give to this scene its profoundest interest; but it is the accessories, the confluent circumstances, each with its own import and significance, all blended and adjusted with consummate skill, that render it a picture, fixing the lines and figures in indelible colors. It is therefore on these details, in their harmonious relation to the psychological core of the situation, that one's attention settles in a consideration of Shakespeare's method of setting his conceptions for visual presentation.

The place is the inner court of *Macbeth's* castle, open to the sky, but surrounded by walls with doors and passages leading to interior apartments and to exterior lodging-places. We do not gather these particulars from a description prefixed to the scene, for none such is given, either here or elsewhere, in the old editions of the Elizabethan dramatists, but from casual indications in the progress of the action. Such indications are generally vague or altogether wanting in the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries. One may read whole plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, for example, with very little notion of the whereabouts or the background of the action. These writers may conceive the thing they wish to represent with force

and even intensity of feeling; but they do not see it, and consequently do not set it, in that environment through which it receives the impress of reality, of complete correspondence with the events of actual life, which are always thus characterized and variegated. Shakespeare, on the contrary, incorporates the external concomitants with the essence of the action; and it is those of his plays in which he has blended the component elements most completely that are the sole survivals on the English stage of that grand dramatic art which was once its monopoly and its glory. There was no scenery on the stage in his day, but there is seldom any lack of scenery in his plays.

The time is night. The time and the passage of the time are kept continually before our minds by allusions and imagery that make the darkness symbolical of the deed which it enshrouds and facilitates. This is in accordance with Shakespeare's habitual mode of steeping the action in its characteristic atmosphere, a practice especially noticeable in the night scenes which are so frequent in his tragedies, and which occur, indeed, in all but a very few of his plays. In such scenes Night presides over the action, arrayed as befits the season and the clime. The warm, luscious night of the southern summer enfolds and conspires with the elish bewilderments in the Athenian wood, the trysts and meetings in life and death of the enraptured lovers of Verona, the elopement at Venice, and the rendezvous at Belmont on that loveliest of all nights, with the moonlight sleeping on the bank, while Lorenzo and Jessica call up things that had happened in the fabled past "in such a night as this," and listen to Portia's music, which "sounds much sweeter than by day." In strong contrast with these are the northern nights, as that on the platform at Elsinore, when it is "an eager and a nipping air," and the ghost stalks under the glimpses of the moon,

while the stillness is broken by the blatant noises from the castle that proclaim the drunken wassail of the usurper; or that — of all nights the most awful — on the British heath, when the elements discharge their fury on the houseless and distraught Lear, who bares himself to the deluge and bids the storm rage on, while the fool and the madman shiver and chatter beside him.

Here in the Highlands of Scotland the season is again summer, but summer tempered by mountain breezes, and liable to sudden and violent changes of weather, now fair, now foul. "This castle hath a pleasant seat." The air is "delicate" and "smells wooingly," recommending itself "nimble and sweetly" to the "gentle senses" of Duncan as he makes his "fatal entrance" under the battlements. But now it is night, the deepest part of the night, "when o'er the one-half world nature seems dead." It is the short, swift night of hyperborean summers. The festivities are over in the hall, though they will be prolonged in the servants' quarters till the second cockerow. Duncan is in his bed, wrapped in the "innocent sleep" of an unburdened soul, the secure sleep of one who is here "in double trust," in the safe-keeping of the kinsman who is both his subject and his host. There are no sounds yet of approaching tempest, but the darkness has become intense. The moon went down at twelve, or later, and the stars are hidden. "There's husbandry in heaven; their candles are all out." Something is about to happen which Nature is taking note of and preparing to accord with; and Banquo, who has been in attendance on the king, and who, as he crosses the court, pauses to observe the signs of the hour, is dimly conscious of a presentiment, and prays to be saved from the recurrence of the "cursed thoughts," the recollection of the weird sisters and their enticements, which had infested his previous night's sleep. He meets Macbeth, confides to him the diamond which

Duncan, in requital of his entertainment, has sent to Lady Macbeth, receives from him an intimation that has a veiled but fateful drift, and leaves him with exchange of wishes for "good repose."

And so throughout the scene commonplace details become significant and ominous, as if the ordinary course of things had been drawn into the vortex, — as is also the case in every great crisis of real life, through that absorption of the mind, alike of the actors and the spectators, which tends to connect and assimilate with the main movement all that is merely incidental. At such times, every sound, every pause, every interval of silence, is charged with a mysterious meaning. Macbeth still lingers on the stage, his fevered brain prefiguring in the air-drawn dagger the instrument he is to use, when the stroke of a bell, the concerted signal from his wife, warns him that the hour for action is come. Then, when he has left the scene, and Lady Macbeth enters, the shriek of the owl is heard, startling even her constant mind, announcing, as it were, that the deed is being watched. It is accomplished; and the murderer — he who in a moment has cast himself into a gulf from which there can be no return — staggers back, trembling, overwhelmed with horror and fear, pressing his blood-stained hands upon his eyes to shut out that dreadful spectacle which will nevermore be absent from his inward vision, speaking in hoarse, disjointed whispers, hearing the reverberations of the voice that has already denounced his crime and proclaimed his doom: —

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep
no more."

But now another sound breaks in, responsive to and confirmatory of that sentence, — the "knocking," which, repeated at ever shorter intervals and in louder tones, keeps the hearers in a constant state of startled expectation. Whence

comes it? What means it? It is merely the knocking of Macduff at the gate of "the south entry," who comes, as commanded by the king, to "call time-ly on him." "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!" But it is not alone Macduff and his companion, Lennox, who come. It is also the Day, coming to discover what the accomplice Night has hidden, and to report that the powers of the air have been privy to the act, and have raged and desolated in concert with it. The suspense, however, is prolonged by the gabble of the porter, which has been thought by some critics out of keeping with the character of the scene, but which seems intended rather to throw it into stronger relief, through the junction and contrast of what is vulgar and trivial with what is extraordinary and appalling; marking the common obliviousness of those moral earthquakes to which human existence is subject, the common insensibility to their premonitory signs. And when Macbeth returns, and, after directing Macduff to the door leading to the king's chamber, fixes his gaze upon it, and hears from Lennox, with little comprehension of its meaning, the account of the storm and the havoc it has wrought, this last short interval of suspense, with the two streams of consciousness and unconsciousness flowing side by side, strains expectation to its highest pitch. Then suddenly the alarm is given; the castle bell peals out its summons; the frightened guests pour in; and the scene, which had begun in low, half-smothered tones, rises in swift crescendo to a tremendous fortissimo.

The other chief scenes in the play — the banquet scene, the caldron scene, above all the marvelous sleep-walking scene — are characterized by the same close and concentrated application of skill on the production of strong effects. One might have expected, therefore, that Macbeth would prove the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies, both with

actors and with audiences, and especially in these later times, when there is a complete divorce between the drama and literature properly so called; when plays are not only written exclusively for representation, but have no vitality apart from that. Such has not, however, been the case. Except on rare occasions, Macbeth, despite its apparent supremacy as an "acting play," has less attraction than *Lear*, *Othello*, and above all *Hamlet*. Nor is the reason far to seek. Of the two elements which Aristotle's definition requires in tragedy, it has but one. It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless love. Lacking these, it lacks charm. The characters on whom the interest is concentrated are not the innocent sufferers, but the guilty workers of woe, and, if not outcasts from our sympathy in the woe they thereby bring upon themselves, they are far from making any demands upon our affection. Macbeth stands alone among Shakespeare's great productions as a picture of crime and retribution unrelieved by any softer features, — like some awful Alpine peak, girdled with glaciers, abysses, and seething mists, with no glimpses of green vales or flower-bespangled pastures.

This sternness and boldness render the ethical motive which is incorporated in every great tragedy, without which tragedy is invertebrate and ephemeral, especially prominent in Macbeth. We are never for an instant beguiled away from the contemplation of that spectacle which inspires the same kind of awe, but in a far greater degree, as a shipwreck or some similar catastrophe; that, namely, of the temptation, surrender, and perdition of a soul. What gives to the spectacle its heroic proportions lies in the nature of the seduction and in the character of those who yield to it. It is the "golden round" of sovereignty that is offered; it is the aspiring spirit that

impels. The sphere of enterprise is the highest, the peril the greatest, the qualities demanded are not those of ignoble minds.

The common tendency to treat the characters of Shakespeare's personages as subjects for analysis proceeds not only from their surpassing interest, but from the conditions under which he, in common with all dramatists, unfolds his conceptions. The dramatist cannot, like the novelist, give us the biography of his persons, the history of their mental and moral development; he presents them at the crisis of their fate, swerved from the regular tenor of their lives, subjected to tests that convulse their whole nature, and bring up from abysmal depths unsuspected deposits. The dramatist cannot stop to explain and elucidate; he must trust to the suggestiveness of the action, and to the possession by his public of an intuitive faculty responsive to that by which his conceptions have been evolved. In *Macbeth* this is especially the case. Here all the light is concentrated upon the dramatic situation, which looms up at the outset and holds us absorbed to the end, with no intervals of repose and retrospection, no by-play, no mingling of relations and diversity of discourse, such as in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Lear* widen the point of view; presenting the characters at different angles, familiarizing us with their aspect and demeanor under ordinary circumstances, and giving a clue to their antecedents. Instead of such side-lights as these, we have only casual hints, such as Lady Macbeth's description of her husband's nature as "full o' the milk of human kindness," — a description which appears to some critics so inconsistent with the traits which he exhibits in the play that they coolly decide that the lady was blissfully ignorant of her husband's real character; which is, of course, the same thing as saying that Shakespeare was under a like misapprehension in regard to it. But it is in fact through her perfect knowledge

of his character that she is able to control and fix his infirm and wavering will. To reject such testimony as this is to forego our only means of deep insight and discriminative judgment. For these persons have no intimates or confidants, are surrounded by no group of dispassionate observers; they are morally isolated, and are seen by others only in a glare that obliterates all distinction and blending of hues. It is only by the revelations of their privacy that the general impression can be modified and corrected.

Let us for a moment, if it be possible, look at these domestic scenes in obliviousness of their deadly purport, imagine ourselves spectators with no knowledge of the secret aim. How close is the bond between the husband and the wife! How firmly they are knit together by mutual trust and dependence, by complete community of interests, and by the fullest and freest interchange of sentiments! And the contrast between them makes the alliance all the more admirable, supplying characteristics in which they are separately wanting. *He* is of a highly nervous and susceptible temperament, appreciative of the force of resistant motives and conflicting ends, and hence subject to fits and starts of resolution and reluctance, to all the fluctuations of opposing impulses. *She* is eminently firm, consistent, and practical; disdainful of obstacles, fertile in expedients, blinded to all other considerations by the singleness with which her heart is set upon its object, — not *un-feminine*, but *ultra-feminine* in this particular trait. Macbeth's impressible imagination has been nurtured by the visions that rise amid the mountain mists, and his mind has retained all the beliefs and terrors of a time when his senses would have cooled to hear a night-shriek, and his fell of hair would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir as life were in it. His ears are open to "supernatural solicitings," his eyes to spectral apparitions. He is akin to

the Highland "seers," the possessors of the "second sight." Not the less is he the valiant soldier, the intrepid captain, foremost in achievement and renown. And Lady Macbeth, though she upbraids his fickleness of purpose and treats his visions as the mere coinage of his brain, is none the less his devoted helpmeet, who shares, incites, and fortifies his hopes, and inspires him with admiration of her undaunted courage and her ability in counsel and device. She is the experienced *châtelaine*, who knows well how to rule her household and manage its affairs; equal to sudden and great occasions, nor neglectful of the smallest offices; shining forth as the "most kind hostess" of the sovereign by a reception which fills him with "measureless content;" not omitting, when "great news" has thrown her into unwonted excitement, to order that the spent messenger shall have proper "tending."

Such is the aspect in which this couple appear to us while we are not yet cognizant of their secret thoughts and acts, while we share the ignorance of the world around them, which holds them worthy of its highest esteem and admiration. Then suddenly the veil is withdrawn, and they become the objects of our abhorrence, traitors and assassins, destroyers of the life which they beyond all others were bound to shelter and defend. Is this, then, the unmasking of abnormally depraved natures, the culmination of a career of guilt and hypocrisy leaping suddenly into detection? Or is it the result of a moral cataclysm, sweeping away the protective barriers of conscience and humanity, and leaving the soul helpless against the assaults of temptation? Strictly speaking, it is neither the one nor the other. What has taken place is the development of a germ fostered originally in unconsciousness of its poisonous properties, nurtured in the same soil with fair and beneficent things, entangled with these, and at last choking them.

The passion which has grown with Macbeth's growth and strengthened with his strength, which is rooted in the capacities of his intellect and the conscious sense of merit, which is sunned and stimulated by the sympathy that is dearest to him, and by the quick rewards of achievement that beckon him ever onward and upward, is a desire, a craving, for distinction, for eminence. It is not the cynical greed for power and success which has no need of approbation or applause. Far otherwise; what he most longs for is honor, — not mere "mouth honor," not the breath of reverence, "which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not," but honor associated with "love, obedience, troops of friends," the "golden opinions" to be won "from all sorts of people" by great and noble exploits. It cannot be that his own instincts are at variance with the instincts to which he appeals, that he who aspires to a place in all hearts is himself heartless. But in that fiery struggle, in which all the incentives to crime — vaulting ambition, unforeseen opportunity, a well-concocted plan — are confronted, and for a time repelled, by his clear perception of the atrocity of the act, and his vivid anticipation of the direful effect when

"Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye," —

in this critical moment he is unarmed, powerless; his conscience has been too long tampered with and weakened to make resistance effectual; he is overborne by the taunting reminder that he is already committed to the enterprise; that he has hoped, plotted, and pledged himself, and cannot now retire except with the self-disdain of the convicted coward.

And she who with those terrible lashings drives him over the precipice when he is shrinking back appalled, — shall we say with some critics that she is ut-

terly fiendlike, that "Shakespeare never meant her for anything better than a character of superb depravity"? Before a legal tribunal the evidence in support of this view would seem overwhelming, and the circumstances pleaded in extenuation, such as her unselfish devotion to her husband, would have very little weight. When we recall her apparent utter insensibility to the enormity of the crime, the cool deliberation with which she plans its details, the unrelenting sternness with which she urges and enforces its accomplishment, the unflinching nerve with which she snatches the bloody daggers from Macbeth's feeble grasp and imbrues them afresh in the dead man's gore in order to smear the faces of the sleeping grooms, declaring that "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," we seem to be present at a scene so terrible and ghastly that devils themselves might have quailed at the sight. And yet no reader, it is certain, looks at Lady Macbeth with unmixed and absolute detestation and loathing, or places her in the same category, I do not say with Regan and Goneril, who are monsters, but with that perfect incarnation of the fiendlike intellect and temperament, Iago; or even with that figure from the ancient tragedy which seems to suggest a more appropriate comparison, Clytemnestra. In both cases the contrast overbears the resemblance. In Clytemnestra the cruelty of the murderess is mixed with the degradation of the adulteress, and, though she asserts the palliative motive of vengeance for a great wrong, the effect — one can hardly tell why — is rather to deepen than to mitigate the impression of her ferocity. In Iago we have the true diabolic malignity, that loves evil, revels in it, finds it the proper element for the masterly exercise of craft and astuteness. His hatred of Othello has no explicable cause save the instinctive oppugnancy of the guileful for the guileless nature. Why was such cunning given to him except

to set snares for simplicity and honesty? Not Othello only, every truthful and trusting soul is his natural prey; and despite our admiration for his dexterity as a display of pure art, "art for art's sake," we consign him without the least reluctance to the infliction of the promised tortures.

This is not our feeling towards Lady Macbeth. She does not inspire us with hatred; she does not quench every sentiment of commiseration. It is not, however, her devotion to her husband's interests, which are identified with her own, nor her remembrance of the babes that had fed at her bosom and smiled in her face, — which is evoked only to illustrate the steely hardness of her determination, — nor the single shuddering recoil with which she notes the gray-haired sleeper's likeness to her father, that suffices to modify our judgment. It is the exhibition of that state of direful exaltation into which she has worked herself by the exercise of a massive will crushing every rebellious impulse, — it is this that throws upon her the full clear light which it is the office of art to shed over human character and action. She prepares herself for that consummation which "fate and metaphysical aid" now offer to the long-waiting hope and resolute heart, as if for the performance of a solemn sacrifice to the infernal deities. She invokes the "spirits that tend on mortal thoughts" to equip her for the task, to unsex her, to make thick her blood, to stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature may shake her fell purpose, to fill her from the crown to the toe topful of direst cruelty. The impious prayer is heard; the consecration is perfected; her perceptions are sealed to all impressions that might divert her from the object or unfit her for its accomplishment; she passes through the ordeal with the steady nerve and self-command with which she is wont to perform the commonest duties. She is

the same as before, but in a transformed condition. Every characteristic is projected in gigantic proportions on a screen that rises behind the illuminating flames of hell. She is in a moral trance, in a sleep not less, but more profound than that in which she will appear to us again, years hence, — for the last time, — when she will rehearse every act of the present, but not with the deadened perceptions of the present; no longer thinking that a little water clears us of this deed, but knowing that all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand.

It is somewhat singular that Macbeth and his wife have each found apologists, who seek to extenuate the criminality of the one at the expense of the other. Each in turn has been depicted as devoid of remorse, as in fact incapable of this sentiment. Such a view, as regards either of them, seems to proceed from a lack of definiteness in the conception of the term. The remorse which is the starting-point of repentance and atonement is not theirs, cannot be theirs; expiation, reparation, is impossible; peni-

tence were unavailing. But if remorse be the gnawing consciousness of guilt, it is apparent as the mental condition of both. The effort to stifle the voice of conscience would alone testify to its existence, — the voice that speaks so loudly in Lady Macbeth's declaration that

"these deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad;"

and in Macbeth's confession that he has put rancors in the vessel of his peace, and given his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man. It, surely, and not the mere apprehension of earthly vengeance, is the source of those terrible dreams that shake them nightly, that torture of the mind on which they lie in restless ecstasy. The wild impulse to harden the mind by the commission of fresh crimes is the very delirium of remorse. It is remorse, with all its attendant horrors, which is the punishment, the retribution, that overtakes this wretched pair and drags them to their final doom. For it is a remorse in which there lurks no hope, no germ, of redemption. It is the remorse of the damned.

John Foster Kirk.

GRIDOU'S PITY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

By the abbé's advice, Marie was to apply to Danton first of all, for he, being Minister of Justice as well as a member of the Commune of Paris, seemed especially qualified to grant a request like hers. The *citoyen* Picard needed no urging to accompany her; he was only too glad of the chance. Danton was his hero, and at the thought of seeing that great man face to face he was in an ecstasy.

Marie, after awaiting her turn among those who thronged the anterooms at the Ministry of Justice, was ushered into a spacious apartment, the long windows of

which, open to the balcony, gave a view of the Place Vendôme in the sultry August morning. At a table in the middle of the room sat the man who could grant or refuse her the one desire of her heart. She saw him as he has so often been described: a powerfully built figure, with an ungainliness about it betraying his peasant birth, a massive head, a face scarred by smallpox, the eyes narrow and deep-set, but yet over his whole person an air of indefinable grandeur that marked a leader of men, whether for good or for ill.

What he saw was a slight girl in a

gown of printed muslin, a little fichu, and a straw hat with flaring brim. The only distinction about that costume of a simple *bourgeoise* was the way in which it was worn, and that, perhaps, awakened curiosity; for though he glanced up carelessly at first, he continued to look as she approached, and half rose from his chair to motion her and her companion to be seated, then awaited in silence what she had to say.

It was said in as few and simple words as she could find. At the name "*Sombreuil*" he was evidently enlightened, but there was nothing in his manner to discourage her; on the contrary, he had an interested air, and when she had finished his remark was merely, "A singular petition, *mademoiselle*."

"I have been my father's almost constant companion, *monsieur*," she answered quietly, "and so far from being singular, nothing could be more natural than that now, when he needs me as never before, I should wish to go to him."

"But a prison is no place for you."

"Where is a daughter's place if not beside her father in misfortune?"

He shook his head slightly.

"Ah, think what a little favor!" she cried. "I might have come to beg for his release; but no! If his country has any charge against him, he will answer it, and I only ask you to make one prisoner more, — a willing one!" The very tone of her sweet voice was touching, and he did not look unmoved. Her hopes rose.

"You have friends in Paris, *mademoiselle*?"

With a slight motion of the hand she said, "*Monsieur Picard*, whose wife was once my nurse, has received me hospitably. I had been at my grandmother's, in the country, for a few days; very unfortunately, as I now think, for otherwise I should have had myself arrested with my father."

Leaning back in his chair, the great demagogue contemplated her in silence, almost, one might have thought, with

something like amusement. Finally he said, "Return to your grandmother, *mademoiselle*. Believe me, it is the only thing for you to do."

But he had listened too long if he did not mean to comply: she was not to be put off now so easily. With passionate entreaty she pleaded her father's age, her fear that the prison life would tell upon him, his need of her care, — anything, everything that she could think of. To it all came over and over the same answer, "Impossible — impossible — impossible." That was his last word.

It was a bitter disappointment. Citizen Picard dared not speak to her as they went away, she looked in such despair and was so plainly struggling against tears. But though he felt for her, he was really glad she should know her plan was out of the question, and doubtless when she was calmer she would herself see that this was all for the best. She could not complain of the reception she had met with, certainly, for Danton had been very amiable. That great man interesting himself so kindly, and advising her to return to her grandmother! For his own part, citizen Picard felt that he had something to think of for the rest of his life. If, however, he had known what a chapter in his country's history was then preparing, he might have used some other term than "*amiable*" as applied to Danton; it would not have seemed too much to say that he had been humane in telling his petitioner that a prison was no place for her.

They walked in silence for a little, until, at a corner, the citizen was obliged to say, "We turn here to go home, *mademoiselle*." He forgot his republicanism for a moment; but then Danton had said "*mademoiselle*," rather to the good patriot's surprise. Marie looked as if she did not understand, and he repeated that that was the way back, and offered to call a *fiacre*, lest she should be tired.

"But I am not going back! I am going to the *Hôtel de Ville*. I mean to see every member of the Commune, if I must;

and if they all refuse, I shall go to the prison gate and ask there." Her voice trembled, but her resolution was as firm as ever.

The good man was dumb before such incomprehensible persistency. Of what use would it be for him to speak, indeed, when Danton had spoken and this was the result? He remembered how Louison was always talking as if the nobility were different from other people, and now, for the first time, he thought perhaps she was right; he even hoped she was, trusting that if he had had a daughter she would have been rather more reasonable than this "noble" girl.

All the same, citizen Picard was a kind-hearted man; he would have gone with Marie from one end of Paris to the other and made nothing of it, if it could have been, as he thought, to any purpose; but he felt himself rather a victim when they got to the Hôtel de Ville. There, not a soul to give them any information! Plenty of people rushing hither and thither, but all intent on their own affairs; and if one of them did stop for a moment to answer a civil question, he never by any chance could tell what they wanted to know, while to apply to the ushers and doorkeepers who were standing about was worse than useless; for one would say scornfully that the Commune was in session and no member could be seen, and if they asked another when the session would be over, he merely shrugged his shoulders to indicate that there was no saying. It was desperate business.

At last, somebody who had met them several times as they wandered to and fro, wasting their steps in those endless halls, accosted them. Marie's attractive face wore such a pathetic expression of anxiety that he could not help asking her if she were looking for some one.

"Oh, monsieur, if you could help me, I should be so grateful! I want to speak with some member of the Commune, — with Robespierre, if possible, or Manuel, or Tallien."

"The session is just over, and there is Marat. I could introduce you to him." He looked in the direction where three men were coming towards them, talking eagerly together.

Marat! He was the last to whom she would have chosen to apply, with his furious diatribes against the nobles in *L'Ami du Peuple*. Would he grant any request of hers? And still, who could tell? To refuse to speak with him might be throwing a chance away.

A moment later, Marie found herself theatrically presented to the meanest looking of the three men as "a young *citoyenne* who sought an interview with 'the Friend of the People.'" The interview proved to be singularly public, for besides those who appeared to listen as a matter of course, Marat's companions and the person who had introduced her, there presently gathered others around the little group, attracted by the high, harsh voice which they doubtless all knew, and Marie perceived that it was to this chance audience quite as much as to her that Marat's remarks were directed during the scene which followed.

For herself, she found it hard to plead her cause at this tribunal. The man was repulsive to her; she could not speak to him from her heart. Her sincere nature felt the charlatan even in the neglected dress in which the self-appointed champion of the people played his part, and she saw nothing from which she could augur well in the unhealthy, livid face, with its retreating forehead and distorted mouth drawn to one side with an expression that was sinister because so unlike a smile. Still, she stated her petition as best she could, and thought here to give only her family name, "Virot." But the precaution was in vain.

"Virot, Virot," repeated Marat, and eyed her sharply. "Had your father a title?"

"He was the Marquis de Sombreuil."

And with that the storm burst upon her.

Her father was an enemy of the people! He was guilty of high treason to the nation! He was steeped in conspiracies! He had taken part in the crime of the 10th of August! His hands were imbrued in innocent blood! All this and much more he hurled at her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she controlled her indignation and forced herself to calmness for the sake of the end she had in view. When he stopped, his venom exhausted for the moment, she said, with dignity, —

"Monsieur Marat, I do not answer your accusations against my father, for I am not here to plead in his defense; he will do that himself whenever the opportunity is given him. Nor am I asking anything for him. I beg you simply to grant me the possibility of fulfilling a natural duty in ministering to an old man in declining health. It is a daughter's petition, Monsieur Marat, — only that!"

But he did not intend to let his wrath be turned away by a soft answer, and, after visibly casting about to get hold of it again, burst forth afresh, as if she had never spoken.

"Your father is a traitor!"

That was too much. "*Monsieur!*"

"I say he is a traitor! Has he not two sons among the *émigrés*?"

"His sons are where they believed that duty called them. He remained in the country."

"To hand it over to the enemy."

"By what right do you say that? The enemies of France could tell another tale. My father has drawn his sword again and again for his native land."

"He fought for Capet."

"He fought for his king and his country, like a loyal gentleman!"

"And Capet paid him. I fight for the nation with my pen, and for me it is reward enough to see the people free."

"Monsieur," she answered, with a pride that became her well, "the idea of any comparison between my father and you was far from my thought."

His mouth opened, but no words came. He glared at her. It would have needed more than that to make her flinch. Then, on a sudden, his whole expression changed; he seemed to grow calm.

"It is your wish to go to your father," he said, in his shrill key: "go to him, then! You are right: your place is there."

He drew out a notebook and penciled a few words, while Marie watched him, breathless. Was it possible? "With the privilege of seeing her father," she suggested, lest that should be forgotten.

He wrote precisely what she had dictated, signed himself "Marat, the Friend of the People," and handed her the bit of paper without a word. There was something uncanny in his docility, and while he preserved that profound silence it was impossible for Marie to be effusive in her gratitude; the most she could say was, "I shall remember this favor to my life's end."

To citizen Picard, however, as they went home, she declared that Marat had worn an air as if he thought he had played her a good trick. "He imagines, no doubt, that I shall not like a prison. He is mistaken. The worse it is, the better pleased I shall be to be there." And indeed she looked as radiant as if the little scrap of paper she held so precious were an invitation to a fête.

Good citizen Picard hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that she had gained her end. But he still marveled at her. "Such audacity!" he said to his wife, in private. He had expected nothing less than that she would be arrested on her own account.

"Ah yes, gentle as she is, she was always courageous," said Louison approvingly. And he might have known beforehand that she could understand no reflections upon her Mademoiselle Marie.

What follows here is part of a letter begun by Marie at the Abbaye, to her grandmother, on the chance of being able to send it. Before entering the prison

she had dispatched an account of all that had happened up to that moment, and she wrote now in order somewhat to relieve, if possible, her grandmother's anxiety as to her present circumstances.

"You will want to hear first, dear grandmamma, of the meeting with my father. I can describe it to you, but the joy of it you must imagine for yourself; I should not know how to tell that. As soon as I arrived, armed with my permission, I asked to be taken directly to him. The turnkey went in before me to say that some one had come. I heard my father start up and cry, 'Marie!' and I was in his arms. It did not occur to me at that moment to wonder how he knew it was I; I was thinking only of him, and saw only him. He had actually to give me over to some one who stood by, saying, 'Embrace her, abbé!' and then, 'My daughter, gentlemen,' before I perceived that we were not alone. Only think! the Abbé de Saint-Mart occupies the same room with him, and of course had prepared him to expect me. That was another happiness, — meeting the abbé again. I told you how I learned to appreciate him on that journey of ours as I never had before. It is a friend I have made in misfortune. And then, besides the abbé, there are three other gentlemen in the apartment. The prison is so full that they put a number of persons together in some of the larger rooms of this former monastery, and so, instead of finding my father in a little cell, and occupying another myself, as I had assumed would be the case, it turns out that we both have plenty of company. The room I am in belongs by good rights to the family of the *concierge*, and the Princesse de Tarente, the Marquise de Fausse-Lendry, and Mademoiselle Cazotte, the author's daughter, share it with me. The princess is the only one who is really a prisoner; for I was not so singular as you thought, dear grandmamma, in my project. Mademoiselle Cazotte came here with her father. — she is younger than I,

and her father older than mine, — and the marquise besieged the Hôtel de Ville for days to get permission to attend on her uncle, the Abbé de Rastignac, who is very infirm, and to whom she is devotedly attached. In some respects the little cell might have been more comfortable than this arrangement, but we make the best of inconveniences and privations, and otherwise enjoy the sympathetic society.

"We are allowed to pass some hours every day with our friends, and my father's companions are delicately considerate in withdrawing as far as they can, and leaving us such privacy as the circumstances admit of; but as it does not seem right to separate ourselves entirely, we end by engaging in general conversation; and I dare say, if you could hear us all talking, at times, quite gayly, you would think this an odd set of prisoners. But it is a point of honor to be cheerful and keep one's heart up, and our abbé, as you can imagine, greatly assists in this. I never knew him more charming. As for me, if I were a queen — but that is a sad simile! — if I were in the most brilliant surroundings imaginable, I could not be treated with more consideration.

"From the outer world rumors of one kind and another reach us now and then, and occasion conflicting emotions; but on such topics I can say nothing, for I must be able to tell Monsieur Delavacquerie, the keeper of the prison, that my letter contains only personal matters, and invite him to read it if he chooses. I trust, then, that he will have the kindness to send it, for you will be glad to know, at least, that I am well, and that my father's health is not positively suffering. He is very delicate, however, and at first looked to me changed, which alarmed me; but the abbé says he is brighter and better since I am here, and indeed he seems quite natural to me now. I have not yet told you that he scolded me very sweetly for coming. But little I cared for that!"

The letter, begun on the 1st of Sep-

tember, broke off at this point, and was never finished.

On Sunday, the 2d of September, a report of the fall of Verdun caused violent agitation in Paris. The national guard was called out, and there was talk of a general levy of the people. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon an alarm-gun was fired on the Pont-Neuf, and the tocsin sounded. But the report was false. Verdun had not surrendered, and historians do not hesitate to affirm that the tocsin and the alarm-gun had nothing whatever to do with Verdun, but were the preconcerted signal for an attack on the prisons; that the rumor of the surrender was employed simply to create an excitement, after which the national guard was disbanded with the announcement that it had been all a mistake, and the way was left clear for what was to follow. Certain it is that the massacres began at some points immediately.

That terrible Sunday opened for the prisoners with no alarming indication of how it was to end. It was told afterwards, as a proof of the attack at the Abbaye being expected, and consequently premeditated, that the keeper of the prison had sent his family away in the early morning. Of this the ladies who occupied one of his apartments were aware at the time, without attaching importance to the circumstance.

One of the jailer's children, who had often been in their room with the attendant, and whose heart Marie had won, came that morning and shyly presented her with a bunch of crimson roses, saying that she was going into the country, and should find plenty of flowers for herself, and also bring back many for mademoiselle. To please the child, Marie fastened the bright bouquet in the folds of muslin across her breast. She had put on a white gown because the heat promised to be oppressive, and, with her flowers, she looked so fresh in her simple elegance that when she went, later, to her father, all her little court came about her in admiration to ask,

What is the fête? They did not yet imagine that it was a fête of martyrs, but the flowers were the color for the day, — red.

The dinner of the prisoners on that 2d of September was served before two instead of at four o'clock, as usual. Naturally, that was an event for them, and the turnkey was assailed with questions on the subject. He was uncommonly taciturn, however; all he would say was that it had been so ordered; he had nothing to do with it.

"And was our appetite ordered also for two o'clock?" inquired the abbé.

Deceived by the serious tone, the turnkey answered abstractedly that as to that he could not say. Then, at the little ripple of laughter that went round, he started, and looked at the prisoners with an expression which they found difficult to interpret.

"What was the matter with Jacques?" they asked one another after he was gone. "He looked as if he had seen a ghost."

It was a day of surprises. The repast was hardly over when an unwonted sound made every one pause and listen. The report of a cannon? But why? A moment after, the bell of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, close at hand, boomed out, and was answered faintly from afar, then nearer, and again and again. The tocsin!

There was no more laughter when Jacques returned to set the table to rights. There were other grave faces than his, then, and he was besieged once more with importunate inquiries: What did it mean? What had happened? He told them Verdun had fallen, and that troops were to be sent off at once; but he hurried with his work, and then gathered up all the table-knives, which were usually left in readiness for the next occasion, and carried them off with him. Almost immediately upon that came Delavacquerie, brief and peremptory, to say that the prison was to be visited by a commission, and that the prisoners must be in their own rooms. He took Marie away.

A commission might mean a deputation from the Assembly or the Commune to inquire into their cases, but evidently nothing favorable was to be expected from such a visit at a moment when the city was stirred to its foundations by bad news from the army, and the prisoners passed the next hour in a state of anxious uncertainty. After that, they were only too well aware of the nature of the visitation. At four o'clock there was an ominous trampling of many feet in the little quiet streets around the Abbaye; then a thundering at the gate and a clamor for admission that could be distinctly heard by those within. A little later, being reinforced by a murderous crew fresh from the slaughter of two hundred and fifty priests at the Carmelite prison, the besiegers of the Abbaye effected an entrance and set up their tribunal.

It would be too much to say of the trials that they were a mere formality, for form they had none. A few trivial questions were asked as to name and age; then, perhaps, where the accused had been on the 10th of August, or, in the case of a priest, if he were ready to take the oath to the Constitution, and that sufficed. Let him be conveyed to La Force!

To prevent possible struggles on the part of the condemned, the sentence of death was not actually pronounced, but the order was that the victim should be removed to some other prison. At the Abbaye, it was generally, "To La Force!" and at the prison of La Force, "To the Abbaye!" Then the door was opened and the doomed man was pushed out into a sea of pikes. In spite of precautions, however, the prisoners seem to have known the fate that awaited them: possibly they had heard, long before their turn came, the groans of the dying; in any case, the wretches who butchered them were constantly coming into the little vaulted room where the "court" sat, to see who was to be next, and they were all bespattered from the carnage and their weapons were bloody. It was easy

to perceive then what going to La Force meant.

The prison register which lay open on the table before Maillard, at the Abbaye, is, or was a few years ago, still preserved in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police: a parchment-bound volume, stained and soiled within and without, the covers perhaps from lying among the wine bottles, for the judges grew thirsty and drank while they pronounced sentence. But once when the book was shown to a person who had been present at the massacres, some peculiar dark spots, of a certain regularity, upon its pages, were explained to be finger-marks: the men who had just dispatched one victim would come in and look over Maillard's shoulder to help select the next, and where they saw a name they knew would point to it, touching the page: And this one! And that one!

The narrow street of Sainte-Marguerite soon becoming encumbered with the bodies of the slain, the scene of the massacre was changed to a court, the entrance to which was not far from the prison door. There the men began to systematize their labors: the place was lighted with torches, for the slaughter went on all night; they had tables brought, on which bread and wine were placed, because they, like the "judges," required refreshment; they set up benches, too, for the spectators, the men on this side, the women on that, though it is but right to remember that the spectators were comparatively few in number. There was no general uprising of the people, no tumult in the city; except in the immediate vicinity of the prisons, all was still.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature of those wild days and nights is, that the actors in such a carnival of blood could show themselves human still from time to time; acquitting a prisoner occasionally, sometimes because even they could find no taint of royalism in him, or, it might be, as arbitrarily as they would have sent him to his death. Some word.

some generous trait, seems to touch their imagination, and the scene changes as if by magic. Shouts of "Long live the nation!" fill the air; the executioners, who a moment before were thirsting for the prisoner's blood, hail him with frantic rejoicing; intoxicated with their own clemency, they embrace him fraternally and pass him from arm to arm; they bear him in triumph through the streets, or they meet a carriage, and, turning out its occupants, place their charge in it, and so conduct him home, still to the cry of "Vive la nation!" There were instances where their sensibilities were so deeply touched that they asked, as a favor, to be allowed to witness the meeting between the rescued one and his friends, after which they went back to their "post" and to the "work," as they called it.

The night was passed by Marie and her unfortunate companions in indescribable anguish. When morning dawned, the jailer came at last and told them that their friends were living. But to Marie that was like a mockery, unless she could see her father and convince herself with her own eyes that she had him still, and she was so moving in her entreaties that there was no denying her.

But what a meeting was that! She could not have said now "the joy of it." It was rather the agony of it, as they held each other in a long embrace. She was the first to rouse herself, and turned upon the wretched jailer, who, pale and trembling with all the horrors he had witnessed, stood jingling his keys and bidding her, "Come! Come!"

"Go you!" she cried. "I stay here." From that resolve nothing could move her, and even her poor father, who through the night had been trusting that she was safer where she was than she would have been with him, could not bring himself to give her up again so soon. But he solemnly adjured the jailer, when his name should be called, to think of her, to come and take her back among the women, and

by all that he held sacred to protect that innocent head, at least.

As the jailer went away, Marie turned to her father's companions. "You will bear with me, gentlemen," she said, "though I come at an unaccustomed hour?"

It was not difficult to bear with her. To them she seemed even sweeter in her pallor and desolation, and speaking with that gentle dignity, than she had been in all her radiance of the day before. Her presence there, in the chamber of the dying, was like that of some blessed spirit. Only, as they watched her with her arms around her father's neck, he stroking back her hair and gazing long and earnestly into her beautiful eyes, as if to impress her image on his heart and take it with him to the unknown land, they thought how hard it would be for De Sombreuil to die while she held him so fast to life.

Marie hardly spoke. Her father, dwelling on the future which he trusted lay before her, longing to have the ordering of it, yet feeling with wretchedness how little he could do, would whisper to her now and then. She must remain in the prison until all was quiet. Her name ought not to be on the record; no one would think of her, and the jailer, he hoped, would care for her. Then, as soon as possible, she must leave the country; now that things were at this pass, he could not bear the thought of her staying longer without him. She might go to such a one of their friends, or to such another, and she must try to see her brothers. So he planned for her. Sad plans! all that she must do this and do that when — they two were parted.

"We shall not be parted!" was her only answer. And he would not distress her by insisting. It was hard enough for him to think that he must presently give her a last embrace and leave her to God's mercy.

The room was very still, for though the abbé seemed a prey to the spirit of

unrest, it was quite noiselessly that he wandered to and fro. Passing before Monsieur de Sombreuil and Marie, he would sometimes exchange a glance with them, a mute expression of sympathy. Once he said, "It is weary waiting!" and Marie was struck by the tired look in his face. The night had been one of ceaseless expectation; at any moment there might come the summons, and now he had reached the time when he longed to confront his fate, whatever it might be, — though indeed he knew that it must be the worst, — to go to meet it rather than wear his heart quite out in the misery of waiting. As he moved away, Marie followed him to the far corner of the room; and when he turned and saw her, the exclamation fell faintly from his lips, "Ah, child, child! perhaps but for me you would not be here!"

"I should have come, I must have come," she answered earnestly. "But if it were really and only through your assistance, I should thank you once more from my very heart. For now I shall never leave my father. I shall go with him where he goes, and shall plead for him, and beg and pray them to spare his life, — a woman can do that. Perhaps they will hear me. If not, I can die with him." She spoke with such simplicity, to her the sentiment she uttered was so natural, that she never guessed how it touched her listener, nor saw the tears that filled his eyes, but continued: "You have been very kind to me, and now there is one thing more; I came to ask it. Give me your blessing. It will help me."

She knelt. He was silent for a moment to collect himself, then spoke the solemn words, made the sign of the cross, and laid his hand gently on her head.

As she rose there was a look of perfect peace on her innocent face, and, with a sudden impulse, he took her hands to stay her.

"Give me *your* blessing, child!"

"Oh, may God bless you! May God bless and keep you!" she cried fervently.

"Amen," he said.

At that moment there was a sound of heavy steps along the passage; they paused at the door, and unaccustomed hands began to work at the bolts and locks. Some of the wretches from below had come themselves to summon their next victim. Within, the prisoners stood breathless until the door swung back, disclosing two or three grim figures, and an imperious voice called hoarsely, "Saint-Mart, priest!"

The weary waiting was over.

"Here," the abbé responded steadily. Marie was still close beside him, and he bent to kiss her with tender reverence; then gave his hand right and left as the others pressed around, turned at the door to wave a farewell with his old, pleasant smile upon his lips, and so was gone. But it may be that a pure heart's benediction was fulfilled upon him then and there, for he had the last blessing that this earth held for him, — his martyrdom was short.

Those whom he left behind knew that. It was but a little while before the steps were heard again; and now the call was for "Sombreuil."

He too was ready. When the fatal moment came, the sooner he tore himself away from his sweet child, the better. But on the threshold there was a loving struggle, and the father's voice cried in anguish, "Stay here, Marie! Stay! Let me go!"

But how could she let him go, when she meant that not even death should part them? And the men were on her side.

"Sombreuil, father and *daughter*!" they said with satisfaction, having found more than they expected.

His imploring explanations were of no avail. That remained to be seen. She must come before the court. They were by no means sure she would not prove to be their lawful prey.

So they all went down the narrow stairway, and into the vaulted, crypt-like

chamber where the bloody tribunal sat. Around a table were a dozen men, ghastly from long vigil, their hair and clothes in disarray: some of them wild looking, with bloodshot eyes, others stupid and indifferent, two fast asleep, — one with his head among the bottles on the table, the other sunk in his chair, his chin upon his breast. Maillard, mindful of his dignity as judge, was still alert, dealing out his death sentences like an irresponsible autocrat, his clenched hand on the jail-book, and a frown on his otherwise insignificant face. He turned to the gray-haired soldier and the fair young girl.

"Sombreuil and his daughter!" the men exclaimed, proud of their prize.

And then, for her sake, the unhappy father appealed to the "justice" of that hideous "court," stating her case, and entreating that she might be given a safe-conduct out of the prison, or else be pronounced free and left in the jailer's charge until she could get away. That was putting himself out of the question beforehand, but no one noticed it; the court was probably as sure that he was "guilty" as he was that he should be condemned. At all events, Maillard acceded to the request so far as to search the record; and when her name was not found there, he looked around on his associates. But so long as the slightest appearance of a form of justice was preserved the case seemed clear, and he directed that Marie should be taken back to her apartment.

The court ordered, however, and those obeyed who chose. Her safety was of no moment to the bystanders, and when she protested, they let her stay. But Monsieur de Sombreuil was, happily, unaware of that. Two men held him, and being unable to look about him, and hearing nothing of Marie, he believed that she was gone.

Meanwhile, his trial bade fair to be delayed for some little time because of a case just begun when he had been brought down, and which was now resumed. It

was that of a tradesman of the quarter, accused of speaking ill of the nation. Some of his neighbors were testifying for him, and as this made the party for his condemnation only the more vehement, the discussion ran high.

Marie had withdrawn as far as possible from observation, biding her time; and as she witnessed the contest over the unfortunate man whose patriotism was called in question, she gained a little encouragement from discovering that the proceedings of the court were irregular in the extreme, that every one appeared to be at liberty to speak, and that interruptions were the rule rather than the exception; this allowed her to hope that she too might be heard when the moment came. She stood near the door that led to the street, but turned her eyes with shuddering from the men who wandered in and out, their sleeves rolled up to the shoulder and their arms blood-stained. One of them, a gaunt figure with a liberty cap on his head, merely held the door open and glanced around as if he were searching for some one; then, when he saw Marie, he entered, and went directly to her.

"Come out with me," he said. "I'll take you away safely. You've done no harm."

She gazed at him, bewildered for an instant, and then recoiled with horror. "You, *here!*"

It was Gridou.

Brute though he was, he felt her abhorrence, and must have had some dim perception that he deserved it; for he could not meet her eyes now as when first he flung his bitter taunts at her, but stood silent, rubbing the handle of his axe and looking down. Words had never come readily to him, or he might have said that he was there because of her; that when he knew they were slaughtering at the Abbaye, he had remembered her and thought to be of use to her once more. Still, his axe was red, and he could not have explained that;

he had not the gift to trace within himself the gradual awakening of the wild beast at sight of carnage, until he too had seized a weapon, and cried with the rest, "Kill! kill!" All he knew was that he had felt himself paying off old scores at every stroke. His wife was dead, his children were dead, and *these* had lived in splendor while *they* starved. They had lived long enough! But now, when the girl who had pitied him and his shrank from him, there arose in his fevered brain some half-formed idea, some recollection of her telling him that he did not care for other people's miseries. Yet he wished *her* well! He looked at her with something like a piteous expression, and when he spoke again it was almost timidly. "You can trust me. I will get you away. If I go out first and tell them you have done nothing, and then you cry, 'Long live the nation!' nobody will touch you."

His words suggested a sudden thought to Marie. To go first and speak to the men out there, to tell them that her father was innocent, — was not that what she ought to do? Was it not necessary to win his executioners in case she failed to persuade his judges?

"Yes, let me go! I must speak to them!" she cried; then saw her opportunity at that very instant, and darted, like a flash of light, in her white robe, past a man who was blundering in. He turned and struck at her with a club he carried, but the blow fell short; Gridou hurled him backwards into the room, and rushed after Marie, waving his cap on his axe and crying, "Vive la nation!"

Perhaps it was this that saved her, but no doubt it was also her own complete indifference to danger that gave her a free pass through it, her absolute fearlessness when the slaughterers swarmed around her, as well as Gridou's statement that she had done nothing and was not to be touched. Instead of killing her, they questioned, Who was she? Why was she there? She was required to explain her

sudden appearance, unheralded; for it was the office of those who stood within to take possession of the victims, and to announce from the door the name and quality of each when he was launched out to death.

She answered them. And horrible though the grisly figures were, she shuddered at them no longer. Her one idea now was, if perhaps they were still human; if in spite of all they had hearts, and she could reach them. But they looked at her stonily and turned away. If they were not to kill her, they had no further interest in her. And what should they care for her father?

Still she followed them. She went into the court. There everywhere in the uneven pavement were pools of a dreadful red. She heeded nothing; it was as if she had seen it all before; corpses were lying here and there waiting to be carried away; she would not look. The dead, — God rest them! but her whole heart was with the living, with one who lived still, and should live yet! So she flitted about in that horrible place like a white dove, appealing to one after another. "Oh, if you have a daughter, think if you were *there*, and she here begging for your life!" — she pointed to the prison, and laid her little hand upon her breast. And to the next it was, "What would you feel to see an axe raised against *your* father's gray head?" But they neither thought nor felt any more! Or she told them he loved the nation as they did; she said he was no "aristocrat," and she had a right to say it, for he was not the laughty, heartless, grasping courtier that the word meant to them; he was not one to let loose a foreign army on his native land only to preserve his own power and place and wealth, as they believed. But they would not listen.

Suddenly she heard women's voices, and thought if there were women there, they would help her; they would plead, too. And just then one of them called

her. "Come here, my little demoiselle," she said amiably. "Come and stand up on this bench with us; you can see everything then; and we shall have a famous aristocrat presently, a marquis!"

"*Woman!*" burst from her lips when she could speak, "it is my father!"

"Lord! she's an aristocrat herself!" they said. And what was she doing there, then? Had she been tried? Had she been acquitted?

"I know what she's doing!" cried one of them indignantly. "She's trying to get her father's release. I've seen her going about among the men."

But Marie was already gone. Sick at heart, she went straight back now to the prison door, Gridou following her like a dog; indeed, he had done that all the while.

"It is no use," he said. "I would help you, but I'm only one. Come away."

"Open the door!" was all her answer; and he did her bidding.

The other case had been decided, favorably as it seemed, for the tradesman had disappeared, and to see her father before his judges made Marie feel almost as if she were too late. What *he* felt, whether there was more of rapture or of horror in his cry as she entered, coming safe out of the very jaws of death, it would be hard to tell. She lay for a moment in his arms; but when a murmur rose, as if the court were growing impatient, she placed herself beside him, and said calmly, "I will not disturb you, mes-sieurs."

The trial of Monsieur de Sombreuil was the longest that took place at the Abbaye. One can well imagine it, with the advocate he had. But for her it must have been very short. He could not deny the king; he could only say that all he had done had been his bounden duty as a soldier and a man of honor. That was a language his judges did not understand. But Marie knew no pride then, and everything that was not false was lawful to her. She could refute them and

argue with them. And if, seeing themselves no match for her, they thought to cut the matter short, if the faces all around darkened, and Maillard seemed on the point of uttering the fatal sentence, she would stop it for yet a little longer by some sudden, passionate appeal. She would plead and pray. A woman could do that, and she made it her glory in such a cause.

Finally, however, Maillard exclaimed that it was not enough for her to assert her father's innocence; she must prove it. It was easy to declare that he was a Frenchman before all things, in spite of having two sons in the Prussian army, or that he loved the nation, though he had served Capet. "Proofs! Witnesses!" he cried, and looked at her triumphantly.

"My father has thirty-five witnesses to speak for him," she answered on the instant.

He gazed in wonder. "And where are they?"

"Here! all here! *The thirty-five wounds that he has received for his country.*"

There was a sudden silence through the room, a stillness as when one says an angel passes. Marie herself might have been the angel, as she stood with her arm extended towards her father, her eyes fixed on his blood-stained accusers. It was as if no one breathed, until Maillard, with visible emotion, rose and said, "Innocent or guilty, I believe it would be unworthy of the people to shed the blood of this old man."

The cause was won! But no! Those whose hearts she had touched at last might raise the saving cry of "*Vive la nation!*" which betokened an acquittal, but there was no answer from without. The men out there were not minded to lose the prey they had waited for so long, the "*aristocrat,*" the "*marquis.*" There was a deafening roar when he and Marie appeared. Those with them waved their caps and pikes, trying vainly to be heard; their voices were drowned in shouts of

"Take the girl away!" "Strike him down!" "Traitor!" "Aristocrat!" "Take her away!"

Rude hands seized her. Her father himself was striving to put her from him, lest his murderers should lose patience and she be harmed; but she clung with a strength that no one could have suspected in that slight frame, and together they were pushed and dragged into the court, while ever and anon her voice, shrill with agony, rose above the tumult: "Have pity! My father! Spare him!" Or again, "Kill me too, then! Kill me too!" And she covered him so with her body that it seemed indeed as if they must have killed her too had they struck him. How long the unequal contest lasted it is impossible to say, but doubtless it was an eternity of anguish for that faithful heart. Her voice grew fainter, though it could still be heard answering the cries with which the men urged each other on. "He is no aristocrat! He loves his country! We are not aristocrats!"

In a chance lull which followed upon those words, a man pushed his way to her, stooped down, and dipped a cup in a pool on the pavement. "If you are not aristocrats, drink that! Drink it to the nation, and your father will be saved!"

Then took place one of those changes to which a furious crowd is subject. The clamor died away as if by magic, only that here and there a taunting voice was heard: "Yes, drink it!" "If you are not an aristocrat, it will taste good to you! It's aristocrats' blood!"

It was the culmination of the horrors she had passed through; if nature had shrunk back then, they would have been all in vain. Her love was stronger than nature. The will, at least, was there. She raised the cup, but in that instant she

saw lying at her feet a darkly clad body, the arm thrown up — a delicate, small hand — a pool of blood. The cup shook, some of that terrible wine splashed up on her pure lip, and it was enough. The man beside her raised the cry, "She drinks!" and the air was rent by a mighty shout, — "She drinks! She drinks! And long live the nation!"

Her work was done. She had saved her father.

Strong arms bore them apart, Marie resistless now. They were carried in triumph. The very men who a moment before had howled "Kill him!" adopted the "aristocrat" for their own, in a passion of fraternity. Some of them mounted a carriage with him and rolled through the astonished streets, brandishing their pikes with joy, and calling wildly to the passers that it was "an old man who loved his country, and a daughter of the nation."

Marie was tenderly supported by her father, but she could not yet feel her happiness nor rejoice. The lips that had been so eloquent were mute, her eyes gazing straight before her, with an expression of mental suffering terrible to see on a young face; but she was strong still to endure, and the way was short. They were going to the humble shelter which she had chosen for herself.

As the carriage stopped, she was lifted down, and a voice said, "You gave me wine. I gave you blood. It was to save your father."

And then, like the phantasmagoria of an awful dream, the crowd swept away, they were gone, and in the blessed stillness those two turned to each other: he, with a heart-bursting sob, to clasp her in his arms, — his child, his gentle daughter who had dared so much for him!

Grace Howard Peirce.

NOTE. For those who may be unacquainted with the facts, there will possibly be some interest in a few details with regard to the after-life of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. She had saved her father but for a time; eighteen months later, he, with the younger of his two

sons, died on the scaffold. She was imprisoned with them, but escaped their fate. In the following year she lost her remaining brother, Charles de Sombreuil, who, after distinguishing himself in the Prussian army, went to England, and was put in charge of an expedition which

landed at Quiberon, on the west coast of France. The enterprise failed, and he, taken prisoner by General Hoche, was carried to Vannes and condemned to be shot. In order to arrange his affairs, he asked permission to go back on board the English ship which had brought him, and three days were granted him for that purpose. He returned at the time appointed for his execution, himself gave the order to fire, and fell lamented by those who took his life. After the 9th Thermidor, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, re-

leased from prison, left the country, and married an *émigré*, the Count de Villelume. Her father had been governor of the Invalides in Paris, and her husband, under the Restoration, held the same office at Avignon, where she died in 1823. Her heart was placed in the military chapel there, and on the suppression of that branch of the Invalides was deposited in the church in Paris, — “the heart,” as one historian says, “that beat so bravely in those terrible September days.”

THE BASIS OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

OUR present system of education is founded upon the study of the classics. It is an inheritance from the past, when a man of learning meant a man who was at home with the literature of Greece and Rome. Now the knowledge of the world has increased so much, and the openings for an educated man are so much more numerous than they were, that the number of subjects with which a well-informed man must be acquainted has grown proportionately. In response to this demand, the old courses of study have been added to and added to, while the foundation has remained the same. The classics still stand in their old position, while a mass of science and other new branches of study has been piled in on top. The natural result of this has been to increase the age at which pupils are ready to enter college, and thus the age at which young professional men can start as lawyers and doctors. Men who felt that a working people like us could not afford to spend our lives until twenty-eight or thirty in mere preparation for work began an agitation against the classics, because they are farthest away from our daily lives, and to a casual observer seem of little use, even when he is willing to acknowledge their ornamental value. But in attacking the very basis of a whole system it becomes necessary to go deeper

into the question than it would be necessary to go if the attack were made upon a mere accessory to it. The question is not the surface one, “Had we better drop the study of Latin and Greek?” but is this, “Is our present system of education, which is from historical reasons classical, suited to present needs?” It is impossible to answer this question without first finding out what sort of an individual is most to be desired as the product of our system here and now in America.

The absence of artificial class distinctions in America makes each man anxious to become influential, and to win for himself the consideration and respect of the community in which he lives, as these, under democratic conditions, are not secured to him by right of inheritance. The first necessity for an educated man is, therefore, that he should be able to win this respect and influence most easily. The ability to reason clearly and go at once to the root of a matter, and to see its proper relations to other matters, is the most important factor in gaining a commanding position among one's fellows, in whatever calling one may choose. Combined with this there must be in the mind a large amount of substantive knowledge, to furnish material which the reasoning power can use in making comparisons, and which will provide firm ground for arguments and conclusions

to rest upon. This mental power and substantive knowledge will prevent a narrow judgment, which from its very narrowness is likely to be unsound. Just as the man who has had a wide experience of men and things can, from his broader horizon, see more truly the bearing of a question on all sides, and ceases to be provincial, so the educated man, with mental power and knowledge, widens his experience and horizon, and sees more truly the due proportions of things.

Yet a nation composed only of hard thinkers, whose minds were filled with facts, would be anything but agreeable or desirable if they did not also possess cultivation. By this much-abused term I mean an elusive something which is easily recognized when present in any given individual, and missed at once when absent, yet a thing which it is almost impossible to define. It may be characterized as sympathy and appreciation for all forms of human thought, whether expressed in literature or art or human endeavor, just as philanthropy is sympathy and appreciation for all forms of human suffering and human action. It means a training of tastes and feelings, so that what is great in thought, whether expressed in painting or literature or music, may be readily understood and enjoyed. It means sympathy with the beautiful as presented to the eye or ear. But more than all, it means an interest in the intellectual and spiritual side of things as opposed to the purely practical. It does not mean a specific attainment in any one or more branches of human knowledge. A man may be unfamiliar with the details of this or that branch of science or art; he may be neither a musician nor a painter, and yet be a cultivated man. But if he fail to appreciate this or that branch of thought, or fail to see what the world gains from painting and music when their fruits are brought to his notice, he can in no sense claim to be a cultivated man. A powerful factor in this sympathy is a vivid

imagination. A poem, a picture, and a symphony become but so many strokes of the pen, the brush, and the bow to one whose imagination is untrained. To such an one the critical notes in Percy's *Reliques* are far more interesting than the ballad of Chevy Chase itself, the mechanism of a piano than a Chopin nocturne, the price of a Corot than its coloring.

As this cultivation is of no direct pecuniary value except to the relatively small number of individuals whose pursuits in life are connected with art or literature, and is of enormous value in increasing the sum of human enjoyment and happiness, it is a corrective, indeed almost a necessary one, to a sordid and utilitarian view of life. It must be accompanied by the two first-mentioned results of education, mental power and knowledge, if we would not have it degenerate into dilettanteism or an æsthetic craze. Thus accompanied and limited by reason and knowledge, no one can deny that it is a fitting object to be attained by education, particularly in a country like ours, of busy, practical people. Any system of education which is to be certified to by the degree of Bachelor of Arts should, from its beginning to its end, tend to train the imagination and the taste by bringing each mind in contact with the great achievements of literature and art.

The ideal result of our system should be a clear-thinking man of affairs, with a mind well stored with useful knowledge, but at the same time trained to appreciate the beautiful and æsthetic side of life. In order to approach this ideal, we must train the mind for clear thinking, the memory for retaining knowledge, and the imagination for æsthetic enjoyment. If the first object be neglected, we have a Bunthorne and his silly crew. If it receive undue attention at the expense of the others, we have the unpoetic, unlovely Gradgrind. If knowledge be made too prominent, we have the Anti-

quary with his useless lore. The main danger to be avoided in the present age, which is distinctly one of material prosperity, and hence of mercenary ideals and standards, is the disregard of cultivation. For this is opposed to such standards, although entirely in sympathy with practical effort, provided it be not made the end and aim of all things. Indeed, it is dependent upon material prosperity for its existence and its beneficent results. Another danger which seems to threaten our system at present is the failure to train the memory. This seems strange in an era of scientific investigation and exactness, but good memories are becoming rarer and rarer among us. Observation and reasoning have crowded out the memory, either because teachers do not train it, in their hurry to make the pupil show an increase of reasoning power, or because a natural disgust at the useless facts which children were formerly obliged to commit to memory without understanding them has made teachers abandon all such work without substituting anything else. There are facts, and also quantities of prose and poetry, which it is good to know. Let children learn these by heart, so that they may not lose the one advantage which came from learning by rote all the rules and exceptions of Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, or lists of all the rivers and capes of North America. The facts so acquired were practically useless, but the process trained good memories. Having some idea now of the ideal for which we must strive, let us look at our present system to see how well suited it is to produce this ideal under changed modern conditions.

It is perfectly true that the demands made upon the mind of a man increase every year. Knowledge and appreciation of literature and art are no longer enough to stamp an educated man. He must be scientific. He must be familiar with magnetism as well as mythology, with evolution as well as elegiacs, with

geology as well as genesis. He must add psychology to his philosophy, realism to his literature, and impressionism to his art. If then we are overburdened, we must modify the old to meet the new. If the old idea of the educational value of the classics is wrong, and the same or better results can be obtained from the study only of modern languages and science; if the study of such subjects will produce a man of keen perception, accurate knowledge, and broad culture, let us face the question squarely, by all means; let us take out the classics from our system, and spend our time in teaching only those subjects which are up to date, and which possess an additional value in that they can be used directly to bring pecuniary return. But we must see what the study of the classics does for the mind, and also what other subjects, if any, can be substituted for them.

The fact that the study of the classics contributes to the cultivation of the student, even if the study is pursued only a short distance, needs no arguments to support it. Every educated person knows what all literature owes to the works which have come down to us from Greece and Rome. Every person also knows that the merest superficial study of the classics brings one into an atmosphere of art such as treatises on art must labor long to produce. But English literature rightly studied, masterly translations of the classic authors thoughtfully read, can do all this for the student in a better, quicker, and more interesting way than the classics can. For these effects alone upon the mind, we cannot afford to keep the classics as the basis of our system.

In addition to this, the classics train the memory, because new words and new facts must be constantly remembered, and these words and facts are useful. The vehicles of thought are words, and an increase in vocabulary increases the understanding and the power to make

others understand. The nomenclature of the sciences is drawn almost exclusively from Greek and Latin. As human development goes on, new words are needed to express new conceptions, and these new words come from the old languages. The civilizations of Greece and Rome have influenced the growth of all the ages since they flourished, and the more one knows about them from the original sources, the better one is equipped to understand his own civilization. So for the attainment of substantive knowledge the study of the classics is again valuable. But even for these two objects of education, cultivation and knowledge, the value of classical study is not enough to require that it be retained; it must be shown that it contributes also to the gain of mental power. This gain is in the direction of philosophical reasoning, and deserves careful consideration.

Mathematics is a study which is acknowledged by all to train the reasoning powers. Geometry in its purest form is nothing but exact reasoning. If a certain fact *A* is true, and another fact *B* is true, then that a third fact *C* must be true is the essence of geometry. Algebraic reasoning carries this process of analysis further, and gives a different and higher kind of mental power and a greater abstraction. The reasoning is as logical as that of geometry, but the whole process is more complicated. In order to see this difference it is necessary to solve a problem by algebra. Take, for example, one which always terrifies the pupil, and may be remembered by the reader as a bugbear in his youth:—

What is the price of eggs a dozen, when two more in a shilling's worth lower the price a penny a dozen?

Here is implied, but not expressed directly in words, a comparison between the cost of eggs under two conditions. The price of one dozen eggs under the first conditions equals the price under the new conditions plus $\frac{1}{12}$ of a shilling.

One egg will cost a fraction of a shilling, found by dividing one shilling by the number which can be bought. If we represent the number which can be bought by x , the price of one egg is $\frac{1}{x}$, and one dozen would cost $\frac{12}{x}$. The price of a dozen eggs in the second case is $\frac{12}{x+2}$, as the number in this case is two more. Our statement was, The old price of a dozen eggs = new price of a dozen $+$ $\frac{1}{12}$. If these words are replaced by their equivalents in algebraic symbols which we have obtained above, we reach this algebraic equation: $\frac{12}{x} = \frac{12}{x+2} + \frac{1}{12}$. This equation can be solved by ordinary algebraic methods which need not concern us, and the problem is finished.

A moment's careful study of this bit of analysis will show how different it is from the reasoning of pure geometry. The geometrician reasons from a form which he sees, and about which he knows certain facts, to other new conclusions or facts. In applying algebraic reasoning to the problem above, facts which were expressed in words have been examined, separated, and from them new facts have been deduced, which were only implied. Then these facts have been stated in their due relation in a new language, of which the nouns are x 's and y 's, and the verbs = and +. Instead of reasoning with observed facts, as in geometry, thoughts expressed in words have been analyzed and reasoned about and put together again in a new medium. This process is one of analysis and synthesis of thought, and the pupil finds the problem difficult because of this very thing.

Another difficulty for the pupil is that it requires a power of abstraction, because he is carrying on a process of thought with an unknown quantity, x , instead of a concrete number. The process of thought required to find the cost of an egg if ten cost one shilling is very much simpler than that required to find the cost of one if x cost a shilling. In the latter case it is necessary to

think with a quantity which is incompletely grasped. Certain relations which it bears to other quantities are known, while other relations are vague and unknown. It is necessary to hold in the mind and deal with a concept sharply defined on certain sides, but indistinct on others until more of its limitations are determined. No picture or image of it can be formed until the limitations all become distinct. The whole operation is analogous to that required in reading and comprehending a written or printed sentence which contains a qualifying clause. The sentence "The lane is long" presents to the mind at once a picture which is clear and distinct so far as is required to grasp the meaning; but in the proverb "It is a long lane which has no turning," when the eye has reached the end of the first statement no clear concept is possible. The mind must retain and think of a vague, long lane, until the concept is made clearer and sharper by the last clause. But even then, as in the problem, the meaning of it must be sought by further thought. The concept of a long lane without a turning must be followed by the idea of the impossibility of this in actual existence, and the obvious application of this figurative statement to the affairs of real life, that "no set of circumstances can exist long without a change."

Analysis and synthesis of ideas are the essence of all thinking, and the power to do these clearly is as necessary to the man of affairs as to the philosopher. Education, in order to fulfill its object, must furnish as much practice in the process as possible. Just as the translation of ideas expressed in words into algebraic symbols, in the solution of problems, furnishes this practice, so the translation of ideas expressed in a foreign language into English will furnish the same practice. Such a translation, if it be accurate, requires the same analysis to get the meaning of the foreign tongue, the same synthesis to express that mean-

ing anew in English, while the abstraction required is much greater than that used in solving algebraic problems. As the field of human thought is practically unlimited, there is no limit to the amount of practice which can be given by translation, in this analysis and synthesis of thought.

In a very simple Latin sentence, it is easy to see how complicated and exhaustive an analysis must be made to read it intelligently. "*Ad hæc Cæsar respondit se, id quod in Nervii fecisset, facturum.*" (De Bello Gallico, Book II. Chap. 32.) *Ad hæc*, to these things, some things previously mentioned and known to the reader; but as he does not know what relation they bear to the rest, he cannot form any clear picture yet. *Cæsar respondit*, Cæsar answered. Now the idea is carried further. The reader knows that Cæsar answered to these previous remarks; but what? *Se*, himself, probably did or would do something, but the idea is still incomplete. *Id quod*, the thing which; *in Nervii*, among the Nervii; *fecisset*, he had done. Obviously, what he had done among the Nervii. The reader still has nothing to connect the *se* with. *Facturum*, to be about to do. So far as analyzed, the ideas are as follows: To these things Cæsar replied himself what among the Nervii he had done to be about to do. Now the meaning is understood, and only needs to be expressed in English: Cæsar replied to these things that he would do what he had done in the case of the Nervii.

It will be clear to any one who compares the processes of thought required for this translation and for the algebraic problem that the two are essentially the same, except that the translation demands more abstract and more difficult reasoning than the problem. The exact translation of an idea from one language to another requires this kind of thinking. Even the attempt to express a thought which is given in one form of words, in a new form of words which

are not synonyms of the first, needs it. The study of French or German gives training in this important mental power, but the thoughts and the form in which they are presented are so near to English that the process is easier, and the gain is proportionately less, than in studying the classics. Our problem would have been easier if it had been stated more nearly in the form of the equation ultimately obtained, and the solution of it would have been a less useful mental exercise. In Greek and Latin the ideas are so different in themselves, and are presented in such a different form, that the analysis is extremely difficult, and the mind profits in proportion.

If, as all science teachers contend, laboratory work is indispensable for teaching science; if, beside being told a fact, the pupil must see it for himself in order to remember it,—if it is necessary for a student to make himself master of the truths of science, which are only a part of his mental equipment, how much more essential is laboratory work in language, which is a tool he can never lay aside! As the student of science must begin by experimenting with the simplest phenomena in order to clear away, even at the expense of much time and trouble, unnecessary complications which would only confuse him, and perhaps vitiate his results, so should the student of language begin with such languages as belong to an early civilization and therefore use words more simply and directly, even if the work be troublesome and tedious. Every modern language has a loose and inaccurate style which complicates and obscures the thought, whereas both Greek and Latin are periodic. The thought in a sentence, or even in a whole paragraph or chapter, is carried consistently through with balanced contrasts, and sharp contrasting words are put here and there like guideposts to mark its way. The investigations of students in a laboratory are required, because they bring a familiar-

ity with the phenomena of nature which can come only through personal contact. To the knowledge of a scientist trained in this way we bow as Silas Wegg did to the doctor, “as to a gentleman whose acquaintance with his inside he begged respectfully to acknowledge.” So the world has bowed for centuries to those who, having obtained their knowledge of the use of language in the laboratory of Demosthenes and Cicero, have written their thoughts in forms to last forever. We surely cannot run the risk of training a set of men whose power of expressing thought, or even of thinking, is limited by an ignorance of language only to be compared with the ignorance of textbook students of science, who know about language, as they would about science, only what they have been told as lore, but have never seen. As the student of physics and chemistry must begin by studying the phenomena of air and gravity, since these will affect all the other phenomena which he observes, because he must experiment on the earth and in the air, so every educated man should study those languages which have had the greatest influence on the words and forms which he must use for every thought which he thinks or utters while he lives. These languages are Greek and Latin, and a man can no more get away from their effect than he can eliminate gravity or the air.

A further advantage to be gained from classical study in the direction of increased mental power comes from the practice involved in grasping word meanings which are vague and abstract. The quantities with which any mathematical or scientific study deals are exact and limited. The x of our problem, although unknown, and therefore abstract, is yet absolutely definite and exact, because it represents a number. Every word, however, which we use to denote an abstraction, whether noun or verb, does not stand for any exact quantity, but for a vague concept or group of concepts, de-

pendent upon each individual's personal experience and knowledge. Even names of concrete things have around them this same vague penumbra of connotations dependent upon experience and knowledge. The word *miles* in Latin is commonly translated by the word *soldier*, but we cannot say *miles* = *soldier*. To us to-day in America the word *soldier* suggests a blue-uniformed man who loafs in barracks or guards United States property. To an Englishman it suggests a red-coated individual with a fondness for nursemaids and an unlimited devotion to the "widdy," as he facetiously calls her Majesty the Queen. In England and America he may belong to either infantry or cavalry. But to Cæsar the word *miles* meant a man in leather shirt and short leather breeches, with a metal breastplate and helmet, armed with a spear and shield, and belonging to the infantry. The only thing in common between these concepts is that each designates a man fighter trained to obey orders and paid for his services. Our equation, in order to be true, must be amended somewhat as follows: we must subtract from *miles* all its distinguishing characteristics represented by *x*, and from *soldier* everything which makes it a vivid picture to the mind. Remembering that these outlines are different from the distinguishing marks of *miles*, and that they vary for each individual who hears the word, we can represent them by *y*, and we have *miles* — *x* = paid trained fighter = *soldier* — *y*. In an abstract quality the concepts are more vague even than this. The Latin word *virtus*, for example, expressed to the Roman originally qualities belonging to *vir*, a man. To a people whose chief occupation and interest was conquest, the most important manly quality was bravery, so that *virtus* was gradually limited to this main idea. In the course of centuries this quality has faded in importance, and we now use this same word, as our English *virtue*, to indicate the more abstract idea

of moral goodness; and to him who uses it and to him who hears it, its meaning varies with his own opinion of moral qualities. It has grown more and more abstract, and wandered so far from its original meaning that it implies womanly rather than manly qualities.

All thinking must be done largely with words, and the concept behind each word varies, as we have seen, with each individual's experience. It is impossible to translate from Latin and Greek into English without reasoning constantly with the vague symbols called words, and without weighing their meanings. This practice leads to a careful and accurate use of words, as it increases the knowledge and experience from which we form our concepts, which will make a man reason carefully and express his reasoning clearly about any subject, whether he is thinking out a problem in medicine or law, science or theology, commerce or finance, art or philosophy. No mind can be equipped to do so which has not had some training of this kind. The more careful and prolonged the training has been, the better equipped the mind will be.

The reading of any foreign tongue can give much practice in this necessary use of the mind, and the study of the classics has done so for centuries. Other branches of study could give it, but unfortunately they are not fitted for use in early education. Philosophy is one of these, and is perhaps the best; but a boy of fifteen can hardly grasp the ideas of Epicurus or of the Stoics, although his virtues are those of both schools. Dogmatic theology is another; but free will and infant baptism could hardly interest us in our teens. Strangely enough, these two subjects have taken the place of linguistics at two periods in history when, from the force of circumstances, a people were excluded from the study of any other language than their own.

The Greeks and Romans were naturally cut off from any language but their own, although the Romans did study

Greek as a polite accomplishment. In the place of the study of any ancient language, we find that both nations studied, talked, and discussed philosophy, and made it the basis of their education. In the early days of New England our fathers landed in a wilderness, shut off almost entirely from the classical education to be had in the mother country, except in the largest towns. Most of them were from a middle class more noted for its sturdy honesty than for its learning, and they had very few books. Yet these same people brought forth a progeny with brilliant minds, who were ready in debate and all forms of intellectual activity, and have left in our literature a sufficient monument to their power of mind and grasp of intellect. Where did they get this power of mind when cut off from the study of languages and literature? Turn back to any record of their life and times, and we find an answer to this question. Dogmatic theology was the one intellectual topic of absorbing interest. They listened to sermons, dry if you will, but full of intellectual nuts to crack. They constantly talked them over and analyzed the thoughts contained in them, and approved or disapproved of the views of him whom "they sat under." They split hairs in Biblical interpretation. They were narrow with a narrowness which meant firm conviction after hard thought, by which their minds were trained to the point of being able to form a new and great nation.

If the classics can give that training in analysis and synthesis of thought which contributes so strongly to the first of the objects of education, namely, increase of mental power; if they can give this training to a greater degree than the study of modern languages; and if besides there is a substantial gain in cultivation and knowledge, then the classics should be retained as a satisfactory basis of our system of study, unless some other branch of study can contribute as largely to all three objects of education, and is at the

same time suitable for the instruction of the young; but such a branch of study, I think, cannot be found.

If we cannot afford to sacrifice the classics, and we must add the newer branches of human thought, we are indeed very badly off. The bulk of our cargo is too great, and yet we cannot throw any of it away. The true solution of this difficulty must come, however, in improved methods of teaching the classics, which will bring out more forcibly their value for training the reasoning powers, and will save time by discarding much useless lore that was formerly taught.

The old methods of classical teaching were bad, because they did not serve to the best advantage the acquisition of mental power. With the Latin or Greek grammar in our hands, the meaning of an author was extracted from a sentence, not by what he wrote and must mean, but by what, from the English point of view, he ought to mean. In English, the subject of the sentence generally comes first, then the verb, and then the object; so the pupil was told to pick them out in that order from his Latin or Greek sentence, to put them together, and then to fill in the distorted skeleton with such other words as happened to be in the sentence, in accordance with the glimmering of an English idea which had been got from this skeleton. To seek the real meaning of the author by this method is as absurd as it would be for a physician to say, "This patient is flushed; he probably has scarlet fever," and then to force all other symptoms to fit this preconceived idea, instead of reading the symptoms to determine the disease. Only so often as the student happened to get the real meaning of a sentence by this method, or was told what that meaning was, did he gain in mental power, while he spent a great deal of time in study which was practically wasted for training the mind. There was, however, a great gain in knowledge and cultivation. Every pupil learned his translation so well that

he was very familiar with the subject matter of his author, and could quote from him with a freedom which the modern methods of teaching have as yet been unable to induce. He never learned to read Latin or Greek except by such long study that, in spite of a bad method, he absorbed a feeling of the language, and really did follow the thought.

Now, the misused term "reading at sight" should mark a change for the better in methods of study, but the habits inculcated in many schools are even more objectionable than those of the old system. Many teachers, in entire misunderstanding of the term, have abandoned the old methods of study, and, cutting loose from all study of grammar, urge the pupil to guess at the meaning of words and sentences, without any accurate knowledge of the forms and inflections of the language. Instead of following the thought as it is written, he learns to get a general drift of the passage, and then to express it in any way which comes into his head. Such a training as this not only does not teach the pupil to transfer a thought from one language to another, and so gain mental power, but does not make him familiar with the subject matter and the literature, since the object seems to be to bring as much new material under his eyes as possible. This method is even more absurd than the other, as here the physician says, "The patient is flushed; he must have scarlet fever," and does not look for any other symptoms. Time is wasted here by the necessity of reading an immense amount in order that the pupil may guess with some degree of accuracy by guessing frequently about the same kind of words and constructions.

Real "reading at sight" requires a knowledge of the meanings of words; and by this I mean a concept in the pupil's mind of each word which approaches as nearly as possible to that held by the author in using it. There must be also an absolutely accurate

knowledge of the inflections of the language, not in a paradigm necessarily, but so that each one will be recognized at a glance in reading. This accurate knowledge can be retained most easily by association with the jingle of sound, so it is best to learn the forms by rote in a paradigm. But the use of them is to indicate the ideas of the sentence, and they will occur singly on the printed page, and not in a paradigm; so that parrot-like repetition of them is not enough. The point to be insisted upon is that the inflected ending is as important, in considering the meaning of a word, as the mental picture suggested by its stem. Besides this, there must be familiarity with syntax, because constructions express the thought. This familiarity can be obtained only by reading. Each construction, as it occurs, must be explained as a way to express some idea, not as belonging to a scientific classification made by a grammarian. In every sentence the student must be taught to follow the thought, to obtain the meaning from what the author wrote. He must be made to analyze it as he would the broken English of a foreigner who is trying to convey an idea. As soon as the meaning has been thus obtained, he must express it in correct forms of his own language. This process of analysis can be effected only by following the order of the words, because otherwise the student will be constantly led astray by his own English ideas; just as, when traveling a strange road, a person is almost sure to get lost if he attempts a detour, instead of following the road before him. His constant attitude must be, "What does my author mean?" The teacher's question in elementary work must be, "Your author here uses a subjunctive; what does he mean to express?" He should never ask, as a grammarian would, "To which arbitrary rule and classification does this subjunctive belong?" This classification is important and necessary to teacher and professor, but neither

essential nor desirable for the person whose only aim is to read the language, in order, by transferring a thought from another language to his own, to exercise his brain and gain mental power in the process, and not to criticise and compare, as in the science of language. To attempt to make a pupil classify Greek and Latin syntax early in his study is as difficult as to teach a child the exact position of the elephant among mammalia the first time he sees the animal, and is engaged in photographing a new image on his brain. After he has added enough specimens to his mental menagerie, it will be his own wish to classify and arrange them, and time so spent will not be wasted. In the same way, systematic study of syntax will be advantageous for advanced students of the classics.

If he is taught in the way I have here outlined, the pupil will learn to read and express accurately in English the thought of his author. He will save the time which was spent over the syntax and the science of grammar under the old system of instruction. He will not lose the cul-

tivation which was obtained under the old system, because if he can really read his Latin and Greek, he will do so for the literature; and when in college a student reads the poetry of Horace or the plays of Sophocles, his cultivated instructor can lead him to see their beauty and pathos, instead of being obliged to teach him to read them or to dwell upon syntax. He will be gaining constantly in thinking power with every sentence he reads. If, as seems right, the classics should be retained as a basis of our ideal system of education, we must teach with the definite object of training the mind in transferring Latin and Greek ideas into English, and not, as in the past, waste time in teaching linguistic science, which for mental training is no better than the study of other branches of science, without the advantage that these others possess of being useful and practical. We cannot afford to change our basis, but should so modify methods of teaching that it will not absorb the time needed for other essential topics of study, and will most surely produce a well-informed, clear-thinking, cultivated man.

James Jay Greenough.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

THE term *fin de siècle* has come to be one of unmitigated reproach. Whatsoever things are weary, whatsoever things are corrupt, whatsoever things are (or used to be) unmentionable in polite society, are all opprobriously grouped under these three hard-working words. With but four more New Year's Days in the nineteenth century for robust resolutions, four happy new years for a decadent keeping of the same, the anxious question rises whether the hour that begins a hundred new years will mark a

stage of progress or only an imaginary line. Will the decadents stop decaying, and the symbolists devise a healthier code of signals demanded by a healthier art? Will there be all sorts of dewy beginnings in literature, and will Paris, ever equal to the occasion, produce some matutinal phrase that shall drive out this hateful vesper term of ennui and disease?

Whatever the event, men may be sure that when the glass has been turned, the scythe whetted, and the joy-bells rung, they will still find time for many backward glances at the hundred years

behind them. And they will note the fact that although prose romance in English died with Scott long before the sand was half run out, it was born again, but in less vigor, with Stevenson, another man of his race, while the century-glass yet lacked twenty years of turning. It will be recorded that while the historian of Wessex celebrated the three Fates until people shuddered to see the thread both spun and cut, and a strong young Occidental in the East took pains to show that men's motives are not always better than those which stir the jungle, this northern teller of tales, who shared his empire with them, took upon himself the different and truly romantic task of giving the world pleasure unmixed with pain. And it will likewise be observed, I think, with the wisdom which, I seem to hear the reader say, sits so easily upon critics, whether for prophecy or for retrospect, that Stevenson not only quickened an admirable art, but also founded a school of more and less unsuccessful imitators of himself.

Judgment of Mr. Stevenson in his varied activity must be left to *aube de siècle* judges. He will take the place proper to him without our help; it may be, without theirs. Of obituary lament there has been already enough and to spare; but the moment admits, perhaps, now that the multitude who mourn him have recovered somewhat from the sorrow and confusion brought by his death to all who care for letters, a brief lingering over a few of those qualities which one reader, at least, has found most salient. That Stevenson was gay and resolute enough to found a school of romance in the midst of opposing tendencies is, of course, the chief quality of all. He loves the past for the courageous picture of it which survives. He blows his wild war-note, unfurls his banner to the breeze of long ago, and goes forth always to the motto, "*Esperance* and set on." This watchword, indeed, might be set above essay as well as story, travels

and verse as well as essay, for in almost all the extraordinary variety of his writing Robert Louis Stevenson is the consistent preacher of courage and cheer. The writer's own brave and most pathetic life was, as the world knows, a consistent practicing of what he preached. In most of his published words, optimism is at the height of the Selkirk grace, or of Happy Thought in *A Child's Garden of Verses* : —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And never, even in *A Christmas Sermon* or *Pulvis et Umbra*, does he decline farther into the vale of pessimism than the stage once dubbed meliorism by a great novelist whom he did not love. It is indubitably a help to this philosophy that arrival and success are not among its dreams. The beckoning road and the roadside inn are ever better with Stevenson than the end of the passage. Pleasure lies in running, not in reaching the goal; and hunger is an infinitely sweeter thing than satiety. "A man's reach" — I have wondered that he nowhere quotes a line with which he everywhere agrees — "a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

II.

Next in importance, perhaps, to the cardinal trait of Mr. Stevenson's career, that he was a romantic in an age of realism, come the facts that he was a Scotchman, born within the frown of Edinburgh Castle, and that his father and grandfather were engineers to the Board of Northern Lights. This sounds like a business connection with the *Aurora Borealis*, but it means merely that the lives of the Stevensons had the relish both of salvation and of adventure, because they were the builders of Skerryvore, the Bell Rock, and other great sea-lights along the northern coast of Britain. Much of the best writing of the author

of David Balfour — can any one forget the dedication of that book? — thrills and tingles with the feeling of race and native land. I have in mind at this moment *The Foreigner at Home*, a page or two of *The Silverado Squatters*, and portions of the paper entitled *The Manse*, ending with the triumphant picture of ascent from the writer, through engineers, Picts, and what-not clans and tribes, to Probably Arboreal chattering in the top of the family tree. Less often, yet again and again, both in verse and in prose, does Stevenson dwell proudly upon the exploits and the hardy lives of his forbears, and mourn the degeneracy in bodily frame and strength of their hearth-keeping descendant. His whole feeling about all this is in some enchanting lines written at Bournemouth, in a house named after the chief memorial of his family: —

“Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labours of my sires, and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: *In the afternoon of time*
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.”

It never occurred to him that he was the brightest of all the lamps they lit, but many men, even of the not inhuman, would be content to see Skerryvore itself quenched in the ocean, if by that extinction the light might shine again on Pala mountain.

Country, then, and race — this latter in the specific sense of family. for Scotia is a land of more than one race, of two languages and many dialects — count to a degree that can scarcely be exaggerated in this talent which had its training within view of Arthur’s Seat; in the rainy and red-lighted streets of Edinburgh, where “2d coloured” was always to be had without the siller; and in the rough but bracing school of her

ancient democratic university. Of dialect, to be sure, Stevenson is quite free, save when he uses it for his pleasure. Sir Walter, as may be seen with added clearness, now that his noble journal has been issued without Lockhart’s revision, was as often hindered as helped by certain auxiliaries which to this day trouble dear Mrs. Oliphant, and have once again proved their rebellious power against the brither Scots who have been commemorating poor Stevenson in print. But Stevenson’s own pages, with the exception of a single *would* which I seem to remember in Prince Otto, but dare say I am mistaken about, and perhaps a *will* out of place here and there, together with one or two other slight offenses in his earlier writings, — Stevenson’s own *belles pages* are vacant of what the lexicographers hissing call Scotticisms.

Not so with turns of thought and the Scottish dialect of the mind. In this he is eloquent, and of it he is involuntarily prodigal. Mr. Henry James has said, in words which none may hope to better, that Mr. Stevenson is a Scotchman of the world. So, indeed, he is; and so, without doubt, was the man as well as the writer. But this Bohemian, this gypsy, this cosmopolite, had, after all his travels, — thus I have been told by one who knew him, — a slight burr remaining in his speech. And he has a much stronger Doric accent of the mind. England seems to him in many ways an alien land, and *The Foreigner at Home* is a resonant statement of differences that lie at the very root of things between the sister kingdoms. The Scot, traveling southward from his gray hills and rocks and mists, marvels — however much he may have read in books — at the rich fields, the quiet rivers, the stolid and sodden peasant, the windmills, and the chimes of bells. The accent of the people sounds pertly in his ear, just as Davie Balfour “was amazed at the clipping tones and the odd sing-song” of “the right English speech;” and to

his eye, familiar with thick-walled houses built of stone, the thin, flat-chested edifices of England seem no more than "rickles" of brick. The northerner may even be a householder in the south, and his door-key be burnished from long use; but still "the house is no his ain house, he kens by the biggin' o't."

If these differences are radical to the Scot in what meets his eye, still deeper do they go in the things of the spirit. English boys seem to Mr. Stevenson cleaner in mind and body than Scotch boys, and, as we say, younger for their age. He finds them less imaginative, and at once less rough and less tender. And the grown-up John Bull impresses his expansive neighbor with "the grand, treelike self-sufficiency of his demeanor."

The systems of law of these two peoples differ widely, as the least forensic of us knew already from *The Heart of Midlothian* and the trial of Effie Deans. To our author's thinking the ways of their religion part yet more sharply, for, says he, — a little whimsically, I cheerfully admit, — "about the very cradle of the Scot there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity, and the whole of two divergent systems is summed up, not merely speciously, in the two first questions of the rival catechisms; the English tritely inquiring, 'What is your name?' the Scottish striking at the very roots of life with, 'What is the chief end of man?' and answering nobly, if obscurely, 'To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.'"

Thus far, and in many another delectable passage, the conscious Caledonian. But Mr. Stevenson is not least attractive when he is of his nation without knowing, or at least without remembering it; when not only, cosmic Scot though he be, he keeps the color of his nativity, but also, highly secularized Calvinist though he as surely is, he unwittingly suggests the bleak pulpit of the northern kingdom. In *Father Damien*, an *Open Letter*, in the *Samoa* Footnote to *History*, none but the blind can fail

to see a kind of religious heat of argument; and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, approached at the angle not of art, but of ethics, is the fascinating, hideous result of generations of pondering over the eternal problem of predestination and free will. In the keen pursuit of the first paper on *Talk and Talkers* there is a charming zeal for conviction, and I seem to see the hand of Calvin, working obscurely, it is true, in Stevenson's conduct of the case of womankind against Robert Burns. Nor must the reader think me fanciful if I maintain that in *Crabbed Age and Youth*, of all compositions in the world, — it is to be found in the golden book *Virginibus Puerisque*, — there is once and again a canny, hard-headed weighing of the advantages and claims of the two estates of life that brings us gayly (yet still brings us) within the shadow of St. Giles. But atavism fails at the end. The humanized preacher reaches no conclusion, and the whole lively prelection is left poised in the air.

If zest in discussion, not to say argument, is a frequent trait of Stevenson's countrymen, why then a good amount of buckram is equally apparent in their moral texture. It makes them stiff in judgment, and from this rigidity Stevenson himself was by no means exempt. No one, in these days, except a Scotchman or a New Englander, we must believe, could be so exquisite an artist and have at the same time so large a fund of ethical attention. The incongruity of the union in Stevenson, the like and unlike incongruity of Hawthorne, are to be explained, in the slight and tentative degree to which such mysteries can ever be shown, by the long persistence of the straiter sort of Puritanism in the two countries. Some one exclaims that I am mistaken, that Stevenson is no Puritan. Let me hasten to add that Stevenson is usually un-Scotch in his standards, — although he has often expressed his admiration for frugality, and

calls it somewhere the artist's armor, — but that in stiff adherence to his standards he is valiantly Puritan and Scotch. Of himself he required much ; the sum of his moral impost upon others appears to be that they should be brave, honest, cheerful, kind, and that, without seeking their own happiness, they should strive to bring happiness to their fellow-men. Not the *credo* of the unco' guid, this, in Scotland or anywhere else ; but it is Stevenson's wherever he is. And the Scotchman of the world, the gay Puritan, insists upon the few articles of his belief when he is openly preaching, as in A Christmas Sermon ; or covertly preaching, as in Old Mortality ; or sketching and traveling, as with a donkey. He insists implicitly, even in his stories, where the artist curbs and bits the accompanying moralist ; but explicitly enough throughout those compositions in which the writer himself plays all the speaking parts. Burns, John Knox, the Scotchman on board the emigrant ship, the peasant in the Cévennes, François Villon, or the persons whom Stevenson meets voyaging, Cæsar-like, among the Belgæ, — one and all, gentle and simple, priest and peasant, they are rigidly tried (but always according to their lights) by the same humane standard.

Pray let no one take me to mean that this beguiling writer is always preaching, or that most of his intermittent and ever welcome preachings are not in fashion so blithe as to recommend themselves like song. But I, for my part, love his sympathies still better than his tenets. And it is through Stevenson's knowledge of his country and his sympathy with its people — a quality in him which has all the fervor of a clan, all the geniality of a larger world — that his Scottish tales are his best. Treasure Island, for its twenty-one deaths, its buccaneers and stockade, its one most hideous murder, and, above all, for its "seafaring man with one leg," I admire with my brain as an inimitably clever imitation

of eminent and well-known models. The style is a little miracle of the direct and the appropriate, and as for the conduct of the fable, that might be taken as a breathing example of the Athenian's formula for oratory, — "*Action, action, action.*" But in Kidnapped — alas for the inefficient title ! — the imitator becomes himself a model ; we step at once into an air which, if not more lively, is more alive and more authentic, and the characters, Alan and David, of course, more than any, are felt to be less symbolical and more individual. In their long flight together, the wind seems to turn the pages of that swift record, and the smell of the heather comes with it. The spirit of the nation is dominant. The young Stuart and his forlorn hope are ever present by suggestion, though never in actuality ; and one of the most romantic passages in all history is thus a background, or rather a running accompaniment, to this story of Highlander and Lowlander. Alan Breck Stewart, who "bore a king's name," is delineated with much spirit, and — I dare to say so — runs some of Scott's romantico-comic characters hard. But the portrait of David Balfour, ironically drawn, yet sympathetically colored, is a service which no man could render another if the Tweed divided them. "Mr. Balfour," said Cluny in the "cage," "I think you are too nice and covenanting, but for all that you have the spirit of a very pretty gentleman." So he has, but so darkened with the covenant that it is a triumph to have made the more generous essence shine through. If Alan and Davie live, surely it will be because they are not only individual, but typical ; and — the rule of character works both ways — because not only are they of the Highlands and the Lowlands, Jacobite and Whig, but also are in their own persons David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart.

If the reader be not weary of persons

and things Scotch, — and if he be, even the cunning of Stevenson's right hand cannot entertain him, — I should like to note, as we pass, that as the best of the fiction is of that country, so likewise some of the shrewdest and most piquant things in the essays are born to the same native manner. Memories and Portraits, by common consent the best *in toto* of the three volumes, is by subject four fifths Scotch; Child's Play, in *Virginibus Puerisque*, is in all its origin Scotch; Scotch also in more than that sense the ingenious and eloquent plea for romance, so finely entitled *The Lantern Bearers*. Dost remember the minister and the dying gravedigger in *Old Mortality*? "The gravedigger heard him out; then he raised himself upon one elbow, and with the other hand pointed through the window to the scene of his lifelong labors. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I ha'e laid three hunner and fower score in that kirkyaird; an it had been His wull,' indicating Heaven, 'I would ha'e likit weel to ha'e made out the fower hunner.'" Or the Old Scotch Gardener? He would thank you gravely if you praised one of his plants, "all credit in the matter falling to him. If, on the other hand, you called his attention to some back-going vegetable, he would quote Scripture: '*Paul may plant and Apollos may water*;' all blame being left to Providence, on the score of deficient rain or untimely frosts."

Of Scotland and the north, also, was Mr. Hunter, — but we must leave this too captivating part of our theme with only a final illustration, from *The Silverado Squatters*, of how one true-born Scotchman feels when he meets another in foreign lands. The sentiment lifts the young writer not so much into maturity of style, for that was surprisingly his already, as into that stronger and fuller tide of feeling which one encounters in general only in Stevenson's later writing. The twain, says he, may be rivals, almost foreigners, at home; but

when they meet abroad, they are joined at once by "some ready-made affection."

"It is not race. Look at us. One is Norse, one Celtic, and another Saxon. It is not community of tongue. We have it not among ourselves; and we have it almost to perfection with English or Irish or American. It is no tie of faith, for we detest each other's errors. And yet somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land and the old kindly people.

"Of all mysteries of the human heart, this is perhaps the most inscrutable. There is no special loveliness in that gray country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places, black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly looking corn-lands; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, 'Oh, why left I my hame?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though, I think, I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year: there are no stars so fair as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

"The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the paraphrases and the shorter catechism; you generally take to drink; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow life is warmer and closer;

the hearth burns more redly ; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street ; the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman to-morrow upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care ; but when the Scotch wine-grower told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

'From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas ;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are
Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.'

And, Highland and Lowland, all our hearts are Scotch."

Thus saith every right native of a hill-country, and with yet more heart if it chance to be a north-country and a sea-country as well.

III.

That Mr. Stevenson is a sworn romantic, and that he is so much a Scot as to keep a strong flavor of the wilding, in spite of each exotic graft, are truths no less conspicuous than that he is an exquisite and a secure artist in prose narrative, in verse, the essay, and the sketch. So perfectly, indeed, does he write that the Philistines — and not the mere *bourgeois* citizens of the country, but the first families of Philistia — are often heard to accuse him of having naught to say. To them, it is more than probable, he has nothing at all to say, unless they first master certain remarks once made by Mr. Joseph Addison on the subject of Literary Taste. But to the minds of men who have a humble and hearty admiration for good writing, Stevenson's tales of adventure gain much from his care about form ; and his kind and sagacious thoughts gain very much indeed from the " continual slight novelty " of his style. This loved and lost story-teller of ours could no more content himself with the con-

struction used by Dumas in his gay and ragged volumes than with the disposition and English of the scene in Guy Mannering which jars on him like a false note in music or color. Yet he had read *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* five times, and hoped — let us trust the hope was realized — to read it once again before he died. And the jarring scene — which happens, by the way, to have been that of Harry Bertram's landing at El-langowan — he respects as being in general " a model instance of the romantic method." The Meredith jargon Mr. Stevenson would no more think of putting into the mouths of his own people than he would that uttered by the purely symbolic young men and maidens whom Scott fobs off upon us as heroes and heroines. Mr. Meredith is nevertheless the breath of life to him, and Sir Walter " out and away the king of the romantics."

In these references to Stevenson's art and the frequent artlessness of Scott and Dumas, there is no slightest intention of matching him with them. He would not, if he could, have written like them ; he could not, if he would, have imagined and invented and swung the whole thing along as they did. They, with all their faults, are great romantics : he, with all his gifts and graces, is a little romantic ; and the many well-meaning persons who range him persistently with Scott do him nothing but disservice. The appearance of Meg Merrilies to Godfrey Bertram, the abdication of Queen Mary at Lochleven, the installation of the abbot of Kennaquhair, the appeal of Jeanie Deans for Effie, a certain scene in *Old Mortality*, — the play and stretch and headlong vigor of sheer improvisation that made all these possible, and easily possible, to Scott, are " out of the star " of the author of *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*. Nor, in writing, do I forget Alan and Davie beside the stream, or the bewitching scenes of the windmills in Holland, or the duel of the two

brothers outside the distracted house of Durrisdeer, when all was so still that the flame of the candles went up straight and steady into the night. But Sir Walter's books seem to me like a large symphony which has many discords: Mr. Stevenson's, like a discreet yet moving theme, perfectly played on fewer instruments. Perhaps we are hasty, the many of us who hold this opinion together. If Scott had died at the age when Stevenson was taken from us, the world would have lacked the Waverley novels; if a like fate had overtaken Dickens, we should not have had *A Tale of Two Cities*; and under a similar stroke, Goldsmith could not have written *Retaliation*, or tasted the bittersweet first night of *She Stoops to Conquer*. At the age of forty-four Mr. Thomas Hardy had probably not dreamed of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. But what a man has already done at forty year is likely, I am afraid, to be a gauge as well as a promise of what he will do in the future; and from Stevenson we were entitled to expect perfect form and continued variety of subject, rather than a measurable dynamic gain.

Stevenson himself, it would appear, clearly saw the limits within which his talent would best exhibit itself. He never, for a good example, attempted the historical novel, so favorite a field with most romancers. Louis Onze, Louis Treize, Anne of Austria, Mary Queen of Scots, Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, are a very few of the notables and royalties that figure on those vast, gorgeous tapestries into which Scott and Dumas strove to work the pattern and color of past ages. And men of our own contemporary moment, men whose gifts bear not an instant of comparison with his, have lightly rushed in where Stevenson has feared (or at least refused) to tread. Culloden deepens the gloom of *The Master of Ballantrae*, and, as I have tried to say, *Kidnapped* owes even more to the

ill-starred family. But whereas Scott's way was to light the ancient palace again, and in Waverley to show Charles Edward keeping an hour's court at Holyrood, — or, in that fine apocryphal scene of *Redgauntlet*, to let us see him bid the Scottish gentlemen good-by forever, — Stevenson's quite opposite method is to present the young Pretender only by vicar or deputy. Our dear friend Alan, the sons of Rob Roy, and Prestongrange are scarcely of the great persons of history; but they are more "historical characters" than any others I can now recall in Stevenson. And it would have been as much out of him, I think, to essay a portrait in the grand style, of some bygone king or statesman, as to flash such an Aristophanic ray as Caleb Balderstone across a tragedy in the key of *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

To leave the unseemly task of comparison, I am well aware that there are those who find Mr. Stevenson's art at fault by times within his chosen province. But *The Master of Ballantrae*, the chief object of their criticisms, has been dispraised too harshly. The details, to be sure, are ill blended, but each in itself is admirably worked out; and the failure (or half failure) at last seems to have come through a sheer lack of power to fuse the well-selected elements of the tale. Of details and bits and episodes there is a vast and engaging variety in the writings of this author. That quaint episode, *Providence and the Guitar*, which must be taken as one of the Stevensonian *cruces*, reflects within its narrow term all the sweetness and light of Bohemia. That fierce episode, *A Story of Francis Villon*, shows forth all the bitterness and blackness which may sometimes darken and make sinister the same cheerful land. Pictures are often evoked with a few words, as when the redcoats are seen down the valley from the high-placed rock among the heather; or as when Jekyll discovers the unconscious transformation into Hyde by seeing his

hand upon the bedclothes. There has not been such a shudder as that in our literature since Crusoe found the foot-print in the sand. Prince Otto, an *opéra bouffe* in Dresden china, is another Stevensonian *cruz*, acceptable only to the esoteric and the inner circle; but the going of night and the coming of dawn in the forest of Gerolstein charm the eyes like the sunrise on the Bass Rock.

And so on, indefinitely, these thickcoming memories might be set down; but it is full time for a word about Stevenson's style, which is, in the opinion of many, his chief distinction. Several London critics, in the attempt, perhaps, to avenge certain "Bards" upon their "Reviewers," have spoken grudgingly of his wonderful skill, because, forsooth, he learned to write before he wrote for publication. The offense was deeper dyed because the young Scot sought aid from France, the ancient ally of Scotland, and scrupled not to avow that his sojourn in Paris and the study of French writers had taught him secrets of technique. Even British critics allow a painter to study pigments before he exhibits a picture, a sculptor to model in clay before he carves the nation's heroes in marble; but, in the face of repeated blows, the fine old superstition dies hard, that ill-regulated impulse is an important element in the "inspiration" of an art more subtle than either painting or sculpture. Stevenson chose to reduce this element to a minimum, and to make himself the most faithful of apprentices. He became at last the most impeccable of artists; and although the ardent study of an extraordinary variety of masters did not dull his keen, original gift, — as if, indeed, the right use of even the one talent ever failed to multiply it, — he yet keeps in his most ornate pages the good tradition of the language, the classic note of the best English prose. Stevenson loves and practices the *belle phrase*, the harmonious sentence; but scarce ever does he descend to the indolent *cheville*. Never,

to the best of my memory, does he make the Wegg-like change, — so often made by Wegg's creator, that great, imperfect genius, — the change from rhythm to metre. In few, he nicely observes the adjective in Dryden's saying, "that *other* harmony of prose."

Stevenson's prose, then, discourses eloquent music; and its diversity is no less remarkable than its eloquence. If, like the banker poet, he had elected to read only his own works, he might have found his author always entertaining by frequent recourse from one self to another. He never lacks precision, clearness, proportion, — the classic qualities; but, outside of these, the variety of his masters helped him to be various. View the distance from the parish of Balweary to the court of Gerolstein, and you will see that never was there a farther cry. The city of Bogdan is not more distant from the hamlet Selifan, or the city of London from the Braes of Balquhiddy, than the bland, cool periods of The Suicide Club from the eighteenth-century English (so deftly touched with Scotch) of Kidnapped or the steward Mackellar. And it is incredible to the soul that the same man could have written A Child's Garden of Verses and The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It has been said that Mr. Stevenson's writing has every virtue save simplicity. To this charge I think we may answer that in the stories his style has almost absolute simplicity, wherever this is consistent with dramatic fitness. In Stevenson's earlier essay-writing, I own to being reminded now and then of a saying of Alan Breck. Alan had done wonders in the fierce fray of the round-house, but he wanted them acknowledged; and so he turned to Davie, after the battle, with, "Am I no the bonny fighter?" In Virginitus Puerisque the bonny writer is sometimes conscious of the wonders he has worked.

It is not the least of his achievements that, after his death, he should have re-

ceived the following appreciation from the Temps newspaper: "No one better knew how to construct a phrase, a sentence, a chapter; and by this we mean, not the laborious artifice of a pedant, but that native harmony of a born artist who gives to rhythm the part due to it in the symphony of the words." And in the same article he is called "the most classic man of letters, in the favorable sense of the word, of contemporary England." Artist born, — and, alas, artist dead, — this bonny writer may have been too conscious of his wonderful craft in those young works of his, but in the maturer papers the tone is just the right one. In the Memories and Portraits, if not simple, Mr. Stevenson is at least *simplex munditiis*; and this phrase of a Roman poet with whom he has some community expresses, I think, one of the best qualities of reflective prose. Mr. Stevenson's writing is that of a man who, by his own statement, "lived with words." He is a true *Lavengro*. The gypsies, it will not be forgotten, called Borrow *Sapengro*, snake-charmer, until he learned their language, when they exalted his title to word-charmer, *Lavengro*. But Borrow's magic was "poor and single business" in comparison with Stevenson's. He pipes to his words, and they dance, — a galliard, a coranto, or a jig, according to his will. He changes the tune, and they march as to fife and drum. The music is hushed, and they disperse into the "solemn troops and sweet societies" of *Pulvis et Umbra* and *A Christmas Sermon*.

Artist as he is, and perhaps because he is an artist, the man shines through all the work of Mr. Stevenson's hand, and illumines it all. He tells us in beautiful words, yet with a beautiful sincerity, what manner of men and books he loves, and what manner he cannot endure.

More than for anything else, I think, he cared for youth; and the only consolation in his death is that age can never overtake him. This understanding and love of youth brought its exceeding great reward, for to no class or body of readers is Stevenson so dear as to young men. A correspondent of the London Times wrote from Paris that, during his life in France, he was "always *bienvenu*" in the painters' colony at Barbizon. *Bienvenu* everywhere, but nowhere the Well Come and the Well Beloved so much as among the younger brothers who are the hope of the world's family. I had the happiness of speaking of Stevenson, as a writer, to a great company of collegians on the night after his death was heard of in this country; and since then many of them have talked with me about him, and expressed their feeling of deep personal loss. One generous youth — whose strength and stature let him acknowledge emotions which petty men must hide — said to me across the midnight fire that Stevenson "made him cry" more than any other writer. That sums it all up. I might have said it at the beginning, and stopped there. Something does indeed seize us by the throat when we consider the bravery of his pages and the heroic pathos of his life. He worked blithely for years in the imminent face of death, and only when it bent over him and touched him did he still his hand. We thought that in going to Samoa he had come to Elim, and that under its palm-trees and by its wells of water he would find strength to his body and peace to his spirit. But instead of health he gained a mere reprieve from the Fell Sergeant, who happily, at the last, was sudden as well as strict in his arrest.

"Beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man."

C. T. Copeland.

IN MEMORIAM STEVENSON.

LIFE'S Angel shining sat in his high place
 To view the lands and waters of his globe ;
 A leaning Shape came through the fields of Space,
 Stealthy, and touched the hem of his white robe.

The Angel turned : Brother, what ill brings thee
 Like thieving night to trespass on my day ?
 Yonder, Death answered him, I cannot see ;
 Yonder I take this star to light my way.

Owen Wister.

TWO DREAMERS.

To accuse certain persons of being "happy" is as direct an insult as to inform some invalids that they look the pictures of health. Whatever outward show of satisfaction may be presented, the imputation of "happiness" places the friendly spirit who makes it at once under a ban of disapproval ; he is capable neither of penetration nor of sympathy. Yet who shall say that the discontent of the sensitive ones is not as real a woe as if they were free from all just rebuke of "egocentricity ;" as if they were by nature something other than the "dreamers" whom the world, since the days of Joseph himself, has been accustomed to regard with scorn ? Dreams and melancholy are close of kin, and the spirit productive of both is so abundant in two books which have recently come to us that there is every reason for looking at them side by side. They are striking specimens of the effect that can be produced upon different minds by the habit of melancholy. Each of the writers is primarily a dreamer : one of them has spent all his energies in trying to see what stuff his dreams are made of ; the other, accepting the stuff without much question, has turned it over and over,

and employed his other faculties in such wise as to produce still other dreams.

In *The Melancholy of Stephen Allard*¹ Mr. Garnet Smith has set himself a task that must have been attractive to an analyst of the melancholy temperament. He has written what professes to be the private diary of a man of thirty, tired of the turmoil of "practical life," who, for the sole purpose of revealing himself to himself, has deliberately fled the world, that, in the quiet of the country, he may commit to paper all his studies of his own emotions. It is a cold-blooded purpose, and, at the end of the year he has promised himself, a passing chill brings the diarist's life and the diary to a sudden end.

Mr. Smith's intention was admirable, but the writer of the diary seems to take the bit, as it were, between his teeth, and to run his own courses. For it soon appears that he is something far more energetic than a mere dreamer. He admits that, from his earliest days, the pursuit of knowledge has been his ruling passion. Not unnaturally, it has taken him to the

¹ *The Melancholy of Stephen Allard.* A Private Diary. Edited by GARNET SMITH. New York and London : Macmillan & Co. 1895.

works of the high-priests of melancholy. What is the result? He begins in his diary to study his own case, symptom by symptom, and to deal with every supposed remedy; but he must needs bring to each theme all the wisdom of all the writers upon it. His own experience is used but as a peg on which to hang discussions concerning the opinions of Maurice de Guérin, Alfred de Vigny, Amiel, Leopardi, and all the *irritable genus* of writers whose own natures have been the object of their scrutiny. To be sure, it is not often found that the wisdom of the sages puts an end to the diarist's misgivings. Indeed, nothing is capable of affording him permanent content. The remedies of action, love, faith, altruism, culture, and many another process which has been of service to man are shown in turn to be ineffective nostrums for his special malady. Love is impossible for one so destitute of passion, and so far at all times from forgetting himself and living for the life of another. Action is proved a far less worthy aim than silence. Faith is incompatible with reason. Thought itself is melancholy, and the sum of the writer's searchings of heart is that he is only "a physician trying to heal himself—and aggravating his disease." *Abstine, sustine; sustine, abstine*, strikes the note of renunciation and endurance, which after all seem the most hopeful things in a hopeless world. For a few short days before the end a visitation of peace comes to him; he sets up for himself a few simple standards taken from the very truths he has been engaged in beating to pieces; but alas! just in time to save his reputation for unhappiness, the clearer vision, as he believes it to be, returns, and all the old doubts, with the doubting of the doubts themselves, come flooding back to leave the last page dark.

The sadness of this personal story is considerably mitigated by the reflection that the diarist could not possibly have been

so inefficient a person as he would have himself appear. The knowledge of books and of thought that is displayed clearly shows the writer to be a person who has worked hard; and the effective manner in which the knowledge is brought to bear upon each point in turn reveals him also as a clever and careful craftsman. So large are the results of his researches that the book makes its appeal rather as a complete anatomy of melancholy, a study of its whole history and philosophy, than as the personal record of a distressed soul. It would seem an impertinence to suggest for a work of this nature the equipments of a book of reference, yet for devotees of melancholy, within and outside of themselves, followers of the "goddess sage and holy," ready with her watchword, "Hence, vain, deluding Joys," there could hardly be a volume more full of the special food on which it is theirs to thrive; and any means for bringing the nourishing power of this thesaurus more easily within reach should be welcome.

If the main interest of Stephen Al-
lard's diary is philosophical, the distinctive merit of the work¹ of the other dreamer before us is in its human appeal. Mr. Garnet Smith has given us the philosophy of melancholy; Mr. More, in *The Great Refusal*, shows forth its poetic practice. We are taking it for granted that both books, though ostensibly "edited" by a surviving friend, are in reality original productions. The ruse is achieved with the greater success in Mr. More's book, for his Introduction gives a very definite idea of the person whose letters fill the volume. He appears as a young New Yorker, who, after graduating at Columbia and traveling abroad, especially in the far East, returned home, and, to satisfy his people's desire to see him "doing something," undertook to teach in a boys' school. His temperament was so strongly opposed to the activity of New York
MORE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

¹ *The Great Refusal*. Being Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham. Edited by PAUL ELMER

that even this comparatively quiet work proved impossible for him, and, failing utterly as a teacher, he took up the life of a retired student on Staten Island. His favorite pupil at the school had a beautiful sister, whom by chance the teacher met, and at once set apart from other women as the Lady Esther. From his retreat he writes to her of his love, his studies, and his many doubts. Very often the letter is the means of sending her a bit of verse. After his supposed death, all the letters are put into the hands of his friend, Mr. More, who suppresses all references which could give a clue to identities, and prints enough to show what the dreamer was and did.

This plan, like Mr. Garnet Smith's, has given the author an excellent opportunity for the study of an uncommon temperament. The slender thread of story is enough to reveal clearly a man who, like the other dreamer, is a student; but he is something more. The poet and the lover in him have made of his letters a work upon which the dust of books is not so thick as upon Stephen Allard's diary. This is more true of the body of the volume than of its conclusion, for the progress of his mind does bring him in the end to the point where the teaching of his chosen sages is everything to him, the world in which he lives nothing. To describe this progress is to tell much of the structural plan of the book.

The opening letters show the writer under the first spell of the Lady Esther's charm, and the too long imaginative poem, *The Pedagogue*, which he sends her, speaks at once for the occupation he has abandoned, and for the mysticism which must truly have rendered him inefficient in its practice. The voice of the schoolmaster, indeed, at other times, is a little too clearly heard, and one or two of the letters carry with them a tone of instruction which could hardly have been grateful to the recipient, and even impressed the writer with a sense of their possible tedium. As the book proceeds, he ap-

pears still as a lover, and equally as a student, struggling with the doubts to which a student is liable, bringing them all, together with the beautiful thoughts which skillfully blend his studies and his imaginings, and laying them at his mistress's feet. The faiths and philosophies from which he seeks sustaining strength are found by degrees inadequate for him. Gradually he builds up for himself a Gospel of Love, with the Lady Esther as its central figure. He can never be more than a distant worshiper at her shrine. But his Oriental studies prove to him before long that even love, however abstract, is not for him; for "to him who is prepared, love, just in so far as it is attached to what is fair, becomes a more serious obstacle. We must renounce." And this, in the end, he does, sending as his last missive to the Lady Esther a paraphrase of a Hindu book, which has for its burden Renunciation.

It is well that the Oriental researches, and the letters about them, began as late as they did, for they seem so much the least interesting part of the book that they would have been likely to lead the Lady Esther herself to renounce the correspondence which brought them to her. It is in the body of the volume that the qualities which give the letters a real element of distinction are to be found. These qualities are the writer's genuine literary gift, his spirituality and his imagination. The form in which he has elected to cast his work gives his literary skill full play, and it is less hampered than helped by the influences of reading which are constantly to be seen in the letters. Perhaps there is nothing about them more attractive than the manner in which a thought picked up in some musty old schoolman's book is set forth, first in prose and then in verse, to the honor or delight of the Lady Esther. This mingling of the two forms is one of the many evidences of the debt the writer owes to Dante, and the *Vita Nuova* rises inevitably to mind as one of

the chief models for the letters. The double opportunity of prose and verse is seized with a satisfaction like that which all writers of rhymes are said to feel when they can read their own lines prefaced by an explanation of their origin. An example will show how Mr. More has made this practice his own. In Letter XXVI., he says he has been reading Saint Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, and has come upon a sentence which has haunted him "with the evil persistence of a ghost that will not be laid." It is to the effect that "the gods desire our imitation more than sacrificial rites." On this text he proceeds to talk, and comes to this conclusion:—

"So it has happened with this sentence from Saint Augustine concerning imitation and sacrifice. And when, last night, its true connection with the love that binds together my thoughts was revealed, immediately I desired to make some record of my delight, if possible to give to you some reflex participation, however slight, in my great pleasure. I could think of no better method of conveyance than this poem which I copy within. Be pleased with it for its good intention.

"*'IMITATIONE POTIUS QUAM SACRIFICIO.'*

"By imitation more than sacrifice
We bind the gods.'—Oh, stern idolatry!
And I, who love and worship, in such wise
Would draw thy favor from thy own sweet sky.

"Nay, be assured: beyond each paltry gift
Wherewith my love would masquerade in flowers;
Beyond each song wherein my brain would lift
Its weaker flight to serve my heart's high powers;

"Beyond it all the larger purpose lurks
To bend my orbit to thy blissful height;
By imitation of thy fairer works
To win thy splendor of serene delight;

"That mortals, looking from their ways of trouble,

May wonder, hearing that our spheres are double,
How like a single star they cleave the night."

These lines show, too, the form in which many of the verses are written,—a fresh structure, which for flexibility within limits is surely worth the consideration of verse-makers. "As for the verses," one of the letters says, "I have put them into a form never used before, so far as I know. It is fitting that she who has brought new beauty into the world should receive her homage of praise in a new form."

The simplest metres are sometimes essayed, and often the results are attractive. In Letter XXIII., the writer tells of his efforts to interpret the song of a thrush. "Study and practice, as you know," he says, "have taught me to spell the future in the lettered page of the firmament, but now that I would understand and translate for your sake the simple accents of a throstle, behold what awkwardness distracts my powers:—

"Now tell me, throstle, pretty bird,
Wherefore thy merry note?
I, too, would sing, but sudden cares
And sorrow stop my throat.—

"I sing because I'm happy, Sir,
And if it were not so,
I'd sing to make me happy, Sir;
And that is all I know.'—

"Ah well, but if the lady-bird
Who hears thy throbbing note,
Were cold as winter, would thy song
Freeze not within thy throat?—

"I'd sing and thaw her bosom, Sir,
And if it were not so,
I'd sing and thaw my sorrow, Sir;
And that is all I know.'"

One other passage, in prose, we are constrained to quote, and let it speak, better than any description of the writer's style, for his power of writing English, and for the qualities of which we have already held him to be possessed:

"Was it Da Gama or Magellan—

the latter, I think in his tragic voyage around the world — who was so alarmed by the new aspect of the sky as he sailed southward? Night after night the familiar northern constellations sank deeper into the mists of the horizon he was fleeing, and one by one were lost from view. At the same time, the southern stars rose constantly higher above him, till the great planets and the moon circled directly overhead, and new constellations of unknown appearance climbed out of the dim horizon before them. Most of all was he terrified when the Polar star, by which he had steered his course, was no longer visible; for over the south pole hung no steady light, but only a vague blurred nebula, not easily distinguishable from the vapors of the ocean. Imagine his situation: sailing on boundless unknown seas, towards lands unnamed, or mentioned only by rumor, while night after night the very stars of heaven shifted northward — it was, indeed, a new heaven and a new earth. One constellation, it is said, he greeted always with increasing delight as it mounted ever higher toward the zenith — the great Southern Cross which hung in the sky with unimaginable splendor. . . . And it is not unlikely that many a quiet scholar in these later days starts on a similar voyage of discovery in the still more fabulous lands and seas of ancient learning; with hopes akin to those of the early navigators; through difficulties, too, not altogether despicable, and dangers to the spiritual life that only the dreamer knows. The old truths which guided him may sink away into the mists of doubt; over the new pole of his heavens may float only an uncertain nebula; and out of the southern horizon may creep strange constellations, monstrous unspeakable fancies that fill him with awe — possibly, also, the great cross, with its marvelous magnificence. And one of them, if he returns safely from the fantastic dominion of dreams which the Hindu seers established so

many centuries ago, will be proud to kneel before the Princess under whose flag he sails, with offerings of new similitudes and Oriental legends which may extend the empire of her beauty over generations of men yet to be born — if she will but be pleased to smile on the prostrate mariner. Great things may come out of the East, dear Princess."

Probably enough has been said to show the book a thing for the few rather than the many. Those to whom it will appeal at all will find in it much to like, and, as we have already implied, something to complain of. A very occasional touch of cheapness should be mentioned in addition to the other shortcomings, and a tendency, perhaps indulged once or twice too often, to give to conceits the value of thoughts. Nevertheless, dignity and thought are constantly displayed throughout the book, thought of no commonplace and superficial kind. The letters are clearly the outcome of strenuous thinking. The faith which the dreamer finds himself incapable of holding is not dismissed in the easy-going manner of the day. "Because I am a skeptic," he says, "it" (the faith) "means so much to me." Indeed, in matter as in manner, it seems to us, as a first book, to have something more than common interest and promise. Let the writer follow his bent towards literature, holding his scholasticism as its servant rather than its lord, and it will be no strange thing if work of a very general power to appeal is the result. If, on the other hand, the Sufis enthrall him as they have enthralled his first hero, "the few" must of necessity grow fewer still.

"The grandeur of man lies in this — that he knows himself miserable." We borrow this quotation, of which Mr. More makes use, in order to bring together again the two books of which it is largely the burden. Sincerity is the true excuse for being which such work can offer. Its spirit is one which mere "practical" persons must needs rebuke — yet without

avail. It brings the poor dreamer nowhere; but if he abandons it, he ceases to be a dreamer, and joins the fortunately larger army of "active workers." Both of these writers show sincerity, and especially the "dreamer in Gotham." Indeed, there is in nearly all of his letters a refreshing absence of the attitude of posing; and whatever comes so directly

from a man's heart as the best passages of *The Great Refusal* is sure of a response from the hearts of the men who feel their kinship with him. Perhaps a new census will tell us the number of those who resent the charge of happiness, and that will give at least a hint of the growth of the class to which Stephen Alard and his American cousin belonged.

THE CITY IN MODERN LIFE.

THE great fact in the social development of the white race at the close of the nineteenth century is the tendency all over the world to concentrate in great cities. This tendency is seen everywhere, and it is noticeably strong in highly civilized races. It is seen alike in the northern and the southern hemisphere, the eastern and the western continent. It is very marked in such an old civilized country of dense population as Great Britain, and it is quite as strongly marked in a recently settled country of sparse population like Australia. In Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, even in parts of Russia, the blind forces which tell in favor of this concentration of population in towns are steadily at work. The effect upon new countries has been especially marked. When the United States became a nation, they possessed just about the number of persons that is now found in the Australian commonwealths; but at the end of the eighteenth century the population of the United States was rural, while in Australia, at the end of the nineteenth, it is urban. The typical American citizen of 1795 was a farmer who owned his own land; the typical Australian citizen of 1895 is a workingman dwelling in a big city. Of course there were towns in the United States a century ago, and there are farmers and stock riders in Australia to-day; but the distinctive feature in the

one case was the country life, and in the other it is the city life. The upbuilding of huge cities in the midst of vast, scantily peopled territories is the characteristic note in the colonization of Australia, and makes this colonization quite unique in character. To a less extent, the same thing is seen in British South Africa, where the Dutch Boers, who still live much the kind of life that was generally lived two hundred years ago, are a pastoral and agricultural people; while the English immigrants, though they will throng to the gold fields and penetrate the great hunting-grounds, tend more and more to congregate in towns.

In the United States itself this tendency has become more and more marked with every decade. In the Southern States, which are slower than any other part of the country to yield to the influences of the time, the rate of urban growth is not very rapid. The people are still predominantly agricultural, and in consequence the problems which they face are very different from those faced in the North. Here, not only do the cities grow faster in population than the country districts, but in all the older settled States they grow at the expense of the country. At the last census all the Northern States east of the Mississippi showed a positive decrease in the population of the exclusively agricultural counties, and

this decrease took place in Illinois and Ohio no less than in New York and Massachusetts. It is true that between the Mississippi and the Pacific the agricultural counties grew in population, as was inevitable; but even in the new States the growth of the cities has been phenomenal. Denver contains a third of the population of Colorado; Washington, a new State, with a population of less than four hundred thousand inhabitants, has three cities — Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane — which are already as populous as, and much richer than, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were at the outbreak of the Revolution. There are still waste places in the United States to fill up, and there are still rich agricultural regions where the population will grow denser. Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that the urban growth is as yet small in the South, the time seems not very far distant when the average American, instead of living in the country, will live in a city or town, and when a very large number of Americans will live in cities of such size as to show all the effects, for good and for evil, which accompany the crowding together of masses of people in limited areas.

Under such circumstances, it behooves every American interested in public life and public affairs to study as carefully as he can the phenomena of the life in these cities, and the administration of them. In this study of our own cities, nothing will help us more than an intelligent comparison with foreign cities. We desire to know whether certain phenomena appearing with us are constant and inevitable accompaniments of urban growth, or whether they are merely special to our peculiar conditions. An unintelligent comparison is of little use, and there is still less use in reasoning upon conclusions drawn from conditions wholly different from those which exist with us, and recklessly applied to our own circumstances; but if the conclusions are drawn carefully, and with ample allowance for

different conditions, and if the comparison is really accurate, the American civic student is put in possession of invaluable data. Of course the experiences of people similar to our own are of more use to us than the experiences of alien races. In consequence, the study of the city governments of Great Britain has more practical bearing upon our life than the study of any of the municipal systems of Continental Europe. This study has been undertaken by Mr. Albert Shaw¹ in the excellent book now before us.

The individualist and collectivist find a new field of warfare when they come to what Mr. Shaw calls the theory and art of modern city-making. Mr. Shaw deserves credit for the clear-headed, common-sense view he takes of this warfare, and for his refusal to be misled into advocating either view from the doctrinaire standpoint. Very good people continually speak as if it were possible to have unrestricted individualism or untempered collectivism in any community. Of course, as a matter of fact, the former can be found only in communities as low as those of the Terra del Fuegan savages, and the latter in a body of absolute slaves such as existed under the Incas. Every civilized government which contains the least possibility of progress, or in which life would be supportable, is administered on a system of mixed individualism and collectivism; and whether we increase or decrease the power of the state, and limit or enlarge the scope of individual activity, is a matter not for theory at all, but for decision upon grounds of mere practical expediency. A paid police department or paid fire department is in itself a manifestation of state socialism. The fact that such departments are absolutely necessary is sufficient to show that we need not be frightened from further experiments by any fear of the dangers of collectivism in the abstract;

¹ *Municipal Government in Great Britain.* By ALBERT SHAW. New York: The Century Co. 1895.

and on the other hand, their success does not afford the least justification for impairing the power of the individual where that power can be properly exercised. No hard-and-fast rule in the matter can be laid down. All that can be said is that, where possible, the individual must be left free; that he must always be left so free as to have a right to enjoy himself in his own way where he can do it without infringing on the rights of others; and that the reward for his efforts should be made, so far as may be, proportional to his efforts and abilities, so as to encourage enterprise, thrift, industry, and sobriety, and to discourage their opposites. But wherever it is found by actual practice and experiment, or by the failure of all other methods, that collectivism and state interference are wise and necessary, we should not be deterred from advocating them by any considerations of pure theory. We cannot afford merely to sit down and deplore the evils of city life as inevitable, when cities are constantly growing, both absolutely and relatively. We must set ourselves vigorously about the task of improving them; and this task is now well begun. The great towns are making themselves over, and providing themselves with all the appointments of a new civilization, because their permanent existence is now accepted as a fact. Energetic and intelligent action has already been taken here and there to render city life more tolerable for the bulk of city people, and such action must be copied everywhere.

Mr. Shaw points out briefly, but very effectively, the growth of urban population in England and Scotland alike. In Scotland, a century back, there were three country dwellers to one citizen of a town, but now there are three townsmen for every countryman, and town and country life are in particularly violent contrast. In England, the towns have grown quite as rapidly, and London has become a city of a size so prodigious as to surpass anything of the kind ever seen before.

Mr. Shaw devotes an interesting preliminary chapter to the rise of the British towns. He sketches very vividly the apparent hopelessness of the municipal problem as it was during the early decades of the present century, when town life in the growing counties of England was as evil and unwholesome a thing as can well be imagined. The filth, disease, overcrowding, and brutality in the towns of that period beggar description, and the meanness of the domestic architecture symbolized well a social life of sordid and unlovely monotony. He then describes the British system as it is now in operation. One very interesting point to Americans is the comparative uniformity of the system, not only in England, but throughout Europe generally. In the whole range of municipal institutions from Great Britain to southeastern Europe there are not nearly so many important variations, whether of principle or of method, as there are in the United States alone. It is true, the character of the people in Milan or Marseilles differs radically from the character of the people in Glasgow or Copenhagen, but the governmental methods and principles are more alike than is the case with the cities on this continent. As yet, on this side of the water, it is difficult to undertake a general study of American municipal government, because there is no logical system which our municipalities illustrate by their workings. The business is not carried on in accordance with any guiding principles, each State constantly trying experiments, which may be in the right direction, and may be in the wrong, but are undertaken wholly without regard to the previous experience not merely of other countries, but even of other States. Hence Mr. Shaw's book has a peculiar value to those citizens who wish sincerely to aid in the regeneration of town life, but who have not formed any definite municipal ideals; and while his present volume, dealing with municipal government in Great Britain, has a

special bearing on our own problems, his next volume, which will treat of municipal government of the chief countries of Continental Europe, should be only a little less valuable to us.

It would certainly appear from Mr. Shaw's work that there is truth in the general impression that English municipal politics are far cleaner than ours. Apparently, it is exceedingly difficult, in England, for demagogues or party agents to exploit the votes of the ignorant and vicious poor in the way that is normal in American municipal politics. The laws against bribery, direct and indirect, are very severe, and are, we believe, well administered. In Scotch towns, only those who pay the rates can register, and as the very poor, and especially the vicious poor, devote much time and activity to evading the rate-collector, they never get registered. It would seem as if the workingmen in England, when they act as organized bodies, do so with more intelligence and a keener public morality than the workingmen of our own big cities. Readers of *The Atlantic* may perhaps remember that the English labor leader, John Burns, who recently visited America, expressed much horror both at the corruption of municipal life and at the venality and impropriety of conduct among many of the labor leaders, as something new in his experience. It is true that Mr. Burns impressed the general public of America even more unfavorably than the general public impressed him; but while he certainly seemed, as judged by our standards, to be noisy and underbred, with the rank, aggressive underbreeding of the satisfied provincial, much of his criticism about corruption was undoubtedly true. It is to be remembered that, in America, the problem of municipal government is infinitely complicated by the ethnic character of the population in our large cities. In the average American big city at least three fourths of the people are of foreign birth or of foreign parentage, and until these have become thoroughly

Americanized the difficulty of securing good government is enormously increased. Thus, while it is true, apparently, that the workingmen in the British cities work more intelligently and effectively in political life than ours do, and are less easily misled by mere corruptionists, we must not forget that this is largely because the real American workingman usually refuses to act as a workingman at all. He acts as he ought to, simply as an American citizen, in company with other American citizens, whether they work with their hands or their heads. The professional workingmen who lead workingmen's parties in our great cities are commonly foreigners.

There are some very striking divergences between the tendencies at work in English municipal politics and in ours. In New York State, it has been shown by practical experience that better government is secured, or at least that there is a far better chance of securing better government, when the mayor is given concentrated power than when he shares his power with an elective board of aldermen; but in many of the English cities, which are admirably governed, the council in reality merely includes the mayor as a member, the government of the city being managed by a board or committee. It is a little odd that this plan, which seems to have worked so well in the English cities, should have broken down so absolutely with us. The temper of the constituency, not the form of the government, is the essential matter.

Mr. Shaw makes special studies of Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and finally of London. What he says of the question of metropolitan tasks and problems is of especial interest. He points out where we can learn by example, and where we can learn by taking warning. Our people as a whole are short-sighted, and prone to refuse to look into the future; so it may be doubted whether American municipalities will ever learn, without bitter personal experience, how

to avoid mistakes. It would be well if they would profit from what has happened in London. For instance, take the question of parks. The new government of London has been particularly successful in securing a sufficiency of these great playgrounds for the people, and the effect upon the health and moral tone of the community is very marked; but it has cost just about four times what it ought to have cost, because the municipality set about buying the ground altogether too late. New York urgently needs to have the same lesson taught. Many people in New York complain of the cost of establishing an adequate park system. But the park system must certainly be established. We must have an ample supply of breathing-holes and playgrounds for our people. We must have it in the interests of their health, and we must have it in the interests of giving them a chance for healthy sport which shall not be criminal. To defer the purchase of parks is simply to increase by so much the price that we shall ultimately have to pay. In the same way, if we provide suitable building regulations

now, if we forbid faulty and unsanitary work, and if we furnish a proper water supply and proper rapid transit, we shall be saved very great trouble in the future. Finally, there is urgent necessity to investigate the matter of ground-rents. It is not required that we accept the curiously wild and illogical doctrines of Henry George, in order to believe that the question of the ownership of real estate in great cities stands in need of state action, action which must be cool and wise, but which must also be radical.

In closing this review, no better testimony can be given as to the practical character of Mr. Shaw's work than the following paragraph from his preface:—

"I have no intention to prescribe European remedies for American maladies, nor to suggest any degree whatsoever of imitation. We must deal with our own problems in our own way, but we must be willing to gain all possible enlightenment from the experience of others who have been dealing with kindred problems, and have found solutions that are satisfactory under their own circumstances."

RECONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

NOWADAYS criticism runs to epigram on the one hand, or to philology on the other. Plain speaking in matters of art is rare and accounted for platitude; intricacy has won the day. But it is worth while, even in bald language, to recapitulate ideas which every thoughtful reader must have in mind when he surveys our current criticism of the art—and we should use the word in its broadest sense—of times other than our own. The end of literature may not approach, but each decade we are farther from its beginning, and perhaps its prime, and more in doubt as to the principles which

should guide us in judging the works of our fathers, our grandfathers, and our remoter ancestors. The mass of art grows overwhelming, and only a fraction of it lies historically within the limits of our complete sympathy and comprehension. The early cycles, like shores seen from afar on the sea, already grow indistinct, and only the great highlands preserve their prominence. Others we are just beginning to understand, as an intricate coast-line shows its fundamental contour from a distance not too remote. But certain it is that we can never figure accurately for ourselves the world that Titian

saw, nor feel as they for whom Virgil wrote. Scarcely even, except by a warping effort, can we in maturity share Scott's mood. Whole ages are dead behind us, and the magic key to their treasures is buried with them. What wonder that we discuss so much the theory of criticism! It is for the touchstone of the past that our century is groping.

The simplest type of criticism is that which instinctively judges the art of the past from the point of view of the present. Such a method is not only natural, but to a certain extent scientific. Homer was not to Pope what he was to Plato; why should he not be to me still different? Shakespeare, whom we think so universal, is surely not centuries deep in the appreciation of even a small part of the world. Men scarcely dead remembered that in their youth Dante was almost unknown. There be idols that crumble, and there be idols, perhaps, that remain, but these are revered far differently in different ages, and he is not wise who would set a measure for our affection or a rule for our judgment. It sometimes seems, if we may guess the status of Christianity from the religious reviews or the condition of the theological seminaries, that Christianity has largely disappeared from current theology, fully absorbed in the minds and hearts of men, and reintegrated into new metaphysical and sociological products. Such a Nirvana most literature, however effective at its present time and in its native place, must eventually attain. How, then, can we be foolish if we examine frankly the flotsam and jetsam of the centuries, keeping quite simply for ourselves what suits our present use or pleases our present fancy?

But the main impulse of our century has led us far in other directions than that of such a childlike attitude toward the art of the past. We have given ourselves over at times to laboriously scientific analysis. We have plotted curves and made averages. We have counted

rhymes and endings, searched for parallels and sources, analyzed effects, and, hunting minutely for controlling ethical purposes, have ended in conceiving of Shakespeare, at least, as a calculating engineer of artillery, who mounted and trained his cannon with all the mathematics of the trajectory before him. Nor have we been less ardent in investigating the historical relations of the artists of the past with their times and their surroundings. Homer's sources have been sifted, Shakespeare's plots traced, and all the dull first ideas that led finally to *Faust* or the *Divine Comedy* brought into unnatural prominence. Sometimes the results of these two lines of research, scientific and historical, have been so effectively combined as almost to persuade us that we see and feel the art of a vanished epoch with more understanding than we could have done had we lived in the artists' own circle.

There has been no more interesting recent example of such analysis and its apparent tendency away from a natural to a learned criticism than Mr. Berenson's minute study of Lorenzo Lotto,¹ which, following the brilliant method of Morelli, proposes to revive in the crucible of science a painter of four hundred years ago, and present him for accurate judgment. Morelli's theory, it is now almost superfluous to state, was that, in the identification of the painting, as in that of the criminal, it is the trivial detail that betrays, — "the ears, the hands, the folds, certain idiosyncrasies of pose and certain settings and backgrounds, as prone to be executed in a stereotyped fashion." By a system based on such clues, detective critics, of whom Mr. Berenson is perhaps the most able, have ransacked the galleries and private collections of Europe, testing and comparing the whole mass of Italian pictures, named, unnamed, or wrongly named, ac-

¹ *Lorenzo Lotto. An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism.* By BERNHARD BERENSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

according to the accidents of tradition and circumstance. In the history of painting as in the history of literature, light at last appears. We know more clearly what each artist produced and to what influences he had been subjected, where life touched life and method method. But Lotto's work has been the first, we suppose, to undergo in such detail this searchingly minute series of tests. A new science, one that neglects not the painting of toes and eyebrows, that draws inferences from the phalanx of a thumb and from the curve of a nostril, has with prodigious industry accumulated and compared every jot and tittle of his extant work, recognizing it under other names, not accepting spurious work even when long attributed to him, if it bear not the imprint of his minute technical peculiarities. His contemporaries have not escaped. Signs not to be doubted are found likewise on them. And these signs, acquired, it seems, by the influence of others, separate Lotto's contemporaries, when purified from the spurious and restored again to their own, into well-defined schools and groups and periods. Lotto, then, it results, was not the pupil of *this* master, as the historians of art have always blindly insisted, but of *that*. Impressionable and productive, he had been subjected to such an influence, and bore its traces to the last; man of a certain mould and form of thought, he had been only slightly touched by influences that were otherwise contagious. The world could, it would seem, scarcely be ransacked to better scientific advantage; the erring tracks of a genius could scarcely be more unerringly followed, we can well suppose; no more striking example of the inevitable laws of environment could be more tangibly presented.

Could there be a criticism mathematical and absolute, or did we desire the simulacrum of one, such a method would seem to lead us a long way towards it. Granted the premises in Lotto's case, we can establish with some completeness

the relation between him and the civilization of which he was a function, between him and the civilization which was in part a function of him. With natural tendencies specified, with early conditions stated, with relations of mastership and pupilship clearly indicated, with the resulting knowledge of methods and periods neatly classified, we might, if we would, — so seems to run Mr. Berenson's theory, — attempt in any artist's case a calculation of his absolute art value. But it is just here that the ordinary lover of the arts calls a halt. How much of all that is contained in this surprising method, he asks, is purely the dead learning of an expert, unattainable save by the few elect; how far are all these interesting facts but the minutiae of the history of art, without real value for the real world? The frank answer cannot be in the expert's favor. What Mr. Berenson tells us of Lotto is what the philologists tell us of Shakespeare and Dante. His facts are interesting, but they hardly alter much the amount or the kind of our enjoyment. We know more of the trivial details of Lotto's art; are we really more in sympathy with him or with his work? And this objection Mr. Berenson himself seems to realize. He closes his book in a wholly different vein, — with a plain analysis, from a personal point of view, of the effect that Lotto's work has upon him, and with interesting and enlightening generalizations in regard to Lotto's character and natural trend of mind that have little in common with the wilderness of details that precede. "Taken all together," he says, "Lotto's portraits are full of meaning and interest to us, for he paints people who seem to feel as we do about many things, who have already much of our spontaneous kindness, much of our feeling for humanity, much of our conscious need of human ties and sympathy. The charity of Lotto's spirit gives us a very different idea of the sixteenth century from that which our fancy conjures up when

we concentrate our attention upon the murder of Lorenzino de' Medici, or the tragic end of the Duchess of Palliano. Indeed, the study of Lotto would repay if it did no more than to help us to a truer and saner view of the sixteenth century in Italy than has been given by popular writers, from Stendhal downwards, — writers who too exclusively have devoted themselves to its lurid side. That side, it is true, is the prominent one, yet we feel a generous suspicion that another side must have existed, and Lotto helps to restore that human balance without which the Italy of the sixteenth century would be a veritable pandemonium." It is a remark like this that gives Lotto's work a fresh meaning for us, and it is in such a mode that the new school of art criticism must mend its ways, or lose its chances of influence and success. The new critics have before them the splendid task of rewriting the history of art. They must show themselves too wise habitually to throw prominence on insignificant details. Facts, crucial facts, are never to be omitted or trifled with, but they may well be relegated, in a full and satisfactory piece of critical work, to convenient corners, to footnotes and appendices, in complete subordination to whatever will most induce in the lover or student of art the clearest knowledge of the artist's character and of the civilization of which he was a part.

Mr. Berenson reconstructs Lotto's method: he gives us the clue to the traits by which his work can be most easily recognized. To reconstruct Lotto himself — the growth and decay of his art, his thoughts, his philosophy, his tastes — lay somewhat outside his primary purpose. With a broader subject,¹ Mr. Wendell has chosen a plan of action still bolder. Philological and historical research have already done for Shake-

speare what Mr. Berenson is doing for Lotto. The whole mass of lifeless facts, familiar to those much read in Shakespearean "literature" Mr. Wendell seizes hold of imaginatively, and so reconstructs, not Shakespeare's method, but Shakespeare himself.

The attempt has been made before, but never with such learning, such skill, such sympathy. The method is a simple one. What we know of Shakespeare's life is almost nothing; even as an artist he is extraordinarily impersonal. But the body of literature which is his, or has been attributed to him, is large; the mass of extant literature belonging to his time is enormous. The work of the searchers and gleaners is almost done — and has been almost without result. Shakespeare's plays have become a great literary standard; Shakespeare himself has become the type of his time, the symbol of what is great in English literature. And yet we know Dante's personality more intimately, have a greater hold on the individuality of men even more alien in race and remote in time. Hence, bewildered people readily accept theories that deny Shakespeare's existence, or deprive him of the glory of his works. Mr. Wendell's method is the forlorn hope. We know Shakespeare's language, we share his blood. May not our sympathy and our experience determine, not on the basis of learning, but by sheer effort of imagination, what manner of man he was, and reconstruct his frame from his very ashes?

The result of Mr. Wendell's attempt will be, to most readers, extraordinarily suggestive. The host of statistical details falls quietly into line; chaos takes on order. Shakespeare the man has left few traces apparent to human knowledge, but Shakespeare the artist we can follow step by step in his mastery of his profession, and through the artist we can dimly imagine the man, — the principles of his development, his strength, his weakness, his success, his failure, the

¹ *William Shakspeare. A Study in Elizabethan Literature.* By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

growth and the decay of his imagination. Of course, such conclusions must be vague, but as far as they go they are satisfactory, and they could not have been more definite and still have kept close to the facts that serve for premises. To state the results here would be to pass beyond the limits of our space, to deprive the reader of a real privilege, and to lead us away from our main thought; but let the following quotation from one of Mr. Wendell's own summaries serve as a type. "Over and over again," he says, "in endless variety of substance and detail, of conception and of phrase alike, these plays show themselves the work of one who at least sympathetically has sounded the depths of human suffering. . . . Throughout is a profound fatalistic sense of the impotence of man in the midst of his environment; now dispassionate, now fierce with passion, this sense — which we called a sense of irony — pervades every play from Julius Cæsar to Coriolanus. In the second place, from *All's Well that Ends Well* to *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is a sense of something in the relations between men and women at once widely different from the ideal, romantic fascination expressed by the comedies, and yet just what should normally follow from such a beginning. Trouble first, then vacillating doubt, then the certainty that woman may be damningly evil, succeed one another in the growth of this mood which so inextricably mingles with the ironical. Finally, from *Hamlet* to *Macbeth*, along with the constant irony, and the constant trouble which surrounds the fact of woman, we found equally constant traces of deep sympathy with such abnormal, overwrought states of mind as, uncontrolled by tremendous power both of will and of artistic expression, might easily have lapsed into madness." These are broad statements, but, like mathematical formulæ, they are valuable, be-

cause all accidental detail is eliminated from them. Through such phases of life and thought, thus generally stated, Shakespeare — if Mr. Wendell's premises be right — must once have passed. We are the gainers by a series of broadly human and philosophical propositions.

Even the most sympathetic reconstructions, however, may be far from helpful as criticism. The knowledge of the past is science. To be permanent, the work of art must be capable of taking on new meanings continually for changing generations of changing men and women. To know what Shakespeare was is helpful to the student. His ghosts and witches are explicable, his deeds of violence become natural conventions, as we learn to force ourselves into accepting his historical point of view. But in the end Shakespeare must come to us, and not we to him. Great art is tested by its power of seeming congruous and significant to all men alike, including those who cannot be expected to send a reconstructing imagination up and down the ages at the beck of their pleasure. Thus it may come to pass the old types fail. It would not be strange if men should again grow indifferent to Dante. It is not hard to imagine a generation that should not care deeply for *Hamlet*, with its hero rich in words and poor in action, with its enigmatic plot, its bloody deeds, its inconceivable apparition, its long orations; nor for *Macbeth*, with its impossible happenings, its unimaginable haste of action. And here is where criticism may exercise an important influence. The history of art is a noble pursuit, an interesting branch of science. History that reconstructs is perhaps its highest point, its most difficult task. But what the people of to-day need most is criticism which helps them to distinguish in the art of yesterday that which to-day is most beautiful and most true.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. In Russet and Silver, by Edmund Gosse. (Stone & Kimball.) The truest note of this volume is struck in the verses of lament for lost youth and opportunities. Such lines as *The Prodigal* and *Revelation* convey something of the genuine feeling of poetry, if not its whole reality. Now and then the lack of any definite sense of humor stands in the way of success. The possessor of such a sense would hardly have written seriously,

"I cannot write my love with Shakespeare's art,
But the same burden weighs upon my heart;"

nor would he have been likely to speak of the Opium Harvest as gathered up "in bales of solid sleep." Yet the verses always show the trained craftsmanship of the pen, and if for the most part they are the product more of a cultivated mind than of a poet's, in the larger sense, they are nevertheless often agreeable reading. — Three single poems which come to us as separate books are: *Lincoln's Grave*, by Maurice Thompson (Stone & Kimball); *The Torch-Bearers*, by Arlo Bates (Roberts); and *Chant of a Woodland Spirit*, by Robert Burns Wilson (Putnams). The first and second of these are occasional poems. Mr. Thompson's was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and has its special interest in the fact that the writer fought for "the lost cause." None the less is he capable of seeing Lincoln as he was, and of producing, with the inspiration of the theme, some of the best work in verse that has yet come from his pen. Mr. Bates's poem was written for the Bowdoin College Centennial last spring. It is, in effect, a mingled essay and homily on truth, with the text, of the author's own creation, "What man believes is truth." The *Chant of a Woodland Spirit* is more difficult to define, as its aim is far less distinct. A poet strives to interpret nature, and to give voice to the futility of most of the satisfactions of man except those of Sorrow and Memory. Various metrical forms are essayed, often with success, and passages of poetic beauty are easy to find; yet the effect of the whole poem is rather confused and confusing. — *The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck*: *Princess Maleine*, *The Intruder*, *The Blind*, *The*

Seven Princesses. Translated by Richard Hovey. (Stone & Kimball.) In his Introduction, Mr. Hovey says of Maeterlinck: "He has been accused of a lack of humor, but it is rather a restriction to one kind of humor, — the hysterical mirth of tragic crises, the grin on the everlasting skull." The idea of this "grin" as a form of humor will be as new to many readers as the quality of the plays must be to all those who have not before had at least a bowing acquaintance with Maeterlinck. Mr. Hovey has succeeded, perhaps, as thoroughly as the spirit of our language permits, in catching and reproducing the very atmosphere of the Belgian writer. The Introduction, moreover, shows the translator to be well in sympathy with the latter-day growth of which Maeterlinck is a most characteristic because a most individual development. — *Vistas*, by William Sharp. (Stone & Kimball.) This book, like the *Plays of Maeterlinck*, appears in the Green Tree Library, and like them, too, it keeps one listening so intently for sounds that are just beyond hearing, and trying so hard to see mystical presences which are not quite visible, that in the end one's ears and eyes are really sensible of the strain. Mr. Sharp's dedicatory letter tells Mr. Alden and the world at large how he came to write these "dramatic interludes," and why they are not, as some have thought, "an English reflection of the Maeterlinckian fire." Their kinship with the Belgian's work, in purpose and in method, is nevertheless beyond question. Whether one cares to subject one's self to the effect of such work is a matter for private decision. The effect is palpably wrought in the best of the *Vistas*. — *Narragansett Ballads*, with *Songs and Lyrics*, by Caroline Hazard. (Houghton.) Many traditions of the southern part of Rhode Island are preserved in the ballads which make a large part of this book. They are stories worth keeping, and Miss Hazard has brought to her task the true zeal of the historian of localities. She is a Rhode Islander, too, in many of the *Songs and Lyrics*, though their themes have no distinct geographical limits. Some of the most attractive verses in the book, indeed, have

the Californian coast for their scene. — Love-Songs of Childhood, by Eugene Field. (Scribners.) Mr. Field's happiest vein heretofore has often been in juvenile rhymes, and so, apparently, it continues to be. Verses like "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" and The Ride to Bumpville, for instance, are amusing and clever. Yet too often the writer lets himself drop below his own better standards, and the result, as shown in many verses of this volume, is a cheap and common kind of rhyming, which can neither cultivate good taste in the children nor gratify it in the parents. — Heigh-Ho! My Laddie, O! and Other Child Verses, by William S. Lord. (The Enterprise, Evanston, Ill.) A small pamphlet of rhymes which, if the strictest truth be told, are neither here nor there. — From Time to Time, a Book of Verse, by S. W. Weitzel. (Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.) There are two lines in the Bab Ballads about a person belonging to the class of men who are said to stand in "the middle distance:" —

"No characteristic trait had he
Of any distinctive kind."

They are lines which a book of verse often has the power to recall. It is the more refreshing to find this paper-covered volume of the family to which the quotation does not refer, for there is a very clear note of simple religious faith constantly recurrent in the collection, and the verses are better written than many others. — On the Wooing of Martha Pitkin, being a Versified Narrative of the Time of the Regicides in Colonial New England, by Charles Knowles Bolton. (Copeland & Day.) If an unvigilant proof-reader had let the 1894 on the title-page of this smallest of small books twist itself into 1694, nobody would have been much the wiser, so successful is the reproduction of the garb of antiquity for the little volume. The Versified Narrative which it contains is pleasant enough, but hardly so conspicuous in its success. — Songs from Dreamland, by May Kendall. (Longmans.) On the whole, the better verses in this book are those of the lighter sort, and, curiously enough, the light method often finds its way into the treatment of serious themes. At their very best, the better verses of each kind are good, but of these there are hardly enough to give the collection any positive distinction. — Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian Drama, by Alfred Antoine Fur-

man. (Stettiner, Lambert & Co., New York.) Mr. Furman has no hesitation in following the best dramatic models, for in a sort of balcony scene for Captain Church and Wenonah, "Squaw-Sachem of the Seco-nets," the Indian fighter, not hitherto credited with love passages with squaws, exclaims, "But see! the dawn!" and Wenonah replies,

"No, 't is not the dawn,
But some belated meteor in his flight."

Then Church again cries out against "those jealous streaks that hem the dress of day," and one is not quite sure whether the age is that of the sewing-machine or of Shakespeare. There are five acts in the play, and twenty-two speaking parts. The scene is said to be laid "dispersedly in Massachusetts and Rhode Island." — The Wine of May, and Other Lyrics, by Fred Lewis Pattee. (Republican Press Association, Concord, N. H.) There is a pleasant facility of pen and imagination in many of the verses here, but no insistent note of individuality. — Watchers of Twilight, and Other Poems, by Arthur J. Stringer. (T. H. Warren, Printer, London, Ont.) — Among the Muses, by Miles A. Davis. (Published by the Author.)

Literature and Literary History. The fifth volume of the new edition of Pepys's Diary, which is appearing under the charge of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley (Macmillan), runs from July, 1665, to October, 1666. It is worth while to read in this faithful chronicle how he and other Londoners lived and quaked during the plague. Pepys is as amatory as ever, always applauding modesty, and always apparently ready to take liberties with it. His taste for music leads him to give many references to songs by Lawes and others, and to convey the impression that England had more real music in her in the middle of the seventeenth century than she has now. — The Aims of Literary Study, by Hiram Corson. (Macmillan.) An admirable little treatise, which, read attentively, would go far to enlightening teachers as to what they may and may not do in teaching English. If it were possible to examine teachers in Dr. Corson's tract, we might look to see the ordinary examinations of pupils in English abandoned. The truths which he sets forth are of the kind that enter the mind like light; they do not knock like an officer of the law. — The second of the three volumes of Ben Jonson, in

the Mermaid Series (Imported by Scribners), has, as an appropriate frontispiece, an etching of the portrait of Richard Burbadge in the Dulwich Gallery. The book contains Bartholomew Fair, Cynthia's Revels, and Sejanus.

Essays. The Use of Life, by Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) This volume contains so many truths that it is a maddening thing to read. The trouble is that the truths are for the most part also truisms. According to his previous practice, Sir John has clipped and copied from every source the more familiar dicta of great minds regarding the virtues. On threads of his own spinning, wrought wholly from the *bourgeois* "be-good-and-you-will-be-happy" philosophy, the author — and compiler — has strung these extracts together. To find a perfectly familiar couplet from Shakespeare misquoted, and then attributed to Burns, shakes one's faith in all the less easily verified citations. But Sir John is not content merely with repeating what others have said; he also repeats himself. On page 83, in the chapter on Health, one finds, "The senses — full of innocent delight as they are — will no doubt, if we yield to them, wreck us like the Sirens of old [by the way, were the Sirens wrecked?] on the rocks and whirlpools of life." On page 290, when Peace and Happiness are reached, the same original sentiment is expressed, only here it is "true delight," and "no doubt" is omitted. Can it be that the wreck and the rocks and the whirlpools have become in the interval any less a certainty? A particularly fresh quotation ends the book: "Be good, in the noble words of Kingsley,

'And let who will be clever.'

Such tricks as these we have pointed out may be good, indeed, but surely they are not clever. — The Alphabet and Language, Immortality of the Big Trees, Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition, Three Essays by Thomas Magee. (William Doxey, San Francisco.)

History and Biography. England in the Nineteenth Century, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.) This book follows the same plan as the author's previous volumes on France and Russia, and has the same readable quality. Mrs. Latimer's first thought of calling her work of this kind Historical Gossip would have given

the series a good descriptive title. Her personal reminiscences are always interesting, and she is an entertaining compiler; but she should follow her authorities more closely, and revise more carefully. Even for gossip the volume contains too many inaccuracies and blunders of the most obvious kind, such as, to note a few instances, the statement that George III. was the first sovereign English born and bred since Queen Elizabeth; or that Lord Beaconsfield was refused a grave in Westminster Abbey, the exact opposite being the fact; while sometimes a curious confusion of persons and things is shown, as where the youngest of the three beautiful Sheridans is said to have been Lady Eglintoun, and the Crown Prince of Roumania is married simultaneously, as it were, to his wife and his wife's sister, the ignoring of the authentic marriage of the latter, with its rather important attendant circumstances, being a clear loss of excellent material. But these infelicities will trouble not at all that large class of readers who will not take history and biography except in the form here offered, and who are certain to find the volume entertaining. — Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, by Esther Wood. (Scribners.) The writer disavows the intention of producing the authoritative life of Rossetti, or of entering fully into the domain of art criticism. Her purpose is rather to give expression to the meaning, ethical even more than æsthetic, of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. To this end she does, in effect, present us a biography of Rossetti, and many interesting glimpses of the men and thoughts with which he had most to do. One of the most valuable elements of the book is its showing of the influence that English poetry — not his own, but Keats's, Tennyson's, and Browning's in turn — had upon Rossetti's work as a painter. The consideration of the painter's own verse is sane and sympathetic. Indeed, throughout admirable judgment is shown, in spite of the writer's somewhat diffuse method. Notwithstanding her good resolutions at the outset, she permits herself many pages that might have been more reasonably looked for elsewhere. — The Annals of a Quiet Valley, by a Country Parson. Edited by John Watson, F. L. S. (Macmillan, New York; Dent, London.) Besides being an attractive book to look at, this is a pleasant one to read. In a

very simple, straightforward style the writer describes the life of the dalcsmen in the Wordsworth country, — more, be it said, as it was fifty and a hundred years ago than as it is now. For, unhappily, the encroachments of the outer world are changing even the ways of the Quiet Valley, and all the best things of anecdote and fact about strange old clergymen and parish clerks, the customs of indoor and outdoor life, indeed all the most individual bits in the folk-lore of the region, are brought to us out of a past that is truly gone. — *Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter*, by George P. A. Healy. (McClurg.) Mr. Healy tells without affectation or vainglory the story of his own life, and many anecdotes about his friends and sitters. No one more than the successful painter of portraits has the opportunity of seeing a variety of interesting people at short range, and when, as here, the memorable points of the interviews are preserved without making the narrator the principal character in each scene, the artist must have a second pleasure in leaving behind him the pictures of his pen. — *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*, the most Ancient and the most Important of the Extant Religious Texts of Ancient Egypt. Edited, with Introduction, a complete Translation, and various chapters on its History, Symbolism, etc., by Charles H. S. Davis. With 99 Plates reproduced in facsimile from the Turin papyrus and the Louvre papyrus. (Putnam.) A big quarto with quite an air of erudition about it. The reproductions are blurred, process copies of those published long ago by De Rougé and Lepsius. The translation is from the French of Pierret. In the editor's own work of introduction there is apparently no recourse to Maspero or E. Meyer, and Naville's critical edition seems not to have been used. In a word, the book adds nothing to the subject, and does not set forth intelligently what is known. Any one who can read French can dispense with the book; and if one is really eager to become versed in hieratic learning, he had better first learn French. — In the *Cornell Studies in Classical Philology* (Ginn), an historical treatise on *The Cult of Asclepios*, by Alice Walton, has appeared.

Textbooks and Education. Cinq - Mars, ou Une Conjuración sous Louis XIII., par le C^e Alfred de Vigny. Abridged and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Charles

Sankey. (Heath.) The Historical Introduction to this number of Heath's Modern Language Series is a capital sketch of the reign of Louis XIII. and the career of Richelieu. Besides, there is a biographical account of Alfred de Vigny, and the notes upon the text are ample without being overpowering. — *A Text-Book of Modern Spanish*, as Now Written and Spoken in Castile and the Spanish-American Republics, by Marathon Montrose Ramsay (Holt), is not too late, we hope, to profit by the interest in Pan-American affairs of which so much was said a few years ago. — From D. C. Heath & Co. we have *A Danish and Dano-Norwegian Grammar*, by P. Groth. — Four new books for classes in French are: *Hernani*, edited, with Notes and an Essay on Victor Hugo, by George McLean Harper (Holt); *Colomba*, par Prosper Mérimée, edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography, by A. Guyot Cameron (Holt); *Episodes from François le Champi*, par George Sand, edited, with Notes, by C. Sankey (Longmans); and *A First Lesson in French*, by François Gouin, translated from the French by Howard Swan and Victor Bétis (Scribners). — Another book for beginners is *A First Year in Drawing*, by Henry T. Bailey. (Educational Publishing Co., Boston.) — In the *Standard Teachers' Library* (Bardeen, Syracuse) have appeared a second edition of *Roderick Hume, the Story of a New York Teacher*, by C. W. Bardeen, and two books not distantly related to each other, *The School Room Guide to Methods of Teaching and School Management*, by E. V. De Graff, and *The Teacher's Mentor*, including in one volume *Buckham's First Steps in Teaching*, *Huntington's Unconscious Tuition*, *Fitch's Art of Questioning*, and *Fitch's Art of Securing Attention*. — In *Hutchison's Physiological Series*, Maynard, Merrill & Co. have issued *Our Wonderful Bodies*, and *How to Take Care of Them*, the First Book for Primary Grades, the Second for Intermediate and Grammar Grades.

Books for and about the Young. Piccino, and Other Child Stories, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) Mrs. Burnett has hardly done better work than in the delightful history of two memorable, not to say dreadful days in the life of Piccino, a six-year-old Italian peasant, whose wonderful beauty attracts the attention of an idle English lady, who, as an amusing distract-

tion, takes charge of the boy. The lovely little savage is introduced to bewildering habits, strange food, and, worst of all, "put into water," and after forty-eight hours of misery he runs away, returning to the congenial squalor of his parental hovel. The story will be eagerly read and re-read by children, but will be better appreciated by their elders. The *Other Child Stories* are properly so called, for they are not a child's stories, even though children find them attractive. This is emphatically the case with *The Captain's Youngest*, and so, in a less degree, with the graceful, pathetic sketch *Little Betty's Kitten Tells her Story*, and with *How Fauntleroy Occurred*, some notes on the babyhood and childhood of the writer's younger son, the model of that picturesque and popular juvenile hero. — *Twilight Land*, by Howard Pyle. (Harpers.) The plan of this fairy-book is to have various persons of nursery lore, such as Cinderella, Ali Baba, and Boots, tell stories to be illustrated by Mr. Pyle. This part of the work he has done charmingly. Whenever the aerial motion of a flying-carpet or wishing-stool is the subject, the design is peculiarly happy, not to say flighty. But the text, — there one wishes Grimm and Scheherazade might have been left to their own devices of speech. To them can most of the substance of the tales be traced, and the transfer to the lips of new tellers does not add greatly to their charm. — *Sirs, Only Seventeen!* by Virginia F. Townsend. *Mollie Miller*, by Effie W. Merriman. (Lee & Shepard.) In the first of these volumes, two well-to-do young folk rescue and befriend a boy from the slums; in the second, a family of poor orphans, while struggling to rise in the world, do good to those still more helpless than themselves. Both authors have a certain skill in story-telling, and their tales, though ordinary in quality, are neither unwholesome nor unreadable. — *The Little Old Man, a Story written on Request*, by Uncle Charley. (Bardeen, Syracuse.)

Music and Æsthetics. *Studies in Modern Music, Second Series*, by W. H. Hadow. (Macmillan.) The writer makes his way across the quicksands of musical criticism as if they were solid ground. Without too much affirmation and contention, he deals with his themes in such a way as to give a full impression of sureness and sober judg-

ment. The book opens with a long paper on *Outlines of Musical Form*, dealing in turn with *Faculties of Appreciation, Style and Structure, and Function*. For the less technical music lover, the three biographical and critical papers that follow are of still greater interest. Their subjects are Chopin, Dvořák, and Brahms. This last master is held to have taken his place with Bach and Beethoven. — *Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music, together with Music as a Representative Art, Two Essays in Comparative Æsthetics*, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnam.) A long preface is devoted to defending the author against the critics of his previous books, and showing wherein they were mistaken and unintelligent. A chapter in the first essay of the present volume is entitled *Musical Harmony as developed by the Art-Method of Grouping Like Partial Effects of Unlike Complex Wholes*. This alone may be taken to indicate the writer's fashion of dealing with the purely technical side of artistic production, and it is hardly to be wondered that mortal critics have failed to sound the depths of such work.

Fiction. *Sir Robert's Fortune*, by Mrs. Oliphant. (Harpers.) Before now Mrs. Oliphant has shown how easily and vividly she can reproduce the Scottish life of the early years of this century, and though *Sir Robert's Fortune* is in no wise equal to her best work, the story of Lily Ramsay's gradual and hopeless entanglement in a net of falsehood and deceit, despite her own frankness and truthfulness, never fails in interest. The girl, with her willfulness, petulance, occasional foolishness, and constant loveliness, is a very lifelike study, while the humbler personages of the tale have every one the distinct individuality which belongs to the author's sketches of her country folk. It is a thing to be grateful for, as the larger part of the story is laid in a region remote from the Lowlands, that, though all the characters, high and low, have properly what may be called a Scottish flavor in their speech, dialect is used scarcely at all. — *Who was Lost and is Found* (Harpers), both in length and in quality, will rank among Mrs. Oliphant's minor tales; but the picture of Mrs. Ogilvy and her household is in the writer's best manner, — the gentle widow, with her habit of well-ordered, decorous living, to whom re-

turns the unrepentant prodigal, being drawn with most delicate and sympathetic insight. — *The Parasite*, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) The hero and narrator of this brief tale is a young scientist, who, in the way of experiment, puts himself in the power of a very potent hypnotizer, a woman neither young nor attractive, who is at once amorous, malignant, and merciless. When we add that her victim is betrothed to a charming girl, we have given the materials for a thrilling history which the author may be trusted to use skillfully and effectively. — Messrs. Harpers have brought out a handsome new edition of *The White Company*, Dr. Doyle's spirited and easily readable tale of the days when Edward III. was king, the volume being in the same general style as the publishers' issues of Micah Clarke and *The Refugees*. We do not know whether it was a slip of the writer's pen or a perversity of the types which, in the last chapter, makes the fourth Edward the successor of the second Richard. — Messrs. Holt have published two more little volumes by Anthony Hope, *The Dolly Dialogues* and *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*. As to the former book, easy facility in writing bright, epigrammatic dialogue, almost always nicely adapted to the occasion, has been an important element in the making of Mr. Hope's rapid and rather exceptional success, and the gift is here displayed often with much cleverness and humor. The essentials of a social skit of this sort, a well-bred tone, lightness in the satiric touches, and cynicism of not too dark a dye, can be found in the book. Altogether the author is a not inapt pupil of the vivacious, and unequalled, Gyp. *The Indiscretion of the Duchess* is of the same class as *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Though the later tale is on the whole inferior to its predecessor, it has the same ingenuity of construction, is as brimful of incidents, as rapid in movement, and as entertainingly improbable. The characters who disport themselves in its pages will excite only moderate interest, but the story of their adventures will be read at a sitting by a multitude of romance lovers. — *The Vagabonds*, by Margaret L. Woods. (Macmillan.) The vagabonds are the members of Stockwell's Giant Circus, and the motley crowd and their wandering life are drawn with rigidly truthful, yet at the same time kindly and sometimes humor-

ous touches. But the sketches of life in the ring and on the road are but secondary to the story of the clown Joey, an ugly, good-hearted middle-aged man, married to a pretty girl-wife whom he loves passionately, while she accepted him as a husband simply as her only escape from a disreputable father. When we say that she is a good but commonplace young woman, with the selfishness of utterly unimaginative youth; that she falls in love with one of her fellow-workers; that when circumstances for which no one is to blame make her remarriage necessary, she accepts her freedom at Joey's hands and sails for America with her new husband, where both, we may be sure, will quickly forget the man who has saved the life of one, and resigned for the other all that made his own life of value, we indicate a humble tragedy which Mrs. Woods has treated with strength and tenderness. The book is interesting from beginning to end, but will hardly make so deep an impression as the author's earliest and as yet best novel. — *A Drama in Dutch*, by Z. Z. (Macmillan.) A study of a community of Dutch shopkeepers in London, apparently written by one of the same nationality, who is able, at least partially, to look at the little world he describes from the outside. His sketches are uncompromisingly realistic, and the men and women he depicts so graphically can win but scant regard from the reader, so narrow-minded, sordid, and vulgarly materialistic are most of them. The story, though it has both tragic and pathetic elements, makes but a slight impression in comparison with the pictures of life and character so forcibly given, which show both insight and power on the part of the author. The weakest point in the book is the rapid conversion of Martiu, the young hero, into a Dutchman. Heredity would hardly overcome in an instant, so to speak, the education and habits of a lifetime, and even falling in love would scarcely reconcile an English university-bred youth to some of the qualities of his new associates. — *A Monk of the Aventine*, by Ernst Eckstein. (Roberts.) A due amount of historical and archaeological knowledge can generally be looked for in a German novel of this class, and it is not wanting here. But the author has hardly succeeded in giving a very vivid picture of the squalid, ignorant, degraded,

and brutalized Rome of the tenth century, and most of his characters, though as carefully studied as their environment, lack vitality. Yet the story of the monk Bernardus is an interesting one, told throughout in a terse, straightforward manner, and usually with simplicity. It may not transport the reader to mediæval Rome, but it will help him to reconstruct it in his own imagination. — *An Altar of Earth*, by Thymol Monk. (Putnams.) An end-of-the-century tale, mainly devoted to the history of Daphne Cresswell, a medical student, dangerously attractive to every man who approaches her nearly. Told that she has but two years to live, she seeks country air and quiet at Hiram's Hill, the owner whereof, a coarse, rich City man, soon loves her unlawfully, while she is adored honestly by the rising young doctor who has pronounced her doom. The study of the girl's state of mind, her passionate feeling for nature, her recklessness, her clinging to life, her brave endurance for the most part, though she has neither faith nor hope, is singularly vivid. The tone of the book is morbid, and at times unwholesome, but it is never dull, which last assertion cannot be made of another *fin-de-siècle* novel, *Helen*, by Oswald Valentine, a late addition to the Incognito Library. (Putnams.) George, the literary hero, begins life in a state of general discontent and disgust, marries Helen, and through her influence becomes somewhat more healthy-minded, takes up socialism for a while, leaving it rather suddenly to devote himself to a new form of writing, which in its final development leaves him a celebrated novelist. All this and more is narrated intelligently, but without grace or lightness of touch, and the reader, in turning the last pages, which are slowly reached considering the size of the book, wonders for what particular reason the story of George and Helen should have been told at all. — *On Cloud Mountain*, by Frederick Thickstun Clark. (Harpers.) A frontier tale of a strongly accented and highly colored sort, in which full justice is done to the uncouthness and eccentricity of certain inhabitants of the Colorado mountains, and more than justice, it is to be hoped, to their fearful and wonderful misuse and abuse of the English language. When the story is dug out of the mass of "dialect" in which it is imbedded, it will

be found far from uninteresting. — *The Christmas Hirelings*, by M. E. Braddon. (Harpers.) The author says that she has "long wished to write a story about children which should be interesting to childish readers, and yet not without interest for grown-up people." She has probably accomplished both objects in this book, which she yet rightly calls a novel. For cleverly drawn as are the little folk in this tale, especially the bright, original Moppet, their portraits will be much better appreciated by elder readers than by those of their own age. Miss Braddon has certainly proved in this volume that she can write charmingly and sympathetically of children. — *A Kentucky Cardinal*, by James Lane Allen. (Harpers.) This issue of the Little Novels Series has to do with a cardinal bird who lived in a bachelor's garden, and the girl who lived just beyond it. He was fond of them both, and against his principles, to gratify the girl, he captured the bird. The little creature died, and a misunderstanding between the bachelor and the girl became more intense in consequence, but in the end resulted in his capture of her also. It is altogether a delightful little story, full of quaint turns of construction and humor, and well apart from the beaten tracks of lighter fiction. — *English Episodes*, by Frederick Wedmore. (Imported by Scribners.) The writer of the five little stories that make this book knows his London and his Londoners well. He tells about a vicar, a probationer, a retired draper, a young poet with hopes for the laureateship, and a young woman in an Aerated Bread shop in a fashion as completely English as are the characters described. And in saying this we are not of those who would imply that the element of humor is quite lacking. There is something of it throughout the book, and even more of its sister quality, pathos. What some of our own writers have done for New England villages, Mr. Wedmore does for London in showing the quiet realities in the lives of a few separate inhabitants. — *The Doctor, his Wife and the Clock*, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnams.) All about a blind physician, who, with deadly marksmanship, shoots a man he had had no wish or reason to kill. The story is told by the detective, who puts the scanty bits of evidence together, and in the end confronts the in-

nocent criminal with all the details of the murder. What may be called the police fiction of recent years has raised one's standards of the sensational so high that this number of the Autonym Library can hardly excite positive enthusiasm. — Writing to Rosina, by W. H. Bishop. (Century Co.) An amusing little tale of the complications that involved two matter-of-fact lovers and the two friends who undertook to carry on a romantic correspondence for them. There is something really pathetic in the bewilderment of the young New York "hustler" when called upon to write real letters, after a lifelong training in "Yours rec'd, and contents duly noted." — Sidney Forester, by Clement Wilkes. (H. W. Hagemann, New York.) — On the Hurricane Deck, a Novel, by W. H. Wright. (Mascot Publishing Co., New York.) — A Siren's Son, by Susie Lee Bacon. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

Sociology. The Boss, an Essay upon the Art of Governing American Cities, by Henry Champernowne. (Geo. H. Richmond & Co., New York.) The author's attempt is, by assuming the Machiavellian attitude of a crafty adviser, to make a satire showing of all that a New York boss does and might do. There is some real sagacity in the final appeal to him to use his great powers to promote the splendor of the city, and thus to win the love of the citizens. But for the most part the writer's art does not lend itself readily to the methods of satire, and the results of his enterprise are rather cumbrous. — The first volume of J. Shield Nicholson's Principles of Political Economy (Macmillan) deals with Production and Distribution. The author appears to be an independent disciple of Mill. In his closing chapter he has some interesting and vigorous criticisms to pass upon theoretical socialism.

Books of Reference. Woman in Epigram, Flashes of Wit, Wisdom, and Satire from the World's Literature, compiled by Fred-

erick W. Morton. (McClurg.) Mr. Morton has ransacked the libraries of the ages for observations on woman. He has even quoted from himself. Certainly he has brought together sentiments enough of every shade to please alike the misogynist, the lady-killer, and the silent worshiper. Furthermore, he has provided his book with an index of authors and of subjects, and altogether has made his work the Bartlett of Femininity. — Report of the Massachusetts Board of World's Fair Managers. (Wright & Potter Printing Co., Boston.) An octavo volume, liberally illustrated, which clearly sets forth the exhibit made by Massachusetts. The state building formed an interesting part of the exhibit, both in itself and in its contents, and the illustrations of it are an attractive element in the report. — The Oxford English Dictionary, with the praiseworthy intention of regular serial publication, appears January 1, 1895, in a part of Volume III., covering the words Deceit-Deject. (At the Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan, New York.) — A third edition of Phyfe's Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced (Putnams) has recently come to us.

Travel and Nature. Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands, by Isabella Bird Bishop. (Putnams.) It is a curious intimation of English obstinacy which persists in giving the Earl of Sandwich's name to the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Bishop's book is not brought down to date, but represents her experience of a decade or so ago. She is a good traveler, a faithful recorder, and if she has not the art of eliminating the trivial from her record, she has at least some sense of proportion. For an animated picture of life in Hawaii, the book stands usage well. — Bread from Stones, a New and Rational System of Land Fertilization and Physical Regeneration, translated from the German. (A. J. Tafel, Philadelphia.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Charades — I WAS welcomed, in England, to in a Setting. a country house by my niece, whose husband is a banker by heritage, a soldier by profession, and a hunter by taste and devotion. His guests were according, particularly of the "horsy" type, and I felt like David Copperfield on the top of the coach, behind the great breeder. This comparison occurred to me so strongly as to suggest the following charade : —

Near the ancient town of Yarmouth,
Where the Peggottys abode,
I sought my *second's* agency
To bear my body's load ;
But it sore belied its title,
In vain I stormed and cursed ;
I could not force nor coax to speed
My irresponsible *first*.

Then on the beach arriving
Where the Peggottys abode,
Into ocean for refreshment
In its sunlit brine I strode.
Then for my late profaneness
Came vengeance on my soul,
As my neck in torture quivered
With the keen stroke of my *whole*.

"You hunt, I suppose?" said my niece at breakfast, the first morning. "No, I don't," said I, playing with an old Derby china cup; "much as ever I can ride." "Well, you shoot, I know." "No, I fear I should take a ramrod for a bayonet." "What do you do, then?" said Lilian, rather snappishly, for the orifice of her teapot would *not* pour. "I know: he plays football," said her Harrow brother-in-law. "Not even that, Arthur," said I. "I'm no hand at any sports; I can't even play with stocks and bullion, like your uncle John." "I'm afraid you'll lack amusement," said Lilian, in a great tone of compassion. "Not at all," said I. "People always amuse me. There was that incipient courtship I overheard last night, on which I composed this charade.

"Come to the chase, my lovely maid!
I hear my *first* awake the air;
My *first* I'll lend," Sir Robert said,
'And thou my *first* shalt win and wear.'

"Naught will I borrow; 't is a snare;
Or thou shalt lend my *next* alone;
My *next* is still a sound of care,
And I have ever shunned a loan.'

"'T is thou dost spread my *third*, fair maid,
The hearts of lovers to entwine;

Howe'er these bitter jests we trade,
My *third* advantage will be thine.

"In storm this breast my *first* shall be,
My faultless *next* our compact bind.'
"Never!" she cried, and smit fell he
With wound, as of my *whole*, unkind."

This was received with applause, and I was admitted as a sort of performer, though a non-equestrian, non-military, non-money man was unknown to the Mitford archives. On the banker element, however, I was soon revenged. Sir John Mitford, the august head of the banking firm, rising late, and determined to outdo his sons and nephews by reviving the hunting exploits of his youth, had made his horse fly over fence after fence, till suddenly — But let the charade which greeted him after dinner speak : —

Blithely day my *first* appears
With breezy call of opening morn;
And mixed with shouts and yelps and cheers
Blithely sounds the huntsman's horn.
Horse and hound and groom are there,
Stirrup and snaffle and rein are on,
And ladies' laughter awakes the air,
But why delayeth the good Sir John?

Too late did he follow the mazy dance
That thus he lingers in sweet repose?
A pearly button he breaks, perchance,
Hath lost his heart or his striped hose.
Sudden he bounds through stair and hall,
Vaults upon Ormonde's chestnut foal;
Never he recks the butler's call,
Never he stops to take my *whole*.

Alas for the posts and rails and ditch
That soon arrested his airy flight,
The straining bound and thundering pitch
That spiked the charger and lamed the knight!
Vainly he hears the hounds sweep by,
Vainly their music stirs his blood,
And vainly now for my *whole* he'll sigh,
For he's my *second* in Melton mud.

Moreover, a very charming young lady was so disgusted with the brag of a military suitor that she received with pleasure the following : —

The captain mounts his fiery steed,
And proudly gallops to the mead.
"I reck not of my *last*," he cries,
"When honor points me to the skies!
On, my brave troop! my *first* may come,
The trumpet bray, and roll the drum.
Squadrons, advance! as gayly ride,
As in my *last* my *first* you plied."

The squadrons ride; my *first* is there
To hold the ground, my *last* the air;

Slaughter and wounds the meadow fill,
Where chargers crush and sabres kill ;
But all the horrors of the fight,
And all the pangs when fell the night,
Match not the tale of mangling blows
Wherewith my *whole* its field bestrewns.

She actually joined me in a little starlight flirtation, calling it an astronomy lesson, which led to this :—

Divided, in the sky they shine ;
On earth to glitter, they combine ;
Apart, men fly their furious harms ;
Together, court their brilliant charms ;
Nor onset fierce, nor mystic power,
Slays like that beauty's fatal dower.

On the other hand, her suitor, being assured I was terribly clever, drew me aside to consult me on matrimony. My advice may be found hidden in these lines :—

"Tell me, skilled in wiles of wedlock,
How shall I a consort choose ?
How secure my *first*, who makes me
All to gain, and naught to lose ?
Is my *second* wealth uncounted,
Sparkling beauty, smiling wit,
That shall make me first of mortals ?
How should prudence settle it ?"

"Youth," replied the three-times-wedded,
"List the counsel of my *third* ;
Let not wealth alone, nor beauty,
Wit nor temper be preferred.
Look beyond thy charmer's person,
Let her race thy choice control ;
Fathers make and mothers fashion, —
Let thy compass be my *whole*."

It had really become serious. I could not open my lips without having a charade called for. The morning newspaper set the old men on me, and elicited this :—

My *first* must feel
The reaper's steel.

My *last* must lead
Where speech may need.

My *whole* must fall,
Though vast her wall.

A difficulty with the lamp at five-o'clock tea made the ladies call for one, and I responded thus :—

"Let there be light," was Heaven's decree,
When all in one were land and sea ;
The splendors of my *first* recall
When land was naught, and sea was all.

In cells precise my monkish *next*
Give shelter to a band unsexed ;
Yet if my *next* should rack your child,
They soothe it with a nectar mild.

Woe to the land whose visions bold
Seek but the new, and miss the old ;
Nor from my *whole* the lesson draw
That wit and force must yield to law.

And at bedtime, when the servant reported to the dispersing guests that the frost was too hard for hunting, I had the sportsmen, each stirring a nightcap, stand round me, and say, "Can you get anything witty out of this beastly frost, old fellow ?" Well, I sat down, and scratched off this :—

"Farewell, farewell, my children dear !
Farewell, my precious wife !
I go to prove my trenchant steel
In wild, adventurous strife!
My troops are gone, their harness on,
For sharp encounter stirred ;
The gleaming foe their strokes shall know,
My faithless, heartless *third*."

"Watch my bold rush, my artful wheel,
And each manœuvre skilled ;
Fear not my feet in foul retreat
Shall break by terror chilled.
My *first*, my *second*, — words of doubt, —
Must try your hearts appal ?
Be far removed from champion proved
Such omens of his fall."

The champion to the fray has passed ;
His darlings watched him ply
His blade's keen edge, like woodman's wedge,
With sparkling, tearful eye.
One rattling stroke — the foe he broke,
And made my yawning *whole*,
While sharply rang as one should say
The parting of his soul.

Perhaps my readers will not find out, any more than my hearers, where the cold weather comes in.

In short, from a nobody I had risen to a hero ; but my glory was paramount when we all came home from a ball where a naval officer had cut out every man jack of us, bankers, soldiers, and hunters, the blue coat beating black and red out of the field. The jilted crowd called on me with one voice for a "skit on that beggar of a midshipman" (I believe he was a lieutenant commander), and expressed the greatest delight when I produced the following :—

Have you heard, my dear Ethel, the news in our town ?

A young naval officer's lately come down ;
There's gold on his cap, and a dirk by his side,
And his black silk cravat is most jauntingly tied.
Every girl in the town is delighted to know
She's a chance of securing so charming a beau ;
Not a day in the week but he's asked out to tea,
And my *first* are all set when his coming we see.

Such terrible stories he loves to relate
Of shipwrecks and icebergs and imminent fate ;
The pirates he conquered, the captives he saved,
The hardships he bore, and the dangers he braved.
When he opens his mouth we sit mum as the dead,
You would think that my *second* was everywhere spread ;

The most desperate gossips are silent for once,
And the brightest young spark is as mute as a dunce.

His ship's to be here, and we've made him agree
 To take us on board all her wonders to see :
 The sheets and the royals, the spanker and jib, —
 You see he has taught me to say them off glib, —
 The shot and the shell lying round cheek by jowl,
 And the pistols and cutlasses decking my *whole*.
 'T is true, my dear Ethel, our heads fairly swim ;
 We have ne'er had a beau so delightful as him !

You will find the answer to every charade, dear reader, somewhere in the prose of this story.

Quotations. — It is generally admitted that the human memory is a most wayward associate, and not only fails us utterly at a crisis, but thrusts into our mouths altered and even invented facts to suit its own wicked purposes. A very gallant soldier of the late war insisted the other day that Fredericksburg was fought early in 1864, and scouted a lady who said she remembered its wounded at Washington in January, 1863. But it is in dealing with quotations that memory is most depraved, and will not avail itself of its undoubted right not to quote at all. Mr. Lowell, at one of the last public dinners he ever attended, credited to Wordsworth the lines,

"Till old Experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain,"

and really resented the idea that they are Milton's. Mr. Webster once quoted Dr. Johnson for certain lines in Goldsmith's Traveller, thinking they were from the Vanity of Human Wishes ; but by a piece of superhuman luck they happened to be among the handful of lines that Johnson is known to have supplied in Goldsmith's poem. Less eminent persons *will* talk about the chapter on there being "no snakes in Ireland ;" and when you tell them it is in Horrebrow's History of Iceland, they say, "Everybody quotes the other way, and it must be Ireland on account of St. Patrick ;" but then it is not so.

Now, quotation, though sometimes a spoiler, is oftener a diluter of talk, and if it is not right gives indeed a mawkish twang. A young lady favored me the other day with a panegyric on "the farmer," — whoever he is, — and, drawing herself up, informed me that George Washington, being asked who he considered was the greatest benefactor of the human race, replied, "He who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before." Perhaps Gulliver's Travels is not good reading for young ladies ; but really, she need not have treated her company to

this very castanean quotation as coming from such an uneongenial source, when so many lives of Washington and so many editions of Bartlett's Quotations are accessible. The latter invaluable book might be well studied by people who talk of "the Simon Pure Democracy" without the faintest idea who Simon Pure was, and that his name loses all its meaning unless it is a noun, with the word "real" or "true" prefixed to it. Hoyle is often accused of giving the advice, "When in doubt, play trumps." What he does say is, "When in doubt, win the trick," which is not exactly the same. And to conclude : will people never stop saying that some one "lay low, like Brer Rabbit" ? It would have been the best thing if poor Brer Rabbit, instead of meddling with Tar Baby, had learned to "lay low" from his vulpine antagonist.

A True Isra- — Perhaps those who know the elite. late James Darmesteter only from such eulogies of his life and learning as Professor Max Müller has given will hardly realize how essentially this surprising man, with a note of unfinished tragedy about all he undertook, — Orientalist, ultra-Parisian, striving not unsuccessfully to lead modern thought in the ways of a wide philosophy, — was, in all and through all, a Jew of the Jews. It was not alone the passive melancholy, which grew cynical in Heine, belonging to a race that holds intensely to its inheritance of qualities evolved before classic paganism had moulded the intellect of mankind. The ideas themselves of Professor Darmesteter were those of all the sons of Israel, when they take cognizance of their genuine mental processes. With all his sublimation at the hands of modern culture, with the touching idyl of his married life, he seems never once to have faltered in his belief that salvation is of the Jews. He vainly gave a philosophic interpretation to religious names, and professed that vague rationalism which Renan has made intellectually fashionable. The Weltgeist which had borne him from four thousand years of travail with his race — not the doctrine, but the thing of evolution — produced in him a living utterance of Jewish thought as it is in presence of the revolutionary Zeitgeist. He had not even assimilated by the way the Western inheritance of distinctively Christian thought and feeling.

His father was a poor bookbinder in the

little town of Château-Salins in Lorraine, close to what is now the frontier of the German Empire. His mother was of the family of Brandeis, from which have sprung so many of the doctors of the Mosaic law that lie buried in the ancient Jewish cemetery of Prague, described by Marion Crawford. The father, without much book-learning himself, dreamed of a future in which his sons should be distinguished for wise rabbinical lore. Hoping to better his condition, he came up to Paris when James was three years old. But he only fell the deeper into cruel want. Amid all his struggles, intensified by ill health, he never lost sight of the ideal life he had planned for his two sons. The spirit of solidarity, which is the strength and the prime offense of the Jewish community, allowed him to realize his aim beyond all his expectations, though he lived not to see it.

The two boys, from the bosom of their family, drew a thorough acquaintance with the German and French languages, and that familiarity with liturgical Hebrew which is found in the stricter, old-fashioned Jewish circles. The Israelite consistory (the organization in which the French state recognizes the Jewish religion as one of the official churches) has in Paris its own higher school of the Talmud Thorah. Here, besides the religious education which is its reason for existence, instruction is given in all the studies required by the government programmes of the university. Arsène Darmesteter, who was the elder by three years, had no other collegiate training than this. How sure it must have been is shown by the position he took immediately afterwards among the chosen pupils of M. Gaston Paris, the founder of Romance philology in France. In 1872, when only twenty-six years of age, he was named *maître de conférences* at the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes. The father had died in 1868, before seeing more than the dawn of promise in the school record of his sons, with both of whom the frail body seemed like a sheath overworn by the keen sword of the spirit within.

Arsène, who had himself been prepared for the rabbinate, had induced the father to send his brother James to complete his studies for the bachelor's degree in letters in the government schools. This was undoubtedly to the great advantage of the boy's literary training. He was successive-

ly a day-scholar at the Lycée Charlemagne, which occupies the pre-revolutionary house of the Jesuits, and at the Lycée Condorcet, which is similarly in a former convent of Capuchin friars. The mere buildings convey little of the spirit of the mediæval Church to their present inmates; but James Darmesteter brought with him a tradition of things which has braved the storms of all the ages. He distinguished himself in mathematics, to which for a moment he thought of giving himself up; he bore off the prize of rhetoric, in the general competition of all the Paris colleges; and he had his day dream, with Hebrew versatility, of writing for the stage. But his whole life had prepared him to appreciate the subtle philosophies of Oriental religions and literatures; and he entered into the school where his brother was a teacher, as a pupil of Bréal in philology.

Three years later, at the same age as his brother was when promoted, he was recognized by his masters as their equal. He had astonished the learned world by a first volume, — *Haurvatât et Amerêât*, — in which he explained intelligibly the divinities of ancient Persia, — a land wherein no one had seen clearly since the death of Eugène Burnouf. Two years passed, and the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes called him to teach Zend, and he again showed his science by publishing a volume — *Ormazd et Ahriman* — on that problem of the two essential principles, good and evil, which Persian religion passed on to the Manicheans of St. Augustine's time, and which the saint, some say, handed down to John Calvin. Professor Max Müller now confided to him the important translation of the Zend Avesta for his collection of the sacred books of the East. The profane world has been astonished at reading the high eulogium given to the mere scholarship of James Darmesteter by the Oxford professor; it was merited long before he had reached his thirtieth year.

At this time, by a patriotic turn, he compiled a volume of readings in French history. In 1882 he was chosen secretary of the Société Asiatique, where, in succession to Renan, he was obliged to write those difficult and exhaustive accounts, which are published every two years, of all that has been done in France in the domain of Oriental studies. In 1885 the Collège de France made a place for him as professor of "the

languages and literature of Persia." He was already coming to be known to the world at large for his clear, broad views of all that concerns the East. It was in this year that his study of the Mahdi appeared, with its complete summing up of the religious history of Islam. The following year he was sent out to India, with the special mission of investigating the difficult problems of the Afghan language in its home. The Parsees, of whose ancestor Zoroaster he had written things unknown to themselves, received him as an envoy of Western science. He delighted them with a conference on the five religions, Jewish, Christian, Mussulman, Indian, and Zoroastrian. In the two volumes he had already published of "Iranian studies," he had shown the distinction of what is called the Zend from the old Persian of inscriptions, from which, through the Pehlvi and Parsee (in Arabic letters), we come to the modern language of Persia. In the modern Afghan he found the direct derivative of the language of the Avesta, and he gathered the material of two volumes of "popular songs of the Afghans." In all these studies, to which should be added a work on Aryan cosmogonies, he sought out the successive elaboration of a primitive religion by the varying influx of Aryans and Semites (Mussulmans). According to him, the religious evolution of humanity is "the only guiding line by which we can follow the evolution of the life of peoples."

Shortly after his return to France, in 1888, he lost his brother Arsène, who died of a disease of the heart at the age of forty-two. James piously edited the *Reliques Scientifiques* of one who had taken a fixed place among the great authorities on French philology. Few have read more of the life of history and psychology in the dried-up words of an infant language. Next came the event which has always seemed to his friends the crown and consolation of his life of ceaseless labor. "James" Darmesteter (by a presentiment he had always written his name in English fashion) was married to the refined English poetess known as Mary Robinson. It does not belong to a stranger to say more. The new interests of their conjoined lives are equally to be seen in his essays on English literature — Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Browning — and in her works (written in French

which the Academy has crowned) on Renaissance tales and the chronicles of mediæval Froissart. The husband seems lately to have aimed, beyond scholarship, at the larger influence of literature, in his *Revue de Paris*.

The last great work of James Darmesteter was entitled by him *Prophets of Israel*. With no pretense to faith in the dogmatic sense, he maintains the thesis dear to his soul from childhood, — perhaps even from the prenatal aspirations of his mother's race. The world must come back to learn from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel. He makes no place for the Christ of Nazareth. Whatever secret sympathies he may have had with the Christianity that trod down his people in transforming the world, he hides with studied reserve. He sees in his people's chosen prophets the two ideas which are perennially to regenerate the world: the divine unity, which, in the light of modern science, he interprets to be "the unity of law;" and *Messianisme*, which to him is the "progress" coming from expectation. This, at least, is of plainer utterance than Renan's attempted harmony of past and present. Perhaps it is equally Christian. Those who find only disaster in the fading away of all high ideals will regret the disappearance from the seething world of Paris letters of that scanty, almost deformed body which held the strong soul-energy of James Darmesteter.

A Silhouette. — 'T was deep in the afternoon. The sun still hung high in the heavens, yet we had not reached the pause between noon and night when, in Virginia, the air blows softer, the fleecy clouds grow more dense, as with accumulated snow, and a foretaste of evening comes in the hue of earth and sky.

We were halted at a high river-bank opposite the town of Lexington. Not the Lexington of our Revolution, nigh a century ago, but, as a Virginian told us, with flashing eyes, the Lexington of theirs!

We had paused by the river-bank for the excellent reason that the bridges which spanned the stream had been burned by the enemy. This disaster our gallant engineers were striving to remedy with axe and saw and pontoon. The air about us was alive with sound, — the heavy tread of marching cavalry deploying into position, the lighter cadence of the infantry, the ponderous

movement of the artillery, intermingled with the hoarse word of command and what our boys called the "neighing" of many trumpets.

Seated on my horse and looking vacantly at the sky, I became vaguely conscious of an increase of crimson, and recalled what I had been told at a blind asylum, years before, of a strange analogy between colors and sounds, — that the blast of a trumpet conveyed to the minds of those born blind an impression of red. While I thus mused, I saw the drifting snow-bank clouds lighted up with what looked like crimson foam, and for a moment I thought that the tints of sunset had been borne in upon me unawares, sheltered as I was by the penumbra of an enormous oak under which I lingered. Recovering from my reverie, I was startled by the hum of many voices, and then I noticed that the trumpets had ceased, and that many men were looking with wondering awe at some object beyond the river. Sure enough, it was a fire. The Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, had been kindled into a conflagration by some unknown hand: it was generally said by the enemy, as our advance guard had not yet crossed; others surmised the work of slave incendiaries, for it was evident that in this town white men were few, and temporarily, at least, all slaves must be free. I have seen many remarkable fires, but, whether from greater inflammability of material or from some other cause, this was the most magnificent one I ever beheld. Other buildings, including the residences of the professors and some houses in the town, soon contributed to the burnt offering before us.

Our progress had been almost undisputed; nevertheless it was deemed prudent by our authorities to throw a few shells into the town, to see if organized valor might not be lurking somewhere within its shadow. Our gallant enemies' delight in ambushade, and, sooth to say, their frequent success therein, had made us cautious in all our movements.

The glories of a Southern sunset were beginning to be added to the lurid tints already seen in the sky, when our engineers pronounced the bridges practicable, and the whole army proceeded to cross.

Our advance guard took prompt possession of the town and its public buildings,

not forgetting sundry halls of refreshment; and it was during the glowing twilight that we went into camp in a broad field of the suburbs. Everything being made snug for the night, our officers got permission to ride over to the principal hotel of the town for the purpose of dining.

On assembling, after dinner, on the piazza, which in a Southern country hotel serves as drawing-room and club-house, I noticed that a large dwelling-house directly opposite had been burned. From the charred and dismantled ruin before us, it was easy to infer that the house had belonged to some person of consideration. The grounds had evidently been sumptuous. All the familiar objects of a Southern garden were here strewn in blackened confusion, as though scorched by the flames from the great house which had fallen, — rose-trees of many varieties, box, juniper, and arbor-vite. At a little distance from the smouldering ruin stood a summer-house, almost intact, which seemed to have escaped the general wreck as by a miracle. This summer-house was constructed of climbing-plants — wistaria, elematis, and honeysuckle — woven upon invisible wire to the shape of a pagoda. A few blossoms, frail and white, could be seen through the gathering gloom, as though in gentle defiance of the wreck that had been wrought. Strange, burnt odors were blown to us from across the road, — a grotesque incense of box, rose-bush, and charred wood, with other elements as incongruous, all enhancing the desolation of the scene. Whose house it was, or how it came to be burned, we did not certainly know. Gossips of the advance guard informed us that it had been the residence of an eminent official obnoxious to our government, and that the fire had been occasioned by the bursting of a shell.

As our eyes became accustomed to the imperfect light, we saw that the garden was occupied. A lady dressed in black was sitting on a long, low settee, which must have stood in the shadow of the wall before the building was burned. Something in her pose bespoke the pride of the patrician class in that still feudal country. Although her features were indistinguishable in the twilight, there was something in the poise of her head which revealed a consciousness of beauty, while the lines of her graceful figure were seen to be poetical in their symmetry.

Her presence at this scene of ruin and the deep mourning evinced in her attire keenly stirred in her behalf the sympathetic feelings and romance imaginings of our younger officers. We all agreed that she must be a lady of rank, an F. F. V., — a *grande dame* presumably, a beauty undoubtedly. We naturally surmised her to be the now homeless daughter of that burned house, and, moreover, one whose male relatives were not there to protect her, but were fighting in the van of the Southern armies.

A sudden exclamation from one of our young men called attention to another occupant of the garden, and we saw a young officer of the cavalry, who evidently had been placed there on duty, as was shown by his manner of patrolling a weed-grown gravel walk.

The officer turned with eyes of apparent solicitude toward the lady who was seated on the black settee, and inclined more and more his pacing in that direction. But the movement of queenly majesty, of outraged womanhood, the indices of imperishable hate that informed every limb of her quivering body, showed how unwelcome was such intrusion. We, the spectators from the piazza, were unanimous in the opinion that the situation of our comrade was by no means an enviable one, and that we greatly preferred to be where we were.

When, after some interruption which called us indoors, we returned to our seats on the piazza, another scene of the drama which we had beheld was being enacted. The lady was in tears. Burning indignation had been replaced by a helpless sense of wrong, and she was sobbing in pitiful dumb-show which thrilled every fibre of our masculine hearts, and made us wonder why such semblance of warring upon women must be woven into the woof of every conflict. The officer had his back to us, and was murmuring something in a voice far too low for us to hear. He had sheathed his sword, and was absently making marks with the scabbard in the gravel and among the ashes. He appeared profoundly conscious of his unhappy position, and was evidently pleading for some mitigation of beauty's sentence, — pleading, no doubt, in extenuation, his own sense of soldierly duty, to which appeal she, as a daughter of devoted Virginia, could scarce be insensible.

The last red light of the western sky

faintly illumined the scene. The dying embers of the burned building were touched into life by the evening zephyr. The darkness, if it had increased, had so changed its character as to throw a picturesque, if uncertain, clearness over all objects. It seemed to us as if there was a faint flush upon the lady's cheek, hitherto so pale ; and we fell to wondering whether it was real, or was wrought by the red ruin that smouldered near, or was aided by the passion that still held the sky.

And now the twilight had died in the horizon ; the embers which had been stirred into brief life had fallen back into darkness. Nothing remained to light us on our way except an occasional uncertain flash from the still burning houses on the hill. We looked for our bereaved lady and her cavalry guard of honor, but we looked in vain ; and it was not until we had mounted our horses and were slowly riding out to camp that a change in our position brought between us and the sky a silhouette. There, upon the centre of the same seat, we could see two figures sitting so closely together as to make one image ; and by a sportive flash from a burning building beyond we saw for a brief instant that the soldier was holding her hand, while his attitude was one of prayerful intensity. And the lady was listening.

The Sister's Tragedy. — There is a charming little story by Mrs. Deland, Mr. Tommy Dove, that touches upon a subject on which, I confess, my heart has been sore for some time. True, the chief characters here are worked out in what might be called such very thin colors, that the brief milk-and-water romance between Jane Temple and her lover (Jane meekly sacrifices the hope of happiness and a home of her own, that come to her late in life, because she thinks her relatives "need" her) verges close upon the ludicrous ; yet this cannot wholly blind us to the pathos of it all ; for it but reflects the fate of many single women, — very frequently an unmarried sister of husband or wife, — who, left in the world without independent means of their own, and perhaps not possessing either the mental or moral stamina to be "self-supporting," are unfortunate enough to have to make their home with their nearest relatives (I use the adverb quite advisedly), and whose lives might not inappropriately

be called the Sister's Tragedy, though in a sense wholly different from that of Mr. Aldrich's most admirable poem.

So far as my observations go, I am bound to say most married people are apt to grow small and selfish, in cases, at least, where those members of society are concerned who have been left outside the pale of "blessed matrimony," and all their interests and sympathies become merged in their own narrow home-circle. This, perhaps, is all humanly natural enough, and might be entirely right, if only they did not insist upon drawing with them into their small domestic whirlpool other lives, which, if they be but "meek and lowly" enough, will go down and disappear in the flood, without so much as a bubble rising to the surface to show they ever existed. They are simply seized, swallowed, and ground into hopeless powder, by the remorseless "family machine." Indeed, the selfishness of people in this respect, what might perhaps be called the "collective family selfishness," is absolutely wonderful, unconscious though it may be; and let me give them the benefit of the doubt. Again and again, I have been amazed and pained to see not only how much active help and service are constantly called upon, but what large and never-ending drafts are made upon interest, sympathy, counsel, moral support, in any and every shape, where actually *nothing* is given in return, until it seems as if the unmarried sister has no rights that the family is bound to respect. Her taste and judgment are appealed to for every patch of carpet that comes into the house, every shred of clothing that goes on the children's back, every phase of that difficult problem, the "servant question." She is expected to remember all about Jackie's first tooth and Bobbie's first attempts at walking, and how the two young hopefuls compare; is asked again and again to admire the baby's delicate ears or tiny pink toes. But who ever inquires of her, How do *you* feel? What are you thinking, or doing, or planning? Whether *her* head aches, or her feet are weary, whether she suffers from sadness and depression, and in all the midst of the turbulent life about her, such as only noisy children know how to create, from an intolerable sense of loneliness and heart-ache, who knows of it, and what does it

matter? So long as she is faithfully at her post, and the family machine runs smoothly, all is well. It is simply expected of her, as a matter of course, as the most natural thing in the world, that she give her whole time and strength, sacrifice "heart and soul, body and bones," every hope, interest, or ambition of her own that she may have in the world, almost literally and absolutely her entire *Self*, for the good of the family, and thank God for the chance!

It is all very fine to say, Throw yourself out into the lives of others, and forget all the claims of self, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"! In the first place, not all natures are capable of that process; and more, no one with any depth of mind or any strength of character could for one moment wish to be absorbed in the lives of others, to the actual extinction of her own individuality. But it requires, indeed, no inconsiderable strength of character, and perhaps a somewhat peculiar and decidedly self-poised disposition, for the "lone woman" to "hold her head stiff," and in some measure, at least, ward off the constant and insistent claims made upon her by the family; and if she ventures to do so, for any reason whatever, refuses to immolate herself absolutely and without reserve on the family altar, be sure she will be considered intensely disagreeable and unutterably selfish,—a sort of unnatural monster, in fact! And it is really at this point that my feeling rises highest. For why should the Golden Rule not be made to work both ways, but apply to only one of the parties, and that the weaker? If it is not good for any of us to indulge selfishness and selfish thoughtlessness, why should the family have that privilege? In another form, this is still the "war of society against the individual."

There is probably not a single reader of the Club who could not point to at least one "victim" of this kind, among her or his acquaintances, for the name of these silent martyrs and uncomplaining saints is legion all over the world. It is a chapter of human life never yet very fully worked by writers of fiction; but that it is a mine rich in the pathos of suffering and unwritten tragedy, surely the Recording Angel, at least, knows, even if no one else takes the trouble to inquire.